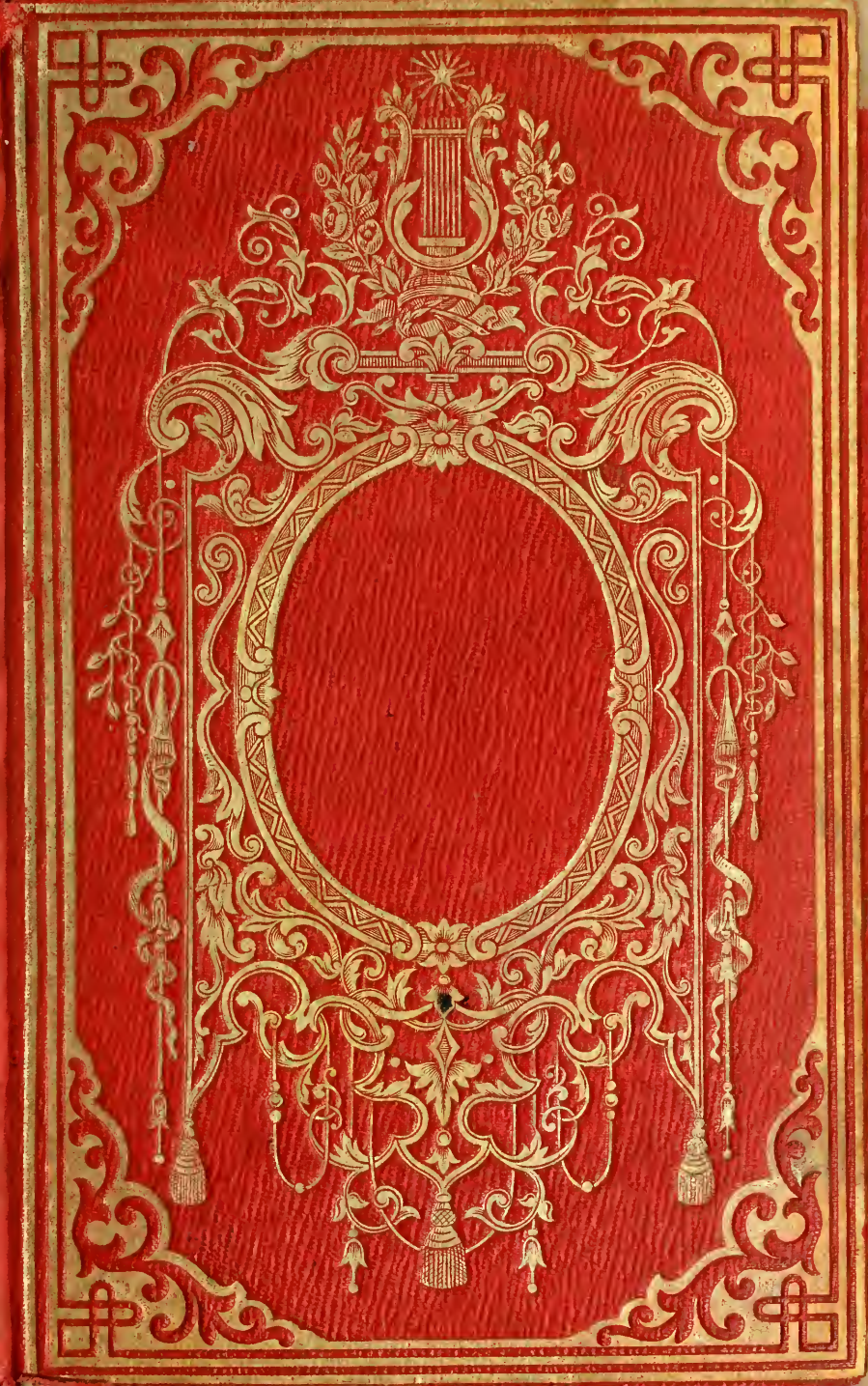

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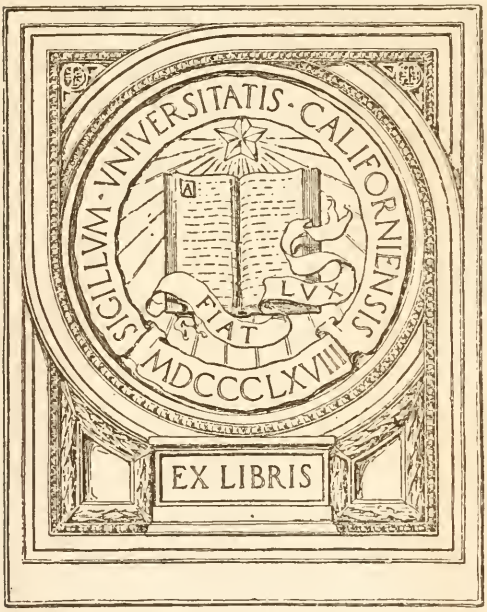

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H. KIRKE WHITE.

MEMOIR

AND

POETICAL REMAINS

OF

HENRY KIRKE WHITE;

ALSO

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

REV. JOHN TODD,

AUTHOR OF THE "STUDENT'S MANUAL," "SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER," &c., &c.

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CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION—BY REV. JOHN TODD . . 11

Lines, by Professor Smyth of Cambridge, on a monument erected by Frances Boot, Esq., an American Gentleman, in All Saints' Church, Cambridge, to the memory of Henry Kirke White . . . 56

ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE—BY ROBERT SOUTHEY . . . 57

POEMS INSERTED IN THE LIFE.

To the Herb Rosemary 72

To the Morning—written during Illness . . . 73

Ode on Disappointment 88

CLIFTON GROVE AND OTHER POEMS.

Title 113

Dedication 114

Preface 115

To my Lyre 117

Clifton Grove 119

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Gondoline 136

Lines written on a survey of the heavens in the morning before day-break 148

Lines supposed to be spoken by a lover at the grave of his Mistress 150

My Study. A letter in Hudibrastic Verse - 152
To an early Primrose - - - - - - - 156

SONNETS.

I. To the River Trent - - - - - - - 157
II. "Give me a cottage on some Cambrian wild" - 157
III. Supposed to have been addressed by a female lunatic to a lady - - - - - - - - 158
IV. Supposed to be written by the unhappy poet Dermody, in a storm, while on board a ship in his Majesty's Service - - - - - - - 159
V. The Winter Traveller - - - - - - 159
VI. "Ye, whose aspirings court the muse of lays" - 160
VII. "Let the sublimer muse, who, wrapt in night" 161
VIII. On hearing the sounds of an Eolian Harp - 162
IX. What art thou, Mighty One! and where thy seat? 162
A Ballad. Be hushed, be hushed, ye bitter winds - 163
The Lullaby of a female Convict to her Child - - 164

POEMS OF A LATER DATE.

Ode, to H. Fuseli, Esq. R. A - - - - - - 169
Ode, addressed to the Earl of Carlisle R. G - - 172
Description of a Summer's Eve - - - - 175
To Contemplation - - - - - - - - 177
Ode to the Genius of Romance - - - - 182
The Savoyard's Return - - - - - - - 183
Lines. "Go to the raging sea, and say be still" - 185
—— Written in the Prospect of Death - - - 187
Pastoral Song - - - - - - - - - - 189
"When Pride and Envy, and the Scorn" - - - 190
Epigram on Robert Bloomfield . - - - - 191
Ode to Midnight - - - - - - - - 191
Ode to Thought. Written at Midnight - - - 192
Genius - - - - - - - - - 194

Fragment of an Ode to the Moon - - - - 198
——— "Loud rage the winds without" - - 200
——— "Oh thou most fatal of Pandora's train" - 201

SONNETS.

To Capel Lofft, Esq. - - - - - - - 202
To the Moon. Written in November - - - 203
Written at the grave of a Friend - - - - 204
To Misfortune - - - - - - - - 204
"As thus oppressed with many a heavy care" - - 205
To April - - - - - - - - - 206
"Ye unseen spirits, whose wild melodies" - - 206
To a Taper - - - - - - - - - 207
To my Mother - - - - - - - - 207
"Yes 'twill be over soon" - - - - - 208
To Consumption - - - - - - - - 209
"Thy judgments, Lord, are just; thou lovest to wear" 209
Hymn. "The Lord our God is clothed with might" 210
——— "The Lord our God is Lord of all" - - 211
——— "Through sorrow's night, and danger's path" 212
——— "Much in sorrow, oft in woe" - - - 213
——— "Christians! brethren! ere we part" - - 213
Sonnet. "Poor little one! most bitterly did pain" - 214
——— To a friend in distress - - - - 215
——— Christmas Day - - - - - - 216
——— Nelsoni Mors - - - - - - 219
Hymn. "Awake sweet Harp of Judah, wake"- - 220
——— "O Lord, another day is flown" - - - 222
——— The Star of Bethlehem - - - - 224
——— O Lord our God in mercy turn - - - 225
Melody. Yes, once more that dying strain - - 226
Song.—By Waller - - - - - - - - 227
"I am pleased, and yet I'm sad" - - - - 228

Solitude - - - - - - - - - - 230
If far from me the fates remove - - - - 231
Fanny! upon thy breast I may not lie - - - 231

POEMS OF VARIOUS DATES.

CHILDHOOD Part I. - - - - - - - - 235
Part II. - - - - - - - - 241
The dance of the Consumptives. An eccentric Drama 250
To a friend. Written at a very early age - - 256
Lines, on reading the Poems of Warton - - - 258
To the Muse - - - - - - - - - 259
To Love - - - - - - - - - - 261
The Wandering Boy - - - - - - - 262
Fragment. The Western Gale - - - - 263
Ode, written on Whit-Monday - - - - - 266
Canzonet. "Maiden wrap thy mantle round thee - 267
Commencement of a Poem on Despair - - - 268
To the Wind at midnight - - - - - 270
Sonnet. To December - - - - - - 272
The fair Maid of Clifton - - - - - - 273
Song. The Robin Red-breast - - - - - 277
Winter Song - - - - - - - - - 278
Song. "Sweet Jessy! I would fain caress" - - 279
—— Oh, that I were the fragrant flower that kisses 279
Fragment. On Rural Solitude - - - - 280
———— "In hollow music sighing through the glade" - - - - - - - - - - 281
———— "Thou mongrel who dost show thy teeth, and yelp" - - - - - - - - - 282
Ode to the Morning Star - - - - - - 283
The Hermit of the Pacific - - - - - 284
Elegy occasioned by the death of Mr. Gill - - 288
Extemporaneous Verses - - - - - - 289

To Poesy - - - - - - - - - - 291
Fragment. "I have a wish, and near my heart" - 293
——— "Once more his beagles wake the slumbering morn" - - - - - - - 294
——— "Drear winter! who dost knock" - - 294
——— "Behold the Shepherd boy, who homeward tends" - - - - - - - - - - 296
——— "Where yonder woods in gloomy pomp arise" - - - - - - - - - - 297
——— "To a friend" - - - - - - 300
——— "With slow step, along the desert sand" - 300
——— "Oh had the soul's deep silence power to speak" - - - - - - - - - - 301
——— "The harp is still! Weak though the spirit were" - - - - - - - - - 301
——— "Or should the day be overcast" - - 302
——— "Mild Vesper! favorite of the Paphian Queen" - - - - - - - - - - 302
——— "In every clime from Lapland to Japan" 303
——— Ode to Liberty - - - - - - 303
——— "Who is it leads the planets on their dance" - - - - - - - - - - 305
——— "How beautiful upon the element" - 307
——— "Ghosts of the dead in grim array" - 308
Ode on the death of the Duke D'Enghien - - 309
Versification of the XXII. Psalm - - - - 310
The eve of Death - - - - - - - - 312
Thanatos - - - - - - - - - 313
Athanatos - - - - - - - - - 315
Music - - - - - - - - - - 318
On being confined to school one pleasant morning in Spring - - - - - - - - - - 318

To Contemplation - - - - - - 319
Ode to the Harvest Moon - - - - - - - 322
Song. "Softly, softly blow, ye breezes" - - - 324
The Shipwrecked Solitary's Song to the night - - 326
Sonnet. "Sweet to the gay of heart is summer's smile" - - - - - - - - - - - 328
My own Character - - - - - - - - 329
Ode on Disappointment - - - - - - - 331
Lines written in Wilford Church yard on recovery from sickness - - - - - - - - - 334

FRAGMENTS.

——— THE CHRISTIAD - - - - - - - - 338
——— "Saw'st thou that light?" - - - - 355
——— ——"The pious man" - - - - - 355
——— "Lo on the eastern summit, clad in gray" - 356
——— "There was a little bird upon that pile" - 356
——— "O pale art thou my lamp, and faint" - 357
——— "O give me music—for my soul doth faint" 357
——— "Ah! who can say, however fair his view" 358
——— "And must thou go and must we part" - 359
——— "When I sit musing on the checker'd past" 359
——— "When high romance o'er every wood and stream" - - - - - - - - - - 360
——— "Hushed is the lyre—the hand that swept" 360
——— "Once more and yet once more" - - 361
——— TIME - - - - - - - - - - 362

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

No I. - - - - - - - - - - - 385
No II. - - - - - - - - - - - 389
No III. - - - - - - - - - - - 395
No IV. - - - - - - - - - - - 403
No V. - - - - - - - - - - - 409

No VI. - - - - - - - - - - 417
No VII. - - - - - - - - - - 423
No VIII. - - - - - - - - - - 429
No IX. - - - - - - - - - - 436
No X. - - - - - - - - - 447
No XI. - - - - - - - - - - 451
No XII. - - - - - - - - - - 455

TRIBUTARY VERSES.

Lines by Lord Byron inserted in "Introduction" - 24
To the memory of H. Kirke White. By a lady - 465
Stanzas written at the grave of H. Kirke White - 468
Ode on the late H. Kirke White - - - - 469
Verses occasioned by the death of H. Kirke White by Josiah Conder - - - - - - - - 470
Sonnet by Arthur Owen - - - - - - - 473
Sonnet in memory of H. Kirke White - - - 474
Reflections on reading the Life of H. Kirke White by William Holloway - - - - - - - 474
On reading the Poem on Solitude—Josiah Conder - 476
To the memory of H. Kirke White by Rev. W. B. Collyer, A. M. - - - - - - - - 477
Verses written in the Homer of Mr. H. Kirke White 479
On the Death of H. Kirke White by T. Park - - 480

INTRODUCTION.

It is now nearly forty years since Henry Kirke White finished his short course on earth. To those unaccustomed to read the providence of God in all events, it seemed a matter of mere accident that his literary "Remains" should be gathered up and embalmed by the hand of friendship. His race was so brief, the difficulties which beset him, and the obstacles in his path, were so many and so great, that few supposed that the interest which was then awakened could be permanent. His warmest admirers claimed for him only the immortality which that generation,—perhaps which a single year, could bestow. And it has been a matter of surprise to many, that these relics have not long since passed away on the stream of oblivion. We well remember, in the warm days of boyhood, reading these volumes, and also with feelings of undefined indignation, the cold criticisms which were poured upon

them in this and in their native country. It was predicted, with all the assurance and wise gravity of Reviews, that learning so meagre, youth so raw, and fragments of poetry so few, and so unfinished, must shortly die. The writers of such criticisms have passed away unknown and forgotten, while poor White holds on his way with a wing untired, and a flight undepressed. The predictions of some have failed, and the hopes of others have been more than fulfilled, because the hand which was so early withered in death, struck two cords,—neither of which is slow to vibrate, or quick to cease vibrating. We mean genuine Poetry, and Evangelical Piety. We shall have occasion to illustrate this remark hereafter.

Another thing that makes and will continue to make White a favourite, is, *that youth must ever be pleased with what youth writes.* The old man retires into the chambers of his own thoughts, and there, in recalling the past, in building again air-castles which have been retouched a thousand times, in living over the fresh days of his youth, or, if he has wisely sought and found the great object for which he was created, in looking forward to the time when he shall realize the

promises of hope,—in these he finds his enjoyment. But the morning upon the hills, the sweet glories of the evening, the lonely water-fall, the dark ravine, the rugged mountain, and the wild lake of the woods, will ever give delight to youth. There is a period when these are the natural enjoyment of youth, as really and as certainly, as are the bounding leap, the fresh smile, and the joyous laugh. So in the taste for reading, for thought and meditation, there are different standards at different periods of life. We would not ask the man of sixty to sit down and read Robinson Crusoe, and expect him to be as much interested as his little Benjamin who has been all day poring over it with an interest so deep that time and food have been alike forgotten. We do not expect the man of fifty to admire Henry Kirke White as does his son of eighteen; and when we hear any one speak disparagingly of him, we are sure that he did not read him at the right age. There is a something,—no matter what we call it, in the writing of youth which will ever be popular with the young. We think therefore, that the mournful question which Henry in his ambition asked—"fifty years hence, and who will think

of Henry?"—may be answered, that multitudes will; and at this moment he stands more sure of the immortality for which he so ardently sighed, than ever before.

What man who has passed through the different stages of life, does not know that there are periods in which a peculiar kind of reading is most agreeable? There is, for example, the period for Magazines, when they are devoured with eagerness, and when it seems as if we could not subsist without new and constant supplies of this food, and rather than not have it, we are willing to swallow much that is unleavened, much that is unkneaded, and much that is unbaked. When we have passed through this period, we prefer reading of a graver cast, more undiluted and are well content to substitute close, original thought for the raciness or the flippancy of modern composition. Yet the Magazine period is not without its use. We there use the mind as we would a large unfinished chamber, into which we tumble all kinds of wares and furniture, marring, defacing, and breaking some, yet as a great storeroom out of which we may in after days draw materials that will be of great service. If the facts upon which the eye then falls, must

at once be poured out of the mind as Buonaparte used to shoot nails, all heads to points, it would be a sad calamity, and the stores of the mind, like the wild lands, on which we pay taxes in a new country, would make us poor in proportion to their abundance.

There is also the period of Novels. Would that with some it did not last through life! With what greediness and insatiable appetite does the votary pore over the vapid page! Through what monstrous swamps does he wade, what dry hills does he climb, ever following a phantom and yet never satisfied that he is chasing shadows! And it is well that to most people, if age does not bring wisdom, it brings an altered taste, and if the more wholesome appetite comes too late to allow them to pluck and feed on the fruit of wisdom, it comes in season to give bitter repentance for having wasted what was too precious to be lost.

There is also in the life of almost every man, a period when he reads and loves and quotes poetry. At first all that comes within his reach is food, but as he advances, his taste leads him to select with greater care and admit but little as worthy of his lasting ad-

miration. It is to be regretted that poetry is not read more through life, especially by professional men. Poetry is a child of the skies. *Non tetigit quod non ornavit.* The appropriate quotation is not the only thing that is beautiful. The mind through which poetry passes, like the clear channel in which the mountain brook runs, seems to be beautified by the waters that pass through it. The young then in admitting and cultivating a taste for poetry, are becoming their own benefactors, and they are putting the soul under the guidance of a teacher, whose voice will ever be as sweet as the silver trumpet, and whose robes like those of the angel, will reflect the purity and drop the odors of heaven. It is not the rhythm, the cadence, the measure, nor the chosen words that thrill us, in the quotation of appropriate poetry, but it is, that we seem to be surrounded by a new light,—that in which the soul of the poet was constantly bathed. The glories of the rain-bow light are not probably, best adapted to our daily wants, else had our bountiful Father thrown them over the whole creation, and every object that meets the eye had been thus gorgeously painted, yet who does not feel that he has

known a pleasure indescribable, whenever he has seen them.

White too, will be read, because there will ever be a tender set of recollections grouped around his name. He has given us only a few drops of the first gushings of the vine. Goethe the poet of Germany, at the age of seventy or even eighty was great, and could pour forth song like a river immeasurably strong and deep and grand. Or to change the figure he stood like a tree, from which fruit, mature, large and delicious, dropped with wonderful profusion, but does this fact destroy the taste for that which grows upon the young tree,—too young to give any more than an earnest of what it may do. We admire the efforts of mature and trained genius, and feel that they have a claim upon our admiration. Perhaps we are in danger of witholding somewhat, lest we pay that homage to labor and art, which we intend for genius, but in the case of the youthful bard, we have no such fears, and we therefore delight to bestow our unaffected admiration on what we know must be the result of great talents, and these alone. The young poet on whom we are commenting, like a youthful orator, has our sympa-

thies strongly enlisted in his favor, from the first moment of our acquaintance, and this surrender of sympathy grows more and more unreserved, so long as we cultivate it. There is a grace which mantles youth, which conceals defects, and magnifies excellencies. The few who become renowned on earth, have for the most part, some external circumstances working in their favor, without which, apparently, they would have been unknown. The errors and sins of the popes, were the strange inheritance, by which Martin Luther became renowned. The French Revolution, with all its horrors and atrocities, had to pass away, and the nation drunken and reeling with its own blood, was glad to give away all her liberties to Buonaparte, provided he could restrain her from destroying herself. It was this that made him. And even our own Washington might have cultivated his farm, and measured the land of his neighbours, unknown to posterity, had not the American Revolution called out his character, and reflected his greatness upon the world. While we allow that such men controlled and guided the circumstances which surrounded them, we cannot but feel that it is to these circumstances in a great

degree, that they owe their celebrity. But when a mind comes forth from the deepest obscurity, with every circumstance untoward, and against it, without one thing to aid it in coming into notice and yet breaking through all this, and by its own inborn energy, and its own unaided power, rising up and compelling notice and throwing off the difficulties which destroy most men, as the war-horse would throw off his market burdens,—we cheerfully bestow our admiration and applause.

It was thus with Henry Kirke White. There was humanly speaking no one circumstance which did not seem to say, that he must live and die in obscurity and unknown. His father was a butcher, and destined his son to the same occupation, and actually had him carry the butcher's basket from door to door in his boyhood. In his school days, his instructors gave his parents the comforting assurance that their son was a dunce, whose only renown could be tha of being the greatest block-head in their school. His destiny was then changed and he was doomed to be apprenticed to a stocking weaver, as the occupation of his life. But before this, when a mere child, he had

crept unperceived into the kitchen and taught the servants to read, had lampooned his teachers, probably with no measured severity, and had gathered some few flowers, from the hill of Parnassus which, to-day, are as green as on the day of his plucking them. Born and educated amid poverty, in low life, with not one about him who could understand or appreciate his character, with no hand to lift him up, and no voice which could call attention to him, he has challenged, and has received the decision that his name shall stand on the roll of immortality. And if his life might be embodied in a single emblem, perhaps it should be that of a young lion, with an eye that glows and flashes fire, while he is bound with ivy and is led by the hand of one of the Graces. That must be one of God's own and brightest stars, which can send its light down through the fogs and the damps which shut up all others, while to this, men involuntarily turn their eyes. Such a star was Henry, and our chief regret is, that an inscrutable Providence saw fit to allow it to do no more than hang for a short time in the horizon. There must be original greatness in the mind that can thus come into notice,

with no one circumstance in its favor, but the reverse, and it is impossible but these struggles and this victory over difficulties should embalm his name as one that is sacred.

He was born a Poet. Before he was six years old, he used to hang upon the lips of a poor damsel, whose attractions consisted in her being able to sing the simple ballad of the Babes in the Wood. While a mere boy he beautifully commemorates the circumstance.

"Many's the time I've scampered down the glade,
To ask the promised ditty from the maid,
Which well she loved and well she knew to sing,
While we around her formed a little ring:
She told of innocence foredoomed to bleed,
Of wicked guardians bent on bloody deed,
Of little children murdered as they slept;
While at each pause we wrung our hands and wept."

* * * * *

"Beloved moment! then 'twas first I caught
The first foundation of romantic thought,"

* * * * *

"Then first that poesy charmed mine infant ear;
I hied me to the thick o'er-arching shade," etc. etc.

It is not strange that childhood's heart should be touched by these ditties. It seems

that they all formed a ring round the maid, and all wrung their little hands and wept, but there was only one among them, who went alone away to the "o'er-arching shade" to meditate and give his soul up to emotion. None but one born a poet would at that early age do that.

Another instance. From the age of six to twelve he was at school, and used to take frequent walks with a playmate. In describing these walks, he says it was one of their amusements,

"To gaze upon the clouds, whose colour'd pride
Was scatter'd thinly o'er the welkin wide,
And tinged with such variety of shade,
To the charm'd soul sublimest thoughts convey'd.
In these what forms romantic did we trace,
While fancy led us o'er the realms of space!
Now we espied the Thunderer in his car,
Leading the embattled Seraphim to war;
Then stately towers descried, sublimely high,
In Gothic grandeur frowning on the sky;
Or saw, wide-stretching o'er the azure height,
A ridge of glaciers dressed in mural white,
Hugely terrific:"

What child between the ages of six and twelve, has not gazed upon the glorious summer clouds, and seen them in all manner of fantastic shapes, representing almost

every conceivable thing? But how few are the children of this age, even if they were fresh from reading Milton, would have enough of the Poet about them to see what White saw

"The Thunderer in his car,
Leading the embattled seraphim to war!"

These are the emotions of the true poet, the eyes, as well as the power to describe what the eyes saw.

It was at this very time that his wise teachers pronounced him a blockhead because they knew not how to teach, and it was during these six years that the poor boy had another trial which must have tended to wither his genius, as "one whole day in the week and his leisure hours on other days, were employed in carrying the butcher's basket," his father being determined to bring him up to his own trade! What indications of genius his lampoons on his stupid teachers would have afforded, we cannot know. Henry chiefly destroyed them himself. But as panegyric is always dull poetry, (sad comment on human nature!) and as satire is always the liveliest of which the author

is capable, it is most probable that his whip would not have lacked a snapper.

As we are speaking of Henry's claim to his popularity because he is a genuine poet, we may here introduce the testimony of one who will not be suspected of partiality. It is the unsought and unexpected testimony of Byron, given in the days before his atrabilious feelings led him to shun and trample on all that was virtuous—we had almost said, all that was decent. The heart which dictated this beautiful eulogy, had not then been the parent of such a monster as Don Juan.

"Unhappy *White!* while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came; and, all thy promise fair,
Has sought the grave, to sleep forever there.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science self destroy'd her favourite son!
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sow'd the seeds, but Death has reap'd the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quiver'd in his heart

Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel;
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

We are fully aware that poetry is something to be enjoyed, rather than described. Like those exquisite essences which the French chemist prepares,—indescribably fragrant when properly used, but which evaporate by examining, or even handling. And yet we may take occasion to make one or two quotations which seem to us to evince the fact, that the Muses were present even from Henry's natal hour. We suppose that the brightest specimens of poetry must, from the very nature of things, be bordering on the obscure; that the Muse must take her flight midway between the visible and the invisible world,—so that she can dimly look into the latter, and then cull from the vocabulary of earth to find language with which to describe what she has seen. The following is a specimen of what we mean, and shows that White was a poet by nature. Common minds cannot soar like this, or if they can, they cannot stop on the very pinnacle of the mountain and there go out of sight.

"Once more, and yet once more,
I give unto my harp a dark-woven lay;
I heard the waters roar,
I heard the flood of ages pass away.
O thou, stern spirit, who dost dwell
In thine eternal cell,
Noting, gray chronicler! the silent years;
I saw thee rise,—I saw the scroll complete,
Thou spakest, and at thy feet
The universe gave way."

A single piece of a bone, will show that the creature of which it is a mere fragment, was a mammoth; and a single specimen of ore from a mine shows how rich is the bed from which it was dug. This single fragment shows that it came from a mine, which, if not inexhaustible, is of the richest quality.

For some time previous to his death, Henry gave himself wholly to severe studies, and with such intensity of application, that his life was the forfeit. After his death there were found two stanzas of poetry written on the back of his mathematical papers, which for tender pathos, are seldom equalled. They are probably the last that his gifted mind ever produced. We shall be greatly mistaken if the reader shall regret that we quote them here, as one of the evidences

that White was a Poet. It was probably a part of his poem on Time.

"Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme
With self-rewarding toil, thus far have sung
Of godlike deeds, far loftier than beseem
The lyre which I in early days have strung;
And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
On the dark cypress! and the strings which rung
With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
Or, when the breeze comes by, moan, and are heard no more.

"And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
Shall I no more re-animate the lay?
Oh! thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful day!
One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
I am a youthful traveller in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free."

* * * * *

This affecting prayer of the "youthful traveller" was answered, as God frequently answers prayer—not by giving the precise thing for which in our darkness we ask. He entreated for life, in which he might

serve his Redeemer: he received *immortality* in which he might be satisfied in the image of that Savior.

At the time when these lines were penned, the young Poet was surrounded by a host of admirers, who were goading him on in his studies, and with a frail body sinking under the pressure. He died a martyr to study: and while his friends were rejoicing that no honors were beyond his reach, and while his soul was of that order which even Death could not subdue, though it might crush the house in which it dwelt, and while his pure heart was panting only to be qualified for the holy functions of the ministry of the Gospel, he sank suddenly and quickly away, and was laid in the grave at the early age of about twenty-one. What expectations were cut off by this mysterious dispensation! But he lived to write that which will give him no mean place in the Temple of Fame as a Poet; and this is one reason why he has continued to live in spite of the predictions of those who were so confident and decided, that they felt it necessary to try hard to render their prophesyings true.

The other thing, in addition to poetical

powers, which has made Henry a favorite, and to which allusion has already been made, is, that he had evangelical piety.

Perhaps there is no one thing, excepting the horrors of the death-bed of the guilty, which is so gloomy in contemplation, as to witness the perversion of high powers of mind. When the traveller follows the magnificent St. Lawrence up towards those wonders,—the Falls, his soul is elevated at the thought that he is on the bosom of the river which empties half the waters of the globe; but when, in a clear soft moonlight evening, he finds the floating palace on which he treads, winding her way among the "Thousand Isles" which stud these beautiful waters, he feels that it is indeed a fairy land: it is living poetry: it is consolidated romance,—and he retires to a lone part of the boat, that he may give himself up to emotions which are unutterable. He wants no one to break the charm by exclaiming "how beautiful." Nothing ever conceived as belonging to earth can be compared to it,—and he cannot share his emotions with others. Now let these same Isles lie just as they now do, with the same soft moon hanging over them and the same

emerald waters flowing past them, and yet let them be occupied by banditti and refugees. Let the passengers and officers of the boat be on the lookout, expecting that outcasts will start out from behind every clump of trees, or will fire upon them from behind every rock. How different are the emotions now! How different is that whole river, that veil of moonlight and these gems on the waters!

Such are the different feelings with which we regard a mind full of poetry, full of emotion, full of the beautiful, the sublime and the great. If that mind with its powers and faculties and attainments be consecrated to religion and to God, we admire it as we do the islands as first described. We give our souls up to it without reserve, with a delight unmixed and with a confidence unrestrained. Such was the mind of Henry Kirke White.

But when those glorious attributes of mind are given up to sin, filled with images of pollution, and crime, and death, we feel that the banditti and the refugees have come and turned our paradise into hell. The pure temple of Parian marble becomes a charnel house. The thousand-leaved rose

emits its fragrance only to conceal its poison.

Such was *Thomas Dermody*—a youthful poet who died about the time that Henry died. With powers of mind and with poetical talent inferior, we had almost said to none, with friends admiring and urging him on, and a nation ready to applaud him, he prostituted all that he had, or might have had, to sin, to passion, and to death. He wore out his friends, all save one, who disgraced himself by writing his Memoirs, and went down to the grave six years older than White, unlamented, unpraised, and forgotten. His memory perished with his ruined body. Perhaps few, if any of our readers ever heard of his name before. And yet if his heart had been sanctified by piety, and his powers consecrated to God, we have no reason to doubt, that he would have shared in the love and respect which are so freely given to White. We do not now mention his name to honor it, any more than the anatomist shows the scull of the felon to excite admiration. The mind recurs to Dermody because his circumstances were similar, and his powers of mind probably not inferior, to those of White—and because

the fate which awaited his memory has been so very different. Seldom are we called to witness a more striking illustration of the promise, "them that honor me I will honor saith the Lord." How sure is the worm to destroy every plant which God has not planted! How sure is the fate of those who prostitute their powers to sin, to be doomed to oblivion. Or if their names are preserved, they are preserved as the bodies of criminals, which are hung up in chains, that the passers-by may behold and shudder. A few, may for a short time, admire those who are great in wickedness; but the humble one, who pours the ointment on the feet of Jesus, shall have it told of her for a memorial, that God will honor those who honor him through all time, and through all the world! Blessed memorial! And why will those, who pant after fame, and desire as the ruling passion of the soul, to live in the memory of men, why will they make war upon this unalterable law of God?

We have heard, we know not how many times—the sweet hymns of White sung by those whose esteem and love is indeed fame. How would that youth have felt could he have known, that when he had been in his

grave nearly forty years, it could be said, that not a week, probably not a day passes, in which some one or more of his sweet Hymns is not sung to the music of Zion, and by those who are following him to the land of unclouded day! In the forest, on the mountain-side, and in the great city, we have multitudes of times united in the song, "The Star of Bethlehem,"

> "When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
> The glittering host bestud the sky," etc.

The following Hymn we deem one of the best in the English language, and when sung to simple music, it is impossible for the heart not to have emotions of awe, and sublimity, if not of devotion.

"The Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will,
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

"Rebel ye waves and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand
And chains you to the shore.

"Howl winds of night! your force combine;
Without his high behest,

Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

"His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies,
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

"Ye nations bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God."

White seems not to have had, what we in this country call, a religious education. As soon, therefore, as he became conscious of his superiority of intellect, he felt wise enough to be a Deist. Some pious friend, who well understood his case, put "Scott's Force of Truth" into his hands. He received it with cold indifference, and promised to answer it; but when he came to read it, he found that in it which no infidel can begin to answer; viz, the enlightened *experience* of a Christian. It is this experience of the heart under the operation of the Holy Spirit, which utterly confounds men. Were it argument alone, on which the Christian rests, he might be met and vanquished by argument. Were it on the reveries of imagi-

nation alone, he might be laughed out of it. Were it only on a dream of an hour of enthusiasm, he might be awaked when the hour of sober thinking should come. But who can meet experience—that which is a part of consciousness, and which abides through life—with argument or ridicule? Henry read the book; and, on returning it, said, "that, to answer that book, was out of his power, and out of any man's, for it was founded upon eternal truth; that it had convinced him of his error, and so thoroughly was he impressed with a sense of the importance of his Maker's favor, that he would willingly give up all acquisitions of knowledge and all hopes of fame, and live in a wilderness unknown till death, so that he could insure an inheritance in Heaven." To the clergyman who had put this little volume into his hands, he afterwards said, that, when he found that the Scriptures demanded purity of *thought* and *feeling*, as well as pure outward conduct, he could find no comfort in his penitence, till he fled to the atonement for sin, which was made through the blood of the everlasting Redeemer. To this unfailing refuge he fled, and the desire to become like him grew upon

him till he was called home to his presence. His biographer held different views from Henry as to the depravity of the heart and the great doctrines of evangelical religion; yet he bears this noble testimony: that the piety of Henry "was in him a living and quickening principle of goodness, which sanctified all his hopes and all his affections, which made him keep watch over his own heart, and enabled him to correct the few symptoms which it ever displayed of human imperfection." However few may have been the outward "symptoms of human imperfection," which his heart displayed, we have no doubt that his was like all other hearts, depraved and unholy; and we esteem the conversion of a heart so vain and so elated with a consciousness of talent, as his must have been, one of the trophies of the grace of God. It is an instance of the high look and the lofty imagination being brought into the obedience of the faith in Christ Jesus; and to eternity will his glorified spirit ascribe all the glory to the sovereign mercy of God in Christ Jesus. Who can read his life and not be impressed with the belief that he possessed a towering pride and an ambition that was boundless?

And what but supernatural power could bring these down to sit meekly at the feet of Jesus, and make him feel that all was lighter than air, compared with the approbation of his Maker? There are many evidences that the piety of Henry was genuine and deep. Among them, we may notice that his temper, which was naturally irritable, became placid and controllable; that he was uniformly trying to make others happy by doing them good; that he was unalterably fixed in his determination to devote his life to the propagation of the gospel as his highest aim and desire, though his friends did all in their power to dissuade him; that he was uniformly most conscientious and devotional, till death dismissed him from earth.

All wish to be remembered after they are in the cold grave; all wish to have an influence that shall linger on earth, and be felt long after they have passed away; and, could they know that this influence would increase for a century, or even for a thousand years, how would they rejoice! Who would not try hard to climb the mountain-side, if, when he had reached the summit, he could open a fountain which would flow

145999

and carry fertility and blessings down to the end of time, and have his name associated with that fountain? It is on this principle that men, who can hardly read themselves, found schools and colleges. Perhaps this desire to speak after death is peculiarly strong in the bosom of the poet.

By a mysterious law of God, every son and daughter of Adam, whether he be Alexander the conqueror, Buonaparte the wonder of modern times, or the poor slave in the mud-built cottage, is to have this influence. The grave receives the body, but the tomb does not take ALL away. Something is left to speak. Two youths may feed their flocks on the plains of Campania, and they may quarrel, though brothers. The more savage may kill the meek one, and this savage character shall be impressed on a mighty empire, and this scene of violence shall be the influence which shall increase till the spirit of Romulus is breathed into all that mighty kingdom, and Rome treads her way over nations with an iron heel, a dagger in her hand, and the savageness of murder in her heart. Had Remus stamped his character upon the infant colony, who can say that shepherds, instead of warriors,

had not occupied the plains of Campania? When we look at the influence which mind *must* have upon mind, we are almost ready to shudder at one side of the picture, while we rejoice at the other. The influence of such a man as Richard Baxter upon his own generation was great; but, probably, not a hundredth part of what it has been on every generation since. The streams of influence, which he began to pour upon the human mind, have been widening and deepening ever since. The number who will be brought to Jesus Christ by his pen, makes us feel as if his voice had been multiplied a thousand fold, and his tongue had become the tongue of an angel. And what shall we say of Bunyan, the man who was the scorn and the laughing-stock of his generation, and the admiration of every generation that has succeeded? His beautiful allegory will guide many a pilgrim through the slough of Despond up to the city of the New Jerusalem, and, being dead, he will influence to the end of time. If there be a joy purer than that of the sinless angels, it would seem to belong to that glorified spirit, who, from the walls of the golden city, can look down and see his in-

fluence on earth, like an angel of mercy, still bringing sons and daughters to the Lamb of God. There may be periods in which, owing to some peculiar taste of the age, such writers will be almost forgotten; but the next generation will call them back to their place and influence. We may not doubt, however, that this influence is felt, even when not perceived, just as the moon lays her unseen hand on the tides and moves and controls them, when she is lost to us and we forget her, till the time for her return comes, when she is welcomed in all her brightness, and her influence is acknowledged. And what is worthy of note and of gratitude, a single thought or a single paragraph may do wonders upon the heart of man. Probably no tongue can estimate the number of souls which will be brought back to God indirectly, in consequence of the sweet eulogy of Cowper upon the pulpit, commencing with the words:

"The pulpit—and I named it," etc. etc.

It will never be known till the great day how many feet have been turned to the house of God, and how many hearts have had a reverence for the pulpit awa-

kened by that brief paragraph. But we shall not be disappointed, if it shall be found that it has done more good than many great volumes of divinity, and the whole ministry of many really valuable ministers of the gospel. How little did Moses think that the songs which his soul poured out here, would be sung even in Heaven!

Turn now to the influence which *unsanctified mind* has upon the world.

A wicked heart is frequently accompanied by genius, which it soon brings to its own subjection. The man writes and is read, and becomes an acknowledged author. He spends years upon his work ere it comes from the press. He brings the results of diligence, of learning, and of genius, and lays them before the world. They have passages of undeniable beauty and power, and they are popular. It is in the power of genius to dress up the vilest highwayman, (we have Paul Clifford in our eye,) so that the hideousness of crime and of blood shall be covered up, and young hearts shall sigh that they cannot be such highwaymen, or cannot marry such men. Alas! the poison of the soul is mingled in every stream

which such a mind sends out, though so artfully covered up and so skilfully prepared, that the young heart does not perceive it. The book goes out upon the world, and a demon sits among its leaves and laughs. The press comes to the aid of ruin, and seals its perpetuity, and insures its wide circulation, and the demon's laugh is echoed from ten thousand different portions of the earth. The author thus acquires an influence, a deep, decided influence, in the world, which will widen and extend after he has long been an inhabitant of the eternal world. He dared take the *mind* which God gave him for purposes so high and noble that eternity alone can fulfil them, and with it, pour a living curse over his species; and, in awful severity, God has decreed that the curse shall flow and continue to flow onward, and *he* shall be made accountable for all the mischief he thus does. Oh! if the covering could be removed from the dark world, so that we could see what is now concealed, we believe the human spirit might there be found who would think the price of a world cheap, could he with it, purchase the privilege of blotting out *one* of those profane jests at the cross of Jesus, which

he left on earth to do the work of death. And there would be found the unholy genius who came as an angel in intellect, and sung in strains that an angel might admire, but who used his harp only to allure down to hell. What a fearful gift the possession of such an intellect! and such a harp!—a harp that can entrance nations, open undiscovered fountains in the human heart, and pour out its numbers fresh as the morning dew, when other harps would shatter by being over-strained! Such an one has just left its influence on earth. Wonderful being!

"With Nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest,
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon the 'ocean's mane,'
And played familiar with his hoary locks;
Stood on the Alps,—stood on the Appenines,
And with the thunder talked as with a friend,
And wove his garland of the light'ning's wing.
* * * * *
Suns, moons, and stars and clouds his sisters were;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds and storms,
His brothers—younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed.

On the loftiest top
Of Fame's dread mountain sat; not soiled and worn,
As if he from the earth had labored up,
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath."

Alas, we say again, that it should be so; that the lofty genius, before whom the species all bow in wonder and amazement, should put out the lamp of life, and cause his own beacon to loom up, fiery and red, amid the darkness which he continued to create—a beacon whose only use is to decoy the ship, laden with a cargo more precious than rubies, upon the rocks and the reefs, that he should revel in the luxury of witnessing the awfulness of the wreck! Oh! if the heavens above, and the caverns beneath us, could be turned into whispering galleries, what ecstacy of bliss and of wo should we hear, consequent upon the influence left on earth! Had we the power of the painter, and were it our object to paint despair, we should select the author who prostituted his powers to destroy the souls of men. We would put on him no chains; he should wear no fetters. He should sit down alone

in his agony, while at a distance should stand a multitude of all ages who are pointing to him with curses and despair in their faces. He should see them, and his very countenance should seem to say—"Ah! ye need not point and curse. Ye are not all that I have ruined. There are many more to come and hail me as their marshal to destruction. I was once witty and keen, and could so gracefully thrust the spear into the side of Jesus, that my hand was hardly seen. But oh! my folly! What would I not give, could my name and my influence be now swept from the earth and the blighting curse cease. Oh! that I could now shut down those flood-gates of death which my own right hand lifted up, and stay the streams of ruin which I caused to flow. But, alas! I have been here centuries, and yet I am living and speaking and destroying on the earth, and my burden of guilt already heavier than mountains, is every hour becoming heavier still!" This would be Despair.

We speak of the simple, child-like piety of White as almost a phenomenon. It must be recollected, that, in a short moment, he came from poverty, obscurity, and

almost degradation, into notice, respect, and adulation. The fact that he was a master-spirit, was fully made known to him. Is it easy for such a mind to walk in the valley of humiliation? Some suppose, that, if they could stand high and aloft among men, have distinctions and notice, so that they could tower above their species, they should most cheerfully consecrate it all to God, though they find it hard to do so with the single talent. And is a powerful intellect, such as can dive into the mysteries and depths of nature, so capacious that it can grasp the past, the present, and the future, and hold them out in a new light,—is such an intellect the thing that will lead men to humility and self-renunciation? No. The intellect of the archangel might be in the possession of an unsanctified heart, and it would be a heavy curse. Adding to the possessions of such a heart does not tend to make it better. Judas would rob his master of a few shillings. Would placing him over the treasures of an empire make him an honest man? Does adding to the wealth of a selfish heart render it benevolent? Would the gift of enviable and envied talents tend to kill that pride which is

now the god which we are so ready to serve? Increase the intellect, the powers of the mind, exalt the mortal and make him feel that he has what others admire and covet, and you do as much towards bringing the soul down to the foot of the cross, as you would towards reducing the fort which already seems impregnable, by sending more cannon and more powder and ball into it. The acknowledged transcendent powers of mind which White possessed, were one of the greatest obstacles in his way of becoming an humble and meek disciple of Christ. But all this was brought down by the grace of God, and he stands forth a monument of the mercy and of the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

How immeasurably high does the Poet stand compared with others, who consecrates his gifts to the cross of Jesus. We speak not here of the guilt of making poetry the vehicle in which the gifted mind may carry the curses of a blighted heart, and the fires of passions kindled from the pit, but we speak of the advantage which he has in three important particulars, viz.: *range of thought, immortality among men, and the rewards of doing good.* Suppose a

poet has no piety, and he is about to task his powers of mind to the utmost, what is his field? He may read and study and converse with men—travel and examine cities and battle-fields—gather the costumes and the customs of all nations and ages and languages; he may lay before him the map of time, and at a glance read all the past. He may then look for imagery, and the world is full of it. Not a plant grows by the hedge, but it is full of life; not a flower opens in his garden, but it is pencilled with the most exquisite skill. He goes to the desert and to the mountain-side, and a hand has already been there to plant and paint the flower which smiles at his approach; he looks into the dark, deep lake of the forest, and nimble swimmers, all mottled with gold and purple and carmine, are there to excite his wonder and admiration; he looks into the deeper chambers of the ocean, and there the coral and the shell, inimitably beautiful and in unmeasured profusion, astonish his inquiring mind; or, he looks abroad on the surface of the earth, and the mountains heave up their huge rocks like the skeletons of worlds not yet made; or the ocean lifts its awful voice and shuts out

the limits between what is finite and what is infinite; or the storm comes through the forest like a destroying spirit, and sports with what seems immoveable, and the hoarse voice of the thunder and the bright flash of its fire, are all his, and he may press them all into the service of his song, and make them all sit at his feet and tune their harps at his bidding.

But these are all finite in space, in time, in measure, and, at the very point where the sublime begins, the materials are exhausted and the poet must stop. The soul can never be satisfied with what is finite. Now, at the spot at which the poet who rejects the Bible stops, because the poor elements which he handles pall upon him like the toys which children have turned over until they loathe them, the Christian poet starts. He can use all these; but all these materials, the hills, the mountains, the ocean, the planets, and the heavens, all that the eye sees, are only images of what is yet to be seen—the mere scaffolding of the building, which is yet to be reared. What poem could Milton have produced, had he been confined to all that God has revealed through his works, provided he must shut out the Bible?

As to materials, then, the Christian poet stands on ground as much superior to the poet of this world as spirit is superior to matter, as the infinite is greater than the finite, and as eternity is greater than time.

Then, as to fame. The gospel carries light in its path. It will not long have disciples who cannot read and reflect; who are not intelligent, virtuous, and rising in the scale of knowledge. There will be more intelligent readers among Christians, ten fold at least, than among those who reject the Bible. The number of readers and admirers of thinking minds, which will attend to the song of the Christian poet, is altogether in his favor. And what is more, *love* is the genius of the gospel. While others admire and gaze as they would upon an iceberg, the Christian takes his poet to his heart and gives him his heart and love. Who would not prefer to have the warm hearts that have been given to the pages of the sweet Cowper, than to have all the ditty-music and all the bacchanalian admiration that has been bestowed upon all the amatory songs that have ever been written? Who would not prefer the warm-hearted admiration which is so cheerfully given to

Milton, than all the praises which have been ever meted out to old Homer—father of song? It is one thing to walk around a temple and gaze and admire its cold marble, and another to view it with a beating heart, because it contains the shrine at which the heart worships. The irreligious poet may, at immense expense, erect his splendid mausoleum, but it contains only the bones of dead men; the Christian poet shall be at the same expense, and living angels shall walk there, and Hope, in the mantle of undecaying youth, shall be there to receive the offering made to the God of hope.

How short is the life of almost every book,—and how little does it effect!

"Thou wonderest how the world contained them all!
Thy wonder stay: like men, this was their doom:—
That dust they were, and should to dust return.
And oft their fathers, childless and bereaved,
Wept o'er their graves, when they themselves were green;
And on them fell, as fell on every age,
As on their authors fell, oblivious Night,—
Which o'er the past lay darkling, heavy, still,
Impenetrable, motionless and sad,

Having his dismal, leaden plumage stirred
By no remembrancer, to show the men
Who after came, what was concealed beneath."

As to the good done, and the rewards of that good, it were vain to attempt any comparison between the Christian and the mere poet of time. All honors drop at the grave, and the voice of fame and applause falls dead as it strikes the tomb. Then, at the very spot at which the creature of time has emptied his cup and received his reward, the rivers of pleasure begin everlastingly to flow for the servant of Christ. What worms of earth can bestow shall be the reward of the one, while the eternal smile of the infinite God shall be the reward of him who gives his powers to Christ.

We cannot close these remarks upon the gifted young poet, without distinctly holding him up as an example of encouragement to youth in humble life. He was the son of a poor butcher, as were also Dr. Moore, archbishop of Canterbury of the present day, and Cardinal Woolsey of former days; but this was a barrier that could be easily surmounted. The most favored and honored of men, and the choicest instruments raised

up by a superintending Providence, were from the shades of humble life. Pascal and Bowditch, immortal for their accurate minds, were the sons of mechanics. Why go over the catalogue of great ones who have sprung from similar origin, which catalogue has been repeated until it is almost offensive to good taste? We might, in the twilight of our wisdom, go to a palace to select a hand that could tear down the pillars which the superstition of ages had reared; but God goes to the mines and takes the collier's son—the boy who begged food from door to door, while pursuing his studies—and raises him up to be the instrument who should usher in the glorious reformation. There is no aristocracy of talent, and mind is so much more esteemed than matter; intellect is so much more highly prized than the mere circumstances of birth or of wealth, that they sink into nothing. If the quill can write a powerful sentence, it is of little consequence whether it came from the wing of the eagle or the goose. And let no youth feel that he *can* be depressed by mere external circumstances. If he has the *vis vitæ*, the unspeakable gift of great talents, and a heart

consecrated to the good of men and the honor of God, there will be no lack of opportunity to have these called out. And we hold up Henry Kirk White as a monument of what perseverance, a right enthusiasm, and a pure heart can accomplish. We hold him up as a monument of the power of the gospel and of the grace of God, and we commemorate him as an example of the powers of the human soul. He died at the early age of twenty-one; but the warm breathings of his soul are still upon us, and will never grow cold. If, in that short period, his spirit could master so much of learning; if it could drink so much at so many fountains of knowledge; if it could stamp itself upon the earth, so that its lineaments will remain, perhaps till the archangel's trumpet shall sound, what may not be its powers, its faculties, its light, and its glory, in the eternal kingdom of God, where it can see and study and know all that comes within the province of a finite being? What songs of love and of gratitude will not the tongue sing, as it mingles eternally with that bright circle who will forever be drawing nearer the throne of the Redeemer?

Henry lies buried in Cambridge—the spot on which he fell a martyr to a noble enthusiasm. One of our own countrymen, Francis Boot, has erected a monument there to his memory. But he needs not marble. We admire the feeling which did it; and yet we are almost sorry that it is done. We would prefer that it might still be said:

"No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep;
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb—
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom."

The name, the character, and the writings of White, are the legacy of the young. To them we commend them, as we would the pure waters that gush from the mountain-side. They cannot be tasted without invigorating. And, if these remarks, penned with diffidence, shall add any thing to the value of the beautiful edition which our respected publishers now put forth, our gratification will be immeasurably greater than our labor.

Pittsfield, Mass., May, 1841.

INSCRIPTION

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ. PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY, CAMBRIDGE;

ON A MONUMENTAL TABLET,

WITH A MEDALLION BY CHANTREY,

ERECTED IN ALL-SAINT'S CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE,

AT THE EXPENSE OF FRANCIS BOOTT, ESQ.

OF BOSTON, UNITED STATES.

—♦—

HENRY KIRKE WHITE,

BORN MARCH 21st, 1785; DIED

OCTOBER 10th, 1806.

Warm with fond hope, and learning's sacred flame,
To Granta's bowers the youthful Poet came;
Unconquer'd powers, the immortal mind display'd,
But worn with anxious thought the frame decay'd:
Pale o'er his lamp and in his cell retired,
The Martyr Student faded and expired.
O Genius, Taste, and Piety sincere,
Too early lost, midst duties too severe!
Foremost to mourn was generous SOUTHEY seen,
He told the tale and show'd what WHITE had been,
Nor told in vain—far o'er th' Atlantic wave,
A Wanderer came and sought the Poet's grave;
On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.

W. S.

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Not alone by the Muses,
But by the Virtues loved, his soul in its youthful aspirings
Sought the Holy Hill, and his thirst was for Siloah's waters.
Vision of Judgment.

No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep.
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom!
BYRON.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, the second son of John and Mary White, was born in Nottingham, March 21st, 1784. His father was a butcher; his mother, whose maiden name was Neville, is of respectable Staffordshire family.

From the years of three till five, Henry learnt to read at the school of Mrs. Garrington; whose name, unimportant as it may appear, is mentioned because she had the good sense to perceive his extraordinary capacity, and spoke of what it promised with confidence. She was an excellent wo-

man, and he describes her with affection in his poem upon Childhood. At a very early age his love of reading was decidedly manifested; it was a passion to which every thing else gave way. "I could fancy," says his eldest sister, "I see him in his little chair, with a large book upon his knee, and my mother calling, 'Henry, my love, come to dinner;' which was repeated so often without being regarded, that she was obliged to change the tone of her voice before she could rouse him." When he was about seven, he would creep unperceived into the kitchen, to teach the servant to read and write; and he continued this for some time before it was discovered that he had been thus laudably employed. He wrote a tale of a Swiss emigrant, which was probably his first composition, and gave it to this servant, being ashamed to show it to his mother. The consciousness of genius is always at first accompanied with this diffidence; it is a sacred, solitary feeling. And perhaps, no forward child, however extraordinary the promise of his childhood, ever produced any thing truly great.

When Henry was about six, he was placed under the Rev. John Blanchard, who kept, at that time, the best school in Nottingham. Here he learnt writing, arithmetic, and French. When he was about eleven, he one day wrote a separate theme for every boy in his class, which consisted of about twelve or fourteen. The master said he had never known them write so well upon any subject before, and could not refrain from expressing his astonishment at the excellence of Henry's.

It was considered as a great thing for him to be at so good a school, yet there were some circumstances which rendered it less advantageous to him than it might have been. Mrs. White had not yet overcome her husband's intention of breeding him up to his own business; and by an arrangement which took up too much of his time, and would have crushed his spirit, if that "mounting spirit" could have been crushed, one whole day in the week, and his leisure hours on the others, were employed in carrying the butcher's basket. Some differences at length arose between his father and Mr. Blanchard, in consequence of which Henry was removed.

One of the ushers, when he came to receive the money due for tuition, took the opportunity of informing Mrs. White what an incorrigible son she had, and that it was impossible to make the lad do any thing. This information made his friends very uneasy: they were dispirited about him; and had they relied wholly upon this report, the stupidity or malice of this man would have blasted Henry's progress for ever. He was, however, placed under the care of a Mr. Shipley, who soon discovered that he was a boy of quick perception, and very admirable talents; and came with joy, like a good man, to relieve the anxiety and painful suspicions of his family.

While his schoolmasters were complaining that they could make nothing of him, he discovered what Nature had made him, and wrote satires upon them. These pieces were never shown to

any, except his most particular friends, who say that they were pointed and severe. They are enumerated in the table of contents to one of his manuscript volumes, under the title of School-Lampoons; but, as was to be expected, he had cut the leaves out and destroyed them.

One of his poems, written at this time, and under these feelings, is preserved. (See "Lines on being confined to school one pleasant morning in spring," page 318.)

About this time his mother was induced, by the advice of several friends, to open a Ladies' Boarding and Day School in Nottingham, her eldest daughter having previously been a teacher in one for some time. In this she succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations, and Henry's home-comforts were thus materially increased, though it was still out of the power of his family to give him that education and direction in life which his talents deserved and required.

It was now determined to breed him up to the hosiery trade, the staple manufacture of his native place; and at the age of fourteen he was placed in a stocking-loom, with the view, at some future period, of getting a situation in a hosier's warehouse. During the time that he was thus employed, he might be said to be truly unhappy; he went to his work with evident reluctance, and could not refrain from sometimes hinting his extreme aversion to it; but the circumstances of his family obliged them to turn a deaf ear. His mother, however, secretly felt that he was worthy of better

things: to her he spoke more openly; he could not bear, he said, the thought of spending seven years of his life in shining and folding up stockings; he wanted *something to occupy his brain*, and he should be wretched if he continued longer at this trade, or indeed in any thing except one of the learned professions. These frequent complaints, after a year's application, or rather misapplication (as his brother says), at the loom, convinced her that he had a mind destined for nobler pursuits.

To one so situated, and with nothing but his own talents and exertions to depend upon, the Law seemed to be the only practicable line. His affectionate and excellent mother made every possible effort to effect his wishes, his father being very averse to the plan; and at length, after overcoming a variety of obstacles, he was fixed in the office of Messrs. Coldham and Enfield, attorneys and town-clerks of Nottingham. As no premium could be given with him, he was engaged to serve two years before he was articled: so that, though he entered this office when he was fifteen, he was not articled till the commencement of the year 1802.

On his thus entering the Law, it was recommended to him by his employers, that he should endeavour to obtain some knowledge of Latin. He had now only the little time which an attorney's office, in very extensive practice, afforded; but great things may be done in "those hours of leisure which even the busiest may create," and to his

ardent mind no obstacles were too discouraging. He received some instruction in the first rudiments of this language from a person who then resided at Nottingham under a feigned name, but was soon obliged to leave it, to elude the search of government, who were then seeking to secure him. Henry discovered him to be Mr. Cormick, from a print affixed to a continuation of Hume and Smollett, and published, with their histories, by Cooke. He is, I believe, the same person who wrote a life of Burke. If he received any other assistance it was very trifling; yet, in the course of ten months, he enabled himself to read Horace with tolerable facility, and had made some progress in Greek, which indeed he began first. He used to exercise himself in declining the Greek nouns and verbs as he was going to and from the office, so valuable was time become to him. From this time he contracted a habit of employing his mind in study during his walks, which he continued to the end of his life.

He now became almost estranged from his family; even at his meals he would be reading, and his evenings were entirely devoted to intellectual improvement. He had a little room given him, which was called his study; and here his milk supper was taken up to him; for, to avoid any loss of time, he refused to sup with his family, though earnestly entreated so to do, as his mother already began to dread the effects of this severe and unremitting application. The Law was his first pursuit, to which his papers show he had ap-

plied himself with such industry, as to make it wonderful that he could have found time, busied as his days were, for any thing else. Greek and Latin were the next objects: at the same time he made himself a tolerable Italian scholar, and acquired some knowledge both of the Spanish and Portuguese. His medical friends say that the knowledge he had obtained of chemistry was very respectable. Astronomy and electricity were among his studies. Some attention he paid to drawing, in which it is probable he would have excelled. He was passionately fond of music, and could play very pleasingly by ear on the pianoforte, composing the bass to the air he was playing; but this propensity he checked, lest it might interfere with more important objects. He had a turn for mechanics; and all the fittings-up of his study were the work of his own hands.

At a very early age, indeed soon after he was taken from school, Henry was ambitious of being admitted a member of a Literary Society then existing in Nottingham, but was objected to on account of his youth. After repeated attempts and repeated failures, he succeeded in his wish, through the exertions of some of his friends, and was elected. There were six Professors in this Society; and, upon the first vacancy, he was appointed to the chair of Literature. It may well appear strange that a society, in so large a town as Nottingham, instituted for the purpose of acquiring and diffusing knowledge, and respectable enough to be provided with a good philosophical appara-

tus, should have chosen a boy, in the fifteenth year of his age, to deliver lectures to them upon general literature. The first subject upon which he held forth was Genius. Having taken a day to consider the subject, he spoke upon it extempore, and harangued for two hours and three quarters: yet, instead of being wearied, his hearers passed a unanimous resolution, "That the most sincere thanks be given to the Professor for his most instructive and entertaining lecture; at the same time assuring him that the Society never had the pleasure of hearing a better lecture delivered from that chair which he so much honoured:" and they then elected him one of their committee. There are certain courts at Nottingham, in which it is necessary for an attorney to plead; and he wished to qualify himself for a speaker as well as a sound lawyer.

With the profession in which he was placed he was well pleased, and suffered no pursuit, numerous as his pursuits were, to interfere in the slightest degree with its duties. Yet he soon began to have higher aspirations, and to cast a wistful eye toward the Universities, with little hope of ever attaining their important advantages, yet probably not without some, however faint. There was at this time a magazine in publication, called the Monthly Preceptor, which proposed prize-themes for boys and girls to write upon; and which was encouraged by many schoolmasters, some of whom, for their own credit, and that of the important institutions in which they were placed, ought

to have known better than to encourage it. But in schools, and in all practical systems of education, emulation is made the main-spring, as if there were not enough of the leaven of disquietude in our natures, without inoculating it with this dilutement—this *vaccine virus* of envy. True it is, that we need encouragement in youth; that though our vices spring up and thrive in shade and darkness, like poisonous fungi, our better powers require light and air; and that praise is the sunshine, without which genius will wither, fade, and die; or rather in search of which, like a plant that is debarred from it, will push forth in contortions and deformity. But such practices as that of writing for public prizes, of publicly declaiming, and of enacting plays before the neighbouring gentry, teach boys to look for applause instead of being satisfied with approbation, and foster in them that vanity which needs no such cherishing. This is administering stimulants to the heart, instead of "feeding it with food convenient for it;" and the effect of such stimulants is to dwarf the human mind, as lap-dogs are said to be stopt in their growth by being dosed with gin. Thus *forced*, it becomes like the sapling which shoots up when it should be striking its roots far and deep, and which therefore never attains to more than a sapling's size.

To Henry, however, the opportunity of distinguishing himself, even in the Juvenile Library, was useful; if he had acted with a man's foresight, he could not have done more wisely than by aiming at every distinction within his little sphere. At

the age of fifteen, he gained a silver medal for a translation from Horace; and the following year a pair of twelve-inch globes, for an imaginary Tour from London to Edinburgh. He determined upon trying for this prize one evening when at tea with his family, and at supper he read to them his performance, to which seven pages were granted in the magazine, though they had limited the allowance of room to three. Shortly afterwards he won several books for exercises on different subjects. Such honours were of great importance to him; they were testimonies of his ability, which could not be suspected of partiality, and they prepared his father to regard with less reluctance that change in his views and wishes which afterwards took place. It appears by a letter written soon after he had completed his fifteenth year, that many of his pieces in prose and verse, under feigned signatures, had gained admission in the various magazines of the day, more particularly in the Monthly Magazine and the Monthly Visitor: "In prosaic composition," he says, "I never had one article refused: in poetic, many."—"I am conscious," he observes, at this time, to his brother, "that if I chose I could produce poems infinitely superior to any you have *yet* seen of mine; but I am so indolent, and at the same time so much engaged, that I cannot give the time and attention necessary for the formation of correct and accurate pieces." Less time and attention are necessary for correcting prose, and this may be one reason why, contrary to the usual process, a greater prematurity is

discernable in his prose than in his metrical compositions. "The reason," he says, "of the number of erasures and corrections in my letter is, that it contains a rough transcript of the state of my mind, without my having made any sketch on another paper When I sit down to write, ideas crowd into my mind too fast for utterance upon paper. Some of them I think too precious to be lost, and for fear their impression should be effaced, I write as rapidly as possible. This accounts for my bad writing."

He now became a correspondent in the Monthly Mirror, a magazine which first set the example of typographical neatness in periodical publications, which has given the world a good series of portraits, and which deserves praise also on other accounts, having among its contributors some persons of extensive erudition and acknowledged talents. Magazines are of great service to those who are learning to write; they are fishing-boats, which the Buccaneers of Literature do not condescend to sink, burn, and destroy: young poets may safely try their strength in them; and that they should try their strength before the public, without danger of any shame from failure, is highly desirable. Henry's rapid improvement was now as remarkable as his unwearied industry. The pieces which had been rewarded in the Juvenile Preceptor might have been rivalled by many boys; but what he produced a year afterwards, few men could equal. Those which appeared in the Monthly Mirror attracted some notice, and introduced him

to the acquaintance of Mr. Capel Lofft, and of Mr. Hill, the proprietor of the work, a gentleman who was himself a lover of English literature, and who possessed one of the most copious collections of English poetry in existence. Their encouragement induced him, about the close of the year 1802, to prepare a little volume of poems for the press. It was his hope that this publication might either, by the success of its sale, or the notice which it might excite, enable him to prosecute his studies at college, and fit himself for holy orders. For, though so far was he from feeling any dislike to his own profession, that he was even attached to it, and had indulged a hope that one day or other he should make his way to the Bar, a deafness, to which he had always been subject, and which appeared to grow progressively worse, threatened to preclude all possibility of advancement; and his opinions, which had at one time inclined to infidelity, had now taken a strong devotional bias.

Henry was earnestly advised to obtain, if possible, some patroness for his book, whose rank in life, and notoriety in the literary world, might afford it some protection. The days of such dedications are happily well-nigh at an end; but this was of importance to him, as giving his little volume consequence in the eyes of his friends and townsmen. The Countess of Derby was first applied to, and the manuscript submitted to her perusal. She returned it with a refusal, upon the ground that it was an invariable rule with her

never to accept a compliment of the kind; but this refusal was couched in language as kind as it was complimentary, and he felt more pleasure at the kindness which it expressed, than disappointment at the failure of his application: a 2*l.* note was inclosed as her subscription to the work. The margravine of Anspach was also thought of. There is among his papers the draught of a letter addressed to her upon the subject, but I believe it was never sent. He was then recommended to apply to the Duchess of Devonshire. Poor Henry felt a fit of repugnance at courting patronage in this way, but he felt that it was of consequence in his little world, and submitted; and the manuscript was left, with a letter, at Devonshire House, as it had been with the Countess of Derby. Some time elapsed, and no answer arrived from her Grace; and, as she was known to be pestered with such applications, apprehensions began to be entertained for the safety of the papers. His brother Neville (who was now settled in London) called several times; of course he never obtained an interview: the case at last became desperate, and he went with a determination not to quit the house till he had obtained them. After waiting four hours in the servants' hall, his perseverance conquered their idle insolence, and he got possession of the manuscript. And here he, as well as his brother, sick of "dancing attendance" upon the great, would have relinquished all thoughts of the dedication, but they were urged to make one more trial:—a letter to her Grace was procured, with which Ne-

ville obtained audience, wisely leaving the manuscript at home: and the Duchess, with her usual good-nature, gave permission that the volume should be dedicated to her. Accordingly her name appeared in the title-page, and a copy was transmitted to her in due form, and in its due morocco livery,—of which no notice was ever taken. Involved as she was in an endless round of miserable follies, it is probable that she never opened the book, otherwise her heart was good enough to have felt a pleasure in encouraging the author. Oh, what a lesson would the history of that heart hold out!

Henry sent his little volume to each of the then existing Reviews, and accompanied it with a letter, wherein he stated what his disadvantages had been, and what were the hopes which he proposed to himself from the publication: requesting from them that indulgence of which his productions did not stand in need, and which it might have been thought, under such circumstances, would not have been withheld from works of less promise. It may be well conceived with what anxiety he looked for their opinions, and with what feelings he read the following article in the Monthly Review for February, 1804.

Monthly Review, February, 1804.

"The circumstances under which this little volume is offered to the public, must, in some measure, disarm criticism. We have been informed that

Mr. White has scarcely attained his eighteenth year, has hitherto exerted himself in the pursuit of knowledge under the discouragements of penury and misfortune, and now hopes, by this early authorship, to obtain some assistance in the prosecution of his studies at Cambridge. He appears, indeed, to be one of those young men of talents and application who merit encouragement; and it would be gratifying to us to hear that this publication had obtained for him a respectable patron; for we fear that the mere profit arising from the sale cannot be, in any measure, adequate to his exigencies as a student at the university. A subscription, with a statement of the particulars of the author's case, might have been calculated to have answered his purpose; but, as a book which is to 'win its way' on the sole ground of its own merit, this poem cannot be contemplated with any sanguine expectation. The author is very anxious, however, that critics should find in it something to commend, and he shall not be disappointed: we commend his exertions and his laudable endeavors to excel; but we cannot compliment him with having learned the difficult art of writing good poetry.

"Such lines as these will sufficiently prove our assertion:

> Here would I run, a visionary *Boy*,
> When the hoarse thunder shook the vaulted *Sky*,
> And, fancy-led, beheld the Almighty's form
> Sternly *careering* in the eddying storm.

"If Mr. White should be instructed by Alma-mater, he will, doubtless, produce better sense and better rhymes."

I know not who was the writer of this precious article. It is certain that Henry could have no personal enemy: his volume fell into the hands of some dull man, who took it up in an hour of ill-humor, turned over the leaves to look for faults, and finding that *Boy* and *Sky* were not orthodox rhymes, according to his wise canons of criticism, sat down to blast the hopes of a boy, who had confessed to him all his hopes and all his difficulties, and thrown himself upon his mercy. With such a letter before him (by mere accident I saw that which had been sent to the Critical Review,) even though the poems had been bad, a good man would not have said so: he would have avoided censure, if he had found it impossible to bestow praise. But that the reader may perceive the wicked injustice, as well as the cruelty of this reviewal, a few specimens of the volume, thus contemptuously condemned because *Boy* and *Sky* are used as rhymes in it, shall be inserted in this place.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.*

Sweet-scented flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow;

* The Rosemary buds in January, It is the flower commonly put in the coffins of the dead.

And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song:
And sweet the strain shall be and long,
The melody of death.

Come, funeral flow'r! who lovest to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell.
Come, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly Alder-tree,
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep.

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
The cold turf-altar of the dead;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

TO THE MORNING.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

Beams of the day-break faint! I hail
Your dubious hues, as on the robe
Of Night, which wraps the slumbering globe,
I mark your traces pale.

Tired with the taper's sickly light,
And with the wearying, number'd night.
I hail the streaks of morn divine:
And lo! they break between the dewy wreaths
That round my rural casement twine:
The fresh gale o'er the green lawn breathes;
It fans my feverish brow,—it calms the mental strife,
And cheerily re-illumes the lambent flame of life.

The lark has her gay song begun,
She leaves her grassy nest,
And soars till the *unrisen sun*
Gleams on her speckled breast.
Now let me leave my restless bed,
And o'er the spangled uplands tread;
Now through the custom'd wood-walk wend;
By many a green lane lies my way,
Where high o'erhead the wild briers bend,
Till on the mountain's summit grey,
I sit me down, and mark the glorious dawn of day.

Oh, Heav'n! the soft refreshing gale
It breathes into my breast!
My sunk eye gleams; my cheek, so pale,
Is with new colors drest.
Blithe Health! thou soul of life and ease,
Come thou too on the balmy breeze,
Invigorate my frame:
I'll join with thee the buskin'd chase,
With thee the distant clime will trace,
Beyond those clouds of flame.

Above, below, what charms unfold
In all the varied view!
Before me all is burnish'd gold,
Behind the twilight's hue.
The mists which on old Night await,
Far to the west they hold their state.

They shun the clear blue face of Morn;
Along the fine cerulean sky,
The fleecy clouds successive fly,
While bright prismatic beams their shadowy folds adorn.

And hark! the Thatcher has begun
His whistle on the eaves,
And oft the Hedger's bill is heard
Among the rustling leaves.
The slow team creaks upon the road,
The noisy whip resounds,
The driver's voice, his carol blithe,
The mower's stroke, his whetting scythe
Mix with the morning's sounds.

Who would not rather take his seat
Beneath these clumps of trees,
The early dawn of day to greet,
And catch the healthy breeze,
Than on the silken couch of Sloth
Luxurious to lie?
Who would not from life's dreary waste
Snatch, when he could, with eager haste,
An interval of joy?

To him who simply thus recounts
The morning's pleasures o'er,
Fate dooms, ere long, the scene must close,
To ope on him no more:
Yet, Morning! unrepining still
He'll greet thy beams awhile;
And surely thou, when o'er his grave
Solemn the whispering willows wave,
Wilt sweetly on him smile;
And the pale glow-worm's pensive light
Will guide his ghostly walks in the drear moonless night.

An author is proof against reviewing, when, like myself, he has been reviewed some seventy times; but the opinion of a reviewer, upon his first publication, has more effect, both upon his feelings and his success, than it ought to have, or would have, if the mystery of the *ungentle craft* were more generally understood. Henry wrote to the editor to complain of the cruelty with which he had been treated. This remonstrance produced the following answer in the next number:

Monthly Review, March, 1804.

ADDRESS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"In the course of our long critical labors, we have necessarily been forced to encounter the resentment, or withstand the lamentations, of many disappointed authors; but we have seldom, if ever, been more affected than by a letter from Mr. White, of Nottingham, complaining of the tendency of our strictures on his poem of Clifton Grove, in our last number. His expostulations are written with a warmth of feeling in which we truly sympathise, and which shall readily excuse, with us, some expressions of irritation; but Mr. White must receive our most serious declaration, that we did 'judge of the book by the book itself;' excepting only, that, from his former letter, we were desirous of mitigating the pain of that decision which our public duty required us to pronounce. We spoke with the utmost sincerity

when we stated our wishes for patronage to an unfriended man of talents, for talents Mr. White certainly possesses, and we repeat those wishes with equal cordiality. Let him still trust that, like Mr. Gifford (see preface to his translation of Juvenal,) some Mr. Cookesley may yet appear to foster a capacity which endeavours to escape from its present confined sphere of action; and let the opulent inhabitants of Nottingham reflect, that some portion of that wealth which they have worthily acquired by the habits of industry, will be laudably applied in assisting the efforts of mind."

Henry was not aware that reviewers are infallible. His letter seems to have been answered by a different writer; the answer has none of the commonplace and vulgar insolence of the criticism: but to have made any concession would have been admitting that a review can do wrong, and thus violating the fundamental principle of its constitution.

The poems which had been thus condemned, appeared to me to discover strong marks of genius. I had shown them to two of my friends, than whom no persons living better understand what poetry is, nor have given better proofs of it; and their opinion coincided with my own. I was indignant at the injustice of this pretended criticism, and having accidentally seen the letter which he had written to the reviewers, understood the whole cruelty of their injustice. In consequence of this I wrote to Henry, to encourage him; told him, that though I was well aware how imprudent it

was in young poets to publish their productions, his circumstances seemed to render that expedient, from which it would otherwise be right to dissuade him; advised him therefore, if he had no better prospects, to print a larger volume by subscription, and offered to do what little was in my power to serve him in the undertaking. To this he replied in the following letter:—

* * * * *

"I dare not say all I feel respecting your opinion of my little volume. The extreme acrimony with which the Monthly Review (of all others the most important) treated me, threw me into a state of stupefaction; I regarded all that had passed as a dream, and I thought I had been deluding myself into an idea of possessing poetic genius, when in fact I had only the longing, without the *afflatus*. I mustered resolution enough, however, to write spiritedly to them: their answer in the ensuing number was a tacit acknowledgment that they had been somewhat too unsparing in their correction. It was a poor attempt to salve over a wound wantonly and most ungenerously inflicted. Still I was damped, because I knew the work was very respectable; and therefore could not, I concluded, give a criticism *grossly* deficient in equity—the more especially, as I knew of no sort of inducement to extraordinary severity. Your letter, however, has revived me, and I do again venture to hope that I may still produce something which will survive me.

"With regard to your advice and offers of as-

sistance, I will not attempt, because I am unable, to thank you for them. To-morrow morning I depart for Cambridge; and I have considerable hopes that, as I do not enter into the University with any sinister or interested views, but sincerely desire to perform the duties of an affectionate and vigilant pastor, and become more useful to mankind, I therefore have hopes, I say, that I shall find means of support *in the University*. If I do not, I shall certainly act in pursuance of your recommendations; and shall, without hesitation, avail myself of your offers of service, and of your directions.

"In a short time this will be determined; and when it is, I shall take the liberty of writing to you at Keswick, to make you acquainted with the result.

"I have only one objection to publishing by subscription, and I confess it has weight with me;—it is, that, in this step, I shall seem to be acting upon the advice so unfeelingly and contumeliously given by the Monthly Reviewers, who say what is equal to this—that had I gotten a subscription for my poems before their merit was known, I might have succeeded; provided, it seems, I had made a *particular statement of my case;* like a beggar who stands with his hat in one hand, and a full account of his cruel treatment on the coast of Barbary in the other, and so gives you his penny sheet for your sixpence, by way of half-purchase, half-charity.

"I have materials for another volume; but they were written principally while Clifton Grove was

in the press, or soon after, and do not now at all satisfy me. Indeed, of late, I have been obliged to desist, almost entirely, from converse with the dames of Helicon. The drudgery of an attorney's office, and the necessity of preparing myself, in case I should succeed in getting to college, in what little leisure I could boast, left no room for the flights of the imagination."

In another letter he speaks, in still stronger terms, of what he had suffered from the unfeeling and iniquitous criticism:

"The unfavourable review (in the 'Monthly') of my unhappy work, has cut deeper than you could have thought; not in a literary point of view, but as it affects my respectability. It represents me actually as a *beggar*, going about gathering money to put myself at college, when my work is worthless; and this with every appearance of candor. They have been sadly misinformed respecting me: this review goes before me wherever I turn my steps: it haunts me incessantly; and I am persuaded it is an instrument in the hands of Satan to drive me to distraction. I must leave Nottingham."

It is not unworthy of remark, that this very reviewal, which was designed to crush the hopes of Henry, and suppress his struggling genius, has been, in its consequences, the main occasion of bringing his Remains to light, and obtaining for him that fame which assuredly will be his portion. Had it not been for the indignation which I felt at perusing a criticism at once so cruel and so

stupid, the little intercourse between Henry and myself would not have taken place; his papers would probably have remained in oblivion, and his name in a few years have been forgotten.

I have stated that his opinions were, at one time, inclining towards deism: it needs not be said on what slight grounds the opinions of a youth must needs be founded: while they are confined to matters of speculation, they indicate, whatever their eccentricities, only an active mind; and it is only when a propensity is manifested to such principles as give a sanction to immorality, that they show something wrong at heart. One little poem of Henry's Remains, which was written in this unsettled state of mind, exhibits much of his character, and can excite no feelings towards him, but such as are favourable. (See "My own Character," page 329.)

At this time, when Henry doubted the truth of Christianity, and professed a careless indifference concerning it which he was far from feeling, it happened that one of his earliest and most intimate friends, Mr. Almond, was accidentally present at a death-bed, and was so struck with what he then saw of the power and influence, and inestimable value of religion, that he formed a firm determination to renounce all such pursuits as were not strictly compatible with it. That he might not be shaken in this resolution, he withdrew from the society of all those persons whose ridicule or censure he feared; and was particularly careful to avoid Henry, of whose raillery he stood most in

dread. He anxiously shunned him, therefore; till Henry, who would not suffer an intimacy of long standing to be broken off he knew not why, called upon his friend, and desired to know the cause of this unaccountable conduct towards himself and their common acquaintance.

Mr. Almond, who had received him with trembling and reluctance, replied to this expostulation, that a total change had been effected in his religious views, and that he was prepared to defend his opinions and conduct, if Henry would allow the Bible to be the word of truth and the standard of appeal. Upon this Henry exclaimed in a tone of strong emotion:—"Good God, you surely regard me in a worse light than I deserve!"—His friend proceeded to say, that what he had said was from a conviction that they had no common ground on which to contend, Henry having more than once suggested, that the book of *Isaiah* was an *epic*, and that of *Job* a *dramatic*, poem. He then stated what the change was which had taken place in his own views and intentions, and the motives for his present conduct. From the manner in which Henry listened, it became evident that his mind was ill at ease, and that he was noways satisfied with himself. His friend, therefore, who had expected to be assailed in a tone of triumphant superiority by one in the pride and youthful confidence of great intellectual powers, and, as yet, ignorant of his own ignorance, found himself unexpectedly called upon to act the monitor; and, putting into his hands Scott's "Force of Truth,"

which was lying on the table, entreated him to take it with him, and peruse it at his leisure.

The book produced little effect, and was returned with disapprobation. Men differ as much in mind as in countenance: some are to be awakened by passionate exhortation, or vehement reproof, appealing to their fears and exciting their imagination; others yield to force of argument, or, upon slow inquiry, to the accumulation of historical testimony and moral proofs; there are others, in whom the innate principle of our nature retains more of its original strength, and these are led by their inward monitor into the way of peace. Henry was of this class. His intellect might have been on the watch to detect a flaw in evidence, a defective argument, or an illogical inference; but, in his heart, he felt that there is no happiness, no rest, without religion; and in him who becomes willing to believe, the root of infidelity is destroyed. Mr. Almond was about to enter at Cambridge: on the evening before his departure for the University, Henry requested that he would accompany him to the little room, which was called his study. "We had no sooner entered," says Mr. Almond, "than he burst into tears, and declared that his anguish of mind was insupportable. He entreated that I would kneel down and pray for him; and most cordially were our tears and supplications mingled at that interesting moment. When I took my leave, he exclaimed:—"What must I do?—You are the only friend to whom I can apply in this agonizing state, and you are about to leave

me. My literary associates are all inclined to deism; I have no one with whom I can communicate!"

A new pursuit was thus opened to him, and he engaged in it with his wonted ardour. "It was a constant feature in his mind," says Mr. Pigott, "to persevere in the pursuit of what he deemed noble and important. Religion, in which he now appeared to himself not yet to have taken a step, engaged all his anxiety, as of all concerns the most important. He could not rest satisfied till he had formed his principles upon the basis of Christianity, and till he had begun in earnest to think and act agreeably to its pure and heavenly precepts. His mind loved to make distant excursions into the future and remote consequences of things. He no longer limited his views to the narrow confines of earthly existence; he was not happy till he had learnt to rest and expatiate in a world to come. What he said to me when we became intimate is worthy of observation: that, he said, which first made him dissatisfied with the creed he had adopted, and the standard of practice which he had set up for himself, was the *purity of mind* which he perceived was everywhere inculcated in the Holy Scriptures, and required of every one who would become a successful candidate for future blessedness. He had supposed that morality of conduct was all the purity required; but when he observed that purity of the very *thoughts* and *intentions* of the soul also was requisite, he was convinced of his deficiencies, and could find no comfort to his

penitence but in the atonement made for human frailty by the Redeemer of mankind; and no strength adequate to his weakness, and sufficient for resisting evil, but the aid of God's Spirit, promised to those who seek such from above in the sincerity of earnest prayer."

From the moment when he had fully contracted these opinions, he was resolved upon devoting his life to the promulgation of them; and therefore to leave the law, and, if possible, place himself at one of the universities. Every argument was used by his friends to dissuade him from his purpose, but to no effect; his mind was unalterably fixed, and great and numerous as the obstacles were, he was determined to surmount them all. He had now served the better half of the term for which he was articled: his entrance and continuance in the profession had been a great expense to his family; and to give up this lucrative profession, in the study of which he had advanced so far, and situated as he was, for one wherein there was so little prospect of his obtaining even a decent competency, appeared to them the height of folly or of madness. This determination cost his poor mother many tears; but determined he was, and that by the best and purest motives. Without ambition he could not have existed; but his ambition now was to be eminently useful in the ministry.

It was Henry's fortune through his short life, as he was worthy of the kindest treatment, always to find it. His employers, Mr. Coldham and Mr.

Enfield, listened with a friendly ear to his plans, and agreed to give up the remainder of his time, though it was now become very valuable to them, as soon as they should think his prospects of getting through the university were such as he might reasonably trust to; but, till then, they felt themselves bound, for his own sake, to detain him. Mr. Doshwood, a clergyman, who at that time resided in Nottingham, exerted himself in his favour: he had a friend at Queen's College, Cambridge, who mentioned him to one of the fellows of St. John's, and that gentleman, on the representations made to him of Henry's talents and piety, spared no effort to obtain for him an adequate support.

As soon as these hopes were held out to him, his employers gave him a month's leave of absence, for the benefit of uninterrupted study, and of change of air, which his health now began to require. Instead of going to the sea-coast, as was expected, he chose for his retreat the village of Wilford, which is situated on the banks of the Trent, and at the foot of Clifton Woods. These woods had ever been his favourite place of resort, and were the subject of the longest poem in his little volume, from which, indeed, the volume was named. He delighted to point out to his more intimate friends the scenery of this poem: the islet to which he had often forded when the river was not knee-deep; and the little hut wherein he had sat for hours, and sometimes all day long, reading or writing, or dreaming with his eyes open. He had sometimes wandered in these woods till night was

far advanced, and used to speak with pleasure of having once been overtaken there by a thunder-storm at midnight, and watching the lightning over the river and the vale towards the town.

In this village his mother procured lodgings for him, and his place of retreat was kept secret, except from his nearest friends. Soon after the expiration of the month, intelligence arrived that the plans which had been formed in his behalf had entirely failed. He went immediately to his mother: "All my hopes," said he, "of getting to the University are now blasted; in preparing myself for it, I have lost time in my profession; I have much ground to get up; and as I am determined not to be a *mediocre* attorney, I must endeavour to recover what I have lost." The consequence was, that he applied himself more severely than ever to his studies. He now allowed himself no time for relaxation, little for his meals, and scarcely any for sleep. He would read till one, two, three o'clock in the morning; then throw himself on the bed, and rise again to his work at five, at the call of a *larum*, which he had fixed to a Dutch clock in his chamber. Many nights he never lay down at all. It was in vain that his mother used every possible means to dissuade him from this destructive application. In this respect, and in this only one, was Henry undutiful, and neither commands, nor tears, nor entreaties, could check his desperate and deadly ardor. At one time she went every night into his room, to put out his candle: as soon as he heard her coming up stairs, he used to hide

it in a cupboard, throw himself into bed, and affect sleep while she was in the room; then, when all was quiet, rise again, and pursue his baneful studies.

"The night," says Henry, in one of his letters, "has been every thing to me; and did the world know how I have been indebted to the hours of repose, they would not wonder that night-images are, as they judge, so ridiculously predominant in my verses." During some of these midnight hours he indulged himself in complaining, but in such complaints that it is to be wished more of them had been found among his papers.

ODE ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad:
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow, resign'd, thy peaceful cypress twine.

Though Fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet Meditation, in her cell,
Hears, with faint eye, the lingering knell,
That tells her hopes are dead;
And though the tear
By chance appear,
Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid here.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Though from Hope's summit hurl'd,

Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe wert sent from heaven
To wean me from the world:
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

Oh, what is beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies;
Will the cold earth its silence break
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute is all
O'er beauty's fall;
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

Then since the world is vain,
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts, and moth destroys,

And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be still.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me;
Sad Monitress! I own thy sway,
A votary sad in early day,
I bend my knee to thee.
From sun to sun
My race will run,
I only bow, and say, My God, thy will be done!

On another paper are a few lines, written probably in the freshness of his disappointment.

I dream no more—the vision flies away,
And Disappointment * * * *
There fell my hopes—I lost my all in this,
My cherish'd all of visionary bliss.
Now hope farewell, farewell all joys below;
Now welcome sorrow, and now welcome woe
Plunge me in glooms * * * *

His health soon sunk under these habits: he became pale and thin, and at length had a sharp fit of sickness. On his recovery he wrote the beautiful "Lines written in Wilford church-yard on recovery from sickness." See page 334.

His friends are of opinion that he never thoroughly recovered from the shock which his constitution then sustained. Many of his poems indicate that he thought himself in danger of consumption; he was not aware that he was genera-

ting or fostering in himself another disease little less dreadful, and which threatens intellect as well as life. At this time youth was in his favour, and his hopes, which were now again renewed, produced perhaps a better effect than medicine. Mr. Dashwood obtained for him an introduction to Mr. Simeon, of King's College, and with this he was induced to go to Cambridge. His friend Almond, who had recently entered at Trinity College, had already endeavoured to interest in his behalf some persons who might be able to assist him in the great object of his desire, that of passing through the University, and qualifying himself for holy orders. It is neither to be wondered at, nor censured, that his representations, where he had an opportunity of making them, were for the most part coldly received. They who have been most conversant with youth best understand how little the promises of early genius are to be relied upon: it is among the mortifying truths which we learn from experience, and no common spirit of benevolence is required to overcome the chilling effect of repeated disappointments. He found, however, encouragement from two persons, whose names have since become well known. Mr. Dealtry, then one of the mathematical lecturers at Trinity, was one. This gentleman, whom the love of the abstract sciences had not rendered intolerant of other pursuits more congenial to youthful imaginations, consented to look at Henry's poem of "*Time*," a manuscript of which was in Almond's possession. The perusal interested him greatly

he entered with his wonted benignity into the concerns of the author: and would gladly have befriended him, if the requisite assistance had not just at that time been secured from other quarters.

The other person in whom Mr. Almond excited an interest for his friend was *Henry Martyn*, who has since sacrificed his life in the missionary service: he was then only a few years older than Henry; equally ardent, equally devout, equally enthusiastic. He heard with emotion of this kindred spirit; read some of his letters, and undertook to enter his name upon the boards of St. John's, (of which college he was a fellow,) saying that a friend in London, whose name he was not at liberty to communicate, had empowered him to assist any deserving young man with thirty pounds a year during his stay at the University. To insure success, one of Henry's letters was transmitted to this unknown friend; and Martyn was not a little surprised and grieved, to learn in reply, that a passage in that letter seemed to render it doubtful whether the writer were a Churchman or a Dissenter; and, therefore, occasioned a demur as to the propriety of assisting him. Just at this time Henry arrived at Cambridge, with an introduction to Mr. Simeon. That gentleman, being in correspondence with Martyn's friend in London, expressed displeasure at his arrival; but the first interview removed all objection. Mr. Simeon, from Mr. Dashwood's recommendation, and from what he saw of his principles and talents, promised to procure for him a sizarship at St. John's,

and, with the additional aid of a friend, to supply him with 30*l.* annually. His brother Neville promised twenty; and his mother, it was hoped, would be able to allow fifteen or twenty more. With this, it was thought, he could go through college. If this prospect had not been opened to him, he would probably have turned his thoughts towards the orthodox Dissenters.

On his return to Nottingham, the Rev. ——— Robinson of Leicester, and some other friends, advised him to apply to the Elland Society for assistance, conceiving that it would be less oppressive to his feelings to be dependent on a Society instituted for the express purpose of training up such young men as himself (that is, such in circumstances and opinions) for the ministry, than on the bounty of an individual. In consequence of this advice he went to Elland at the next meeting of the Society, a stranger there, and without one friend among the members. He was examined, for several hours, by about five-and-twenty clergymen, as to his religious views and sentiments, his theological knowledge, and his classical attainments. In the course of the inquiry it appeared that he had published a volume of poems: their questions now began to be very unpleasantly inquisitive concerning the nature of these poems, and he was assailed by queries from all quarters. It was well for Henry that they did not think of referring to the Monthly Review for authority. My letter to him happened to be in his pocket; he luckily recollected this, and produced it as a testi-

mony in his favour. They did me the honour to say that it was quite sufficient, and pursued this part of their inquiry no farther. Before he left Elland, he was given to understand, that they were well satisfied with his theological knowledge; that they thought his classical proficiency prodigious for his age, and that they had placed him on their books. He returned little pleased with his journey. His friends had been mistaken: the bounty of an individual calls forth a sense of kindness as well as of dependence; that of a Society has the virtue of charity, perhaps, but it wants the grace. He now wrote to Mr. Simeon, stating what he had done, and that the beneficence of his unknown friends was no longer necessary: but that gentleman obliged him to decline the assistance of the Society, which he very willingly did.

This being finally arranged, he quitted his employers in October, 1804. How much he had conducted himself to their satisfaction, will appear by this testimony of Mr. Enfield, to his diligence and uniform worth. "I have great pleasure," says this gentleman, "in paying the tribute to his memory of expressing the knowledge which was afforded me during the period of his connexion with Mr. Coldham and myself, of his diligent application, his ardor for study, and his virtuous and amiable disposition. He very soon discovered an unusual aptness in comprehending the routine of business, and great ability and rapidity in the execution of every thing which was intrusted to him. His diligence and punctual attention were unre-

mitted, and his services became extremely valuable, a considerable time before he left us. He seemed to me to have no relish for the ordinary pleasures and dissipations of young men; his mind was perpetually employed, either in the business of his profession, or in private study. With his fondness for literature we were well acquainted, but had no reason to offer any check to it, for he never permitted the indulgence of his literary pursuits to interfere with the engagements of business. The difficulty of hearing, under which he laboured, was distressing to him in the practice of his profession, and was, I think, an inducement, in co-operation with his other inclinations, for his resolving to relinquish the law. I can, with truth, assert, that his determination was matter of serious regret to my partner and myself."

I may here add, as at the same time showing Henry's aspirations after fame and the principles by which he had learnt to regulate his ambition, that on the cover of one of his common-place books he had written these mottoes:

ΑΛΛΑ ΓΑΡ ΕΣΤΙΝ ΜΟΥΣΑ ΚΑΙ ΗΜΙΝ.

EURIP. *Medea.* 1091.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds,)
To scorn delight and live laborious days.

MILTON'S *Lycidas*, 70.

Under these lines was placed a reference to the following extract (in another page,) from Barrow: "The Holy Scripture does not teach us to slight

honour; but rather, in its fit order and just measure, to love and prove it. It directs us not to make a regard thereto our chief principle; not to propound it as our main end of action. It charges us, to bear contentedly the want or loss thereof, as of other temporal goods; yea, in some cases, for conscience-sake, or for God's service (that is, for a good incomparably better,) it obliges us willingly to prostitute and sacrifice it, choosing rather to be infamous than impious; in disgrace with man, rather than in disfavour with God. It, in fine, commands us to seek and embrace it only in subordination, and with final reference to God's honour."

Mr. Simeon had advised him to *degrade* for a year, and place himself, during that time, under some scholar. He went accordingly to the Rev. —— Grainger, of Winteringham, in Lincolnshire, and there, notwithstanding all the entreaties of his friends, pursuing the same unrelenting course of study, a second illness was the consequence. When he was recovering, he was prevailed upon to relax, to ride on horseback, and to drink wine: these latter remedies he could not long afford, and he would not allow himself time for relaxation when he did not feel its immediate necessity. He frequently, at this time, studied fourteen hours a-day: the progress which he made in twelve months was indeed astonishing. When he went to Cambridge, he was immediately as much distinguished for his classical knowledge as his genius: but the seeds of death were in him, and the place to which he

had so long looked on with hope, served unhappily as a hot-house to ripen them.*

During his first term one of the university-scholarships became vacant, and Henry, young as he was in college, and almost self-taught, was advised, by those who were best able to estimate his chance of success, to offer himself as a candidate for it. He passed the whole time in preparing himself for this, reading for college subjects in bed, in his walks, or, as he says, where, when, and how he could, never having a moment to spare, and often going to his tutor without having read at all. His strength sunk under this, and though he had declared himself a candidate, he was compelled to decline: but this was not the only misfortune. The general college-examination came on! he was utterly unprepared to meet it, and believed that a failure here would have ruined his prospects for ever. He had only about a fortnight to read what other men had been the whole term reading. Once more he exerted himself beyond what his shattered health could bear: the disorder returned; and he went to his tutor, Mr. Catton, with tears

* During his residence in my family, says Mr. Grainger, his conduct was highly becoming, and suitable to a Christian profession. He was mild and inoffensive, modest, unassuming, and affectionate. He attended, with great cheerfulness, a Sunday School which I was endeavouring to establish in the village; and was at considerable pains in the instruction of the children: and I have repeatedly observed, that he was most pleased, and most edified, with such of my sermons and addresses to my people as were most close, plain, and familiar. When we parted, we parted with mutual regret; and by us his name will long be remembered with affection and delight.

in his eyes, and told him that he could not go into the hall to be examined. Mr. Catton, however, thought his success here of so much importance, that he exhorted him, with all possible earnestness, to hold out the six days of the examination. Strong medicines were given him, to enable him to support it; and he was pronounced the first man of his year. But life was the price which he was to pay for such honours as this; and Henry is not the first young man to whom such honours have proved fatal. He said to his most intimate friend, almost the last time he saw him, that were he to paint a picture of Fame crowning a distinguished under-graduate, after the Senate-house examination, he would represent her as concealing a death's-head under a mask of beauty.

When this was over he went to London. London was a new scene of excitement,—and what his mind required was tranquillity and rest. Before he left college, he had become anxious concerning his expenses, fearing that they exceeded his means. Mr. Catton perceived this, and twice called him to his rooms, to assure him of every necessary support, and every encouragement, and to give him every hope. This kindness relieved his spirits of a heavy weight, and on his return he relaxed a little from his studies, but it was only a little. I found among his papers the day thus planned out:—"Rise at half past five. Devotions and walk till seven. Chapel and breakfast till eight. Study and lectures till one. Four and a half clear reading. Walk, etc. and dinner, and

Wollaston, and chapel to six. Six to nine, reading—three hours. Nine to ten, devotions. Bed at ten."

Among his latest writings are these resolutions.—"I will never be in bed after six.

I will not drink tea out above once a week, excepting on Sundays, unless there appear some good reason for so doing.

I will never pass a day without reading some portion of the Scriptures.

I will labour diligently in my mathematical studies, because I half suspect myself of a dislike to them.

I will walk two hours a day, upon the average of every week.

Sit mihi gratia addita ad hæc facienda."

About this time, judging by the handwriting, he wrote down the following admonitory sentences, which, as the paper on which they are written is folded into the shape of a very small book, it is probable he carried about with him as a manual.

"1. Death and judgment are near at hand.

2. Though thy bodily part be now in health and ease, the dews of death will soon sit upon thy forehead.

3. That which seems so sweet and desirable to thee now, will, if yielded to, become bitterness of soul to thee all thy life after.

4. When the waters are come over thy soul,

and when, in the midst of much bodily anguish, thou distinguishest the dim shores of Eternity before thee, what wouldst thou not give to be lighter by this one sin.

5. God has long withheld his arm; what if his forbearance be now at an end? Canst thou not contemplate these things with the eyes of death? Art thou not a dying man, dying every day, every hour?

6. Is it not a fearful thing to shrink from the summons when it comes?—to turn with horror and despair from the future being? Think what strains of joy and tranquillity fall on the ear of the saint who is just swooning into the arms of his Redeemer: what fearful shapes, and dreadful images of a disturbed conscience, surround the sinner's bed, when the last twig which he grasped fails him, and the gulf yawns to receive him!

7. Oh, my soul, if thou art yet ignorant of the enormity of sin, turn thine eyes to the Man who is bleeding to death on the cross! See how the blood, from his pierced hands, trickles down his arms, and the more copious streams from his feet run on the accursed tree, and stain the grass with purple! Behold his features, though scarcely animated with a few remaining sparks of life, yet how full of love, pity, and tranquillity! A tear is trickling down his cheek, and his lip quivers.—He is praying for his murderers! O, my soul! it is thy Redeemer—it is thy God! And this, too, for *Sin*—for Sin! and wilt thou ever again submit to its yoke?

8. Remember that the grace of the Holy Spirit of God is ready to save thee from transgression. It is always at hand: thou canst not sin without wilfully rejecting its aid.

9. And is there real pleasure in sin? Thou knowest there is not. But there is pleasure, pure and exquisite pleasure, in holiness. The Holy Ghost can make the paths of religion and virtue, hard as they seem, and thorny, ways of pleasantness and peace, where, though there be thorns, yet are there also roses; and where all the wounds which we suffer in the flesh, from the hardness of the journey, are so healed by the balm of the Spirit, that they rather give joy than pain."

The exercise which Henry took was no relaxation: he still continued the habit of studying while he walked; and in this manner, while he was at Cambridge, committed to memory a whole tragedy of Euripides. Twice he distinguished himself in the following year, being again pronounced first at the great college-examination, and also one of the three best theme-writers between whom the examiners could not decide. The college offered him, at their expense, a private tutor in mathematics during the long vacation; and Mr. Catton, by procuring for him exhibitions to the amount of £66 per annum, enabled him to give up the pecuniary assistance which he had received from Mr. Simeon and other friends. This intention he had expressed in a letter written twelve months before his death. "With regard to my college-expenses (he says,)I have the pleasure to

inform you, that I shall be obliged, in strict rectitude, to waive the offers of many of my friends. I shall not even need the sum Mr. Simeon mentioned after the first year; and it is not impossible that I may be able to live without any assistance at all. I confess I feel pleasure at the thought of this, not through any vain pride of independence, but because I shall then give a more unbiassed testimony to the truth, than if I were *supposed* to be bound to it by any ties of obligation or gratitude. I shall always feel as much indebted for intended as for actually afforded assistance; and though I should never think a sense of thankfulness an oppressive burden, yet I shall be happy to evince it, when, *in the eyes of the world*, the obligation to it has been discharged." Never, perhaps, had any young man, in so short a time, excited such expectations: every university-honour was thought to be within his reach; he was set down as a medallist, and expected to take a senior wrangler's degree: but these expectations were poison to him; they goaded him to fresh exertions when his strength was spent. His situation became truly miserable: to his brother, and to his mother, he wrote always that he had relaxed in his studies, and that he was better; always holding out to them his hopes, and his good fortune; but to the most intimate of his friends (Mr. B. Maddock,) his letters told a different tale: to him he complained of dreadful palpitations—of nights of sleeplessness and horror, and of spirits depressed to the very depth of wretchedness, so

that he went from one acquaintance to another, imploring society, even as a starving beggar entreats for food. During the course of this summer, it was expected that the mastership of the free-school at Nottingham would shortly become vacant. A relation of his family was at that time mayor of the town; he suggested to them what an advantageous situation it would be for Henry, and offered to secure for him the necessary interest. But though the salary and emoluments are estimated at from £400 to £600 per annum, Henry declined the offer; because, had he accepted it, it would have frustrated his intentions with respect to the ministry. This was certainly no common act of forbearance in one so situated as to fortune, especially as the hope which he had most at heart, was that of being enabled to assist his family, and in some degree requite the care and anxiety of his father and mother, by making them comfortable in their declining years.

The indulgence shown him by his college, in providing him a tutor during the long vacation, was peculiarly unfortunate. His only chance of life was from relaxation, and home was the only place where he would have relaxed to any purpose. Before this time he had seemed to be gaining strength; it failed as the year advanced: he went once more to London to recruit himself,—the worst place to which he could have gone: the variety of stimulating objects there hurried and agitated him; and when he returned to college, he was so completely ill, that no power of medicine

could save him. His mind was worn out; and it was the opinion of his medical attendants, that if he had recovered, his intellect would have been affected. His brother Neville was just at this time to have visited him. On his first seizure, Henry found himself too ill to receive him, and wrote to say so: he added, with that anxious tenderness towards the feelings of a most affectionate family, which always appeared in his letters, that he thought himself recovering; but his disorder increased so rapidly, that this letter was never sent; it was found in his pocket after his decease. One of his friends wrote to acquaint Neville with his danger: he hastened down; but Henry was delirious when he arrived. He knew him only for a few moments; the next day, sunk into a state of stupor; and on Sunday, October 10th, 1806, it pleased God to remove him to a better world, and a higher state of existence.

* * * * *

The will which I had manifested to serve Henry, he had accepted as the deed, and had expressed himself upon the subject in terms which it would have humbled me to read, at any other time than when I was performing the last service to his memory. On his decease, Mr. B. Maddock addressed a letter to me, informing me of the event, as one who had professed an interest in his friend's fortunes. I inquired, in my reply, if there was any intention of publishing what he might have left, and if I could be of any assistance in the publication: this led to a correspondence with his

excellent brother, and the whole of his papers were consigned into my hands, with as many of his letters as could be collected.

These papers (exclusive of the correspondence) filled a box of considerable size. Mr. Coleridge was present when I opened them, and was, as well as myself, equally affected and astonished at the proofs of industry which they displayed. Some of them had been written before his hand was formed, probably before he was thirteen. There were papers upon law, upon electricity, upon chemistry, upon the Latin and Greek Languages, from their rudiments to the higher branches of critical study, upon history, chronology, divinity, the fathers, etc. Nothing seemed to have escaped him. His poems were numerous: among the earliest was a sonnet addressed to myself, long before the little intercourse which had subsisted between us had taken place. Little did he think, when it was written, on what occasion it would fall into my hands. He had begun three tragedies when very young; one was upon Boadicea, another upon Inez de Castro: the third was a fictitious subject. He had planned also a history of Nottingham. There was a letter upon the famous Nottingham election, which seemed to have been intended either for the newspapers, or for a separate pamphlet. It was written to confute the absurd stories of the Tree of Liberty, and the Goddess of Reason; with the most minute knowledge of the circumstances, and a not improper feeling of indignation against so infamous a calumny:

and this came with more weight from him, as his party inclinations seemed to have leaned towards the side which he was opposing. This was his only finished compositton in prose. Much of his time, latterly, had been devoted to the study of Greek prosody: he had begun several poems in Greek, and a translation of the Samson Agonistes. I have inspected all the existing manuscripts of Chatterton, and they excited less wonder than these.

Had my knowledge of Henry terminated here, I should have hardly believed that my admiration and regret for him could have been increased; but I had yet to learn that his moral qualities, his good sense, and his whole feelings, were as admirable as his industry and genius. All his letters to his family have been communicated to me without reserve, and most of those to his friends. They make him his own biographer, and lay open as pure and as excellent a heart as it ever pleased the Almighty to warm into life.

It is not possible to conceive a human being more amiable in all the relations of life. He was the confidential friend and adviser of every member of his family: this he instinctively became; and the thorough good sense of his advice is not less remarkable, than the affection with which it is always communicated. To his mother he is as earnest in beseeching her to be careful of her health, as he is in labouring to convince her that his own complaints were abating: his letters to her are always of hopes, of consolation, and of

love. To Neville he writes with the most brotherly intimacy, still, however, in that occasional tone of advice which it was his nature to assume, not from any arrogance of superiority, but from earnestness of pure affection. To his younger brother he addresses himself like the tenderest and wisest parent; and to two sisters, then too young for any other communication, he writes to direct their studies, to inquire into their progress, to encourage and to improve them. Such letters as these are not for the public; but they to whom they are addressed will lay them to their hearts like relics, and will find in them a saving virtue, more than ever relics possessed.

With regard to his poems, the criterion for selection was not so plain; undoubtedly many have been chosen which he himself would not have published; and some few which, had he lived to have taken that rank among English poets which would assuredly have been within his reach, I also should then have rejected among his posthumous papers. I have, however, to the best of my judgment, selected none which does not either mark the state of his mind, or its progress, or discover evident proofs of what he would have been, if it had not been the will of Heaven to remove him so soon. The reader, who feels any admiration for Henry, will take some interest in all these Remains, because they are his: he who shall feel none must have a blind heart, and therefore a blind understanding. Such poems are to be considered as making up his history. But the greater

number are of such beauty, that Chatterton is the only youthful poet whom he does not leave far behind him.

While he was under Mr. Grainger he wrote very little; and when he went to Cambridge he was advised to stifle his poetical fire, for severer and more important studies; to lay a billet on the embers until he had taken his degree, and then he might fan it into a flame again. This advice he followed so scrupulously, that a few fragments, written chiefly upon the back of his mathematical papers, are all which he produced at the University. The greater part, therefore, of these poems, indeed nearly the whole of them, were written before he was nineteen. Wise as the advice may have been which had been given him, it is now to be regretted that he adhered to it, his latter fragments bearing all those marks of improvement which were to be expected from a mind so rapidly and continually progressive. Frequently he expresses a fear that early death would rob him of his fame; yet, short as his life was, it has been long enough for him to leave works worthy of remembrance. The very circumstance of his early death gives a new interest to his memory, and thereby new force to his example. Just at that age when the painter would have wished to fix his likeness, and the lover of poetry would delight to contemplate him,—in the fair morning of his virtues, the full spring-blossom of his hopes,—just at that age hath death set the seal of eternity upon him, and the beautiful hath been made per-

manent. To the young poets who come after him, Henry will be what Chatterton was to him; and they will find in him an example of hopes with regard to worldly fortune, as humble, and as exalted in all better things, as are enjoined equally by wisdom and religion, by the experience of man, and the word of God: and this example will be as encouraging as it is excellent. It has been too much the custom to complain that genius is neglected, and to blame the public when the public is not in fault. They who are thus lamented as the victims of genius, have been, in almost every instance, the victims of their own vices; while genius has been made, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins, and to excuse that which in reality it aggravates. In this age, and in this country, whoever deserves encouragement is sooner or later, sure to receive it. Of this Henry's history is an honourable proof. The particular patronage which he accepted was given as much to his piety and religious opinions as to his genius: but assistance was offered him from other quarters. Mr. P. Thomson (of Boston, Lincolnshire,) merely upon perusing his little volume, wrote to know how he could serve him; and there were many friends of literature who were ready to have afforded him any support which he needed, if he had not been thus provided. In the University he received every encouragement which he merited; and from Mr. Simeon, and his tutor, Mr. Catton, the most fatherly kindness.

"I can venture," says a lady of Cambridge, in

a letter to his brother,—"I can venture to say, with certainty, there was no member of the University, however high his rank or talents, who would not have been happy to have availed themselves of the opportunity of being acquainted with Mr. Henry Kirke White. I mention this to introduce a wish which has been expressed to me so often by the senior members of the University, that I dare not decline the task they have imposed upon me; it is their hope that Mr. Southey will do as much justice to Mr. Henry White's limited wishes, to his unassuming pretensions, and to his rational and fervent piety, as to his various acquirements, his polished taste, his poetical fancy, his undeviating principles, and the excellence of his moral character: and that he will suffer it to be understood, that these inestimable qualities had not been unobserved, nor would they have remained unacknowledged. It was the general observation, that he possessed genius without its eccentricities." Of fervent piety, indeed, his letters, his prayers, and his hymns, will afford ample and interesting proofs. It was in him a living and quickening principle of goodness, which sanctified all his hopes and all his affections; which made him keep watch over his own heart, and enabled him to correct the few symptoms, which it ever displayed, of human imperfection.

His temper had been irritable in his younger days; but this he had long since effectually overcome: the marks of youthful confidence, which appear in his earliest letters, had also disappeared;

and it was impossible for any man to be more tenderly patient of the faults of others, more uniformly meek, or more unaffectedly humble. He seldom discovered any sportiveness of imagination, though he would very ably and pleasantly rally any one of his friends for any little peculiarity; his conversation was always sober and to the purpose. That which is most remarkable in him, is his uniform *good sense*, a faculty perhaps less common than genius. There never existed a more dutiful son, a more affectionate brother, a warmer friend, nor a devouter Christian. Of his powers of mind it is superfluous to speak; they were acknowledged wherever they were known. It would be idle, too, to say what hopes were entertained of him, and what he might have accomplished in literature. This volume contains what he has left, immature buds and blossoms shaken from the tree, and green fruit; yet will they evince what the harvest would have been, and secure for him that remembrance upon earth for which he toiled.

> Thou soul of God's best earthly mould,
> Thou happy soul! and can it be
> That these————————
> Are all that must remain of thee!
>
> WORDSWORTH.

Keswick, 1807.

CLIFTON GROVE

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

TO HER GRACE

THE

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,

THE FOLLOWING TRIFLING EFFUSIONS

OF A VERY YOUTHFUL MUSE

ARE BY PERMISSION DEDICATED

BY HER GRACE'S

MUCH OBLIGED AND GRATEFUL SERVANT

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

PREFACE.

The following attempts in Verse are laid before the public with extreme diffidence. The Author is very conscious that the juvenile efforts of a youth, who has not received the polish of Academical discipline, and who has been but sparingly blessed with opportunities for the prosecution of scholastic pursuits, must necessarily be defective in the accuracy and finished elegance which mark the works of the man who has passed his life in the retirement of his study, furnishing his mind with images, and at the same time attaining the power of disposing those images to the best advantage.

The unpremeditated effusions of a boy, from his thirteenth year, employed, not in the acquisition of literary information, but in the more active business of life, must not be expected to exhibit any considerable portion of the correctness of a Virgil, or the vigorous compression of a Horace. Men are not, I believe, frequently known to bestow much labour on their amusements: and these Poems were, most of them, written merely to beguile a leisure hour, or to fill up the languid intervals of studies of a severer nature.

Πας το οικειος εργον αγαπαω, "Every one loves his own work," says the Stagyrite; but it was no overweening affection of this kind which induced this publication. Had the author relied on his own judgment only, these Poems would not, in all probability, ever have seen the light.

Perhaps it may be asked of him, what are his motives for this publication? He answers—simply

these: The facilitation, through its means, of those studies which, from his earliest infancy, have been the principal objects of his ambition; and the increase of the capacity to pursue those inclinations which may one day place him in an honourable station in the scale of society.

The principal Poem in this little collection (Clifton Grove) is, he fears, deficient in numbers and harmonious coherency of parts. It is, however, merely to be regarded as a description of a nocturnal ramble in that charming retreat, accompanied with such reflections as the scene naturally suggested. It was written twelve months ago, when the author was in his sixteenth year.—The Miscellanies are some of them the productions of a very early age.—Of the Odes that "To an early Primrose" was written at thirteen—the others are of a later date.—The Sonnets are chiefly irregular; they have, perhaps, no other claim to that SPECIFIC denomination, than that they consist only of fourteen lines.

Such are the Poems towards which I entreat the lenity of the public. The critic will doubtless find in them much to condemn; he may likewise possibly discover something to commend. Let him scan my faults with an indulgent eye, and in the work of that correction which I invite, let him remember he is holding the iron mace of criticism over the flimsy superstructure of a youth of seventeen, and, remembering that, may he forbear from crushing, by too much rigour, the painted butterfly whose transient colours may otherwise be capable of affording a moment's innocent amusement.

H. K. WHITE.

Nottingham.

TO MY LYRE.

AN ODE.

I.

Thou simple Lyre!—Thy music wild
Has served to charm the weary hour,
And many a lonely night has 'guiled,
When even pain has own'd and smiled,
Its fascinating power.

II.

Yet, oh my Lyre! the busy crowd
Will little heed thy simple tones:
Them mightier minstrels harping loud
Engross,—and thou and I must shroud
Where dark oblivion 'thrones.

III.

No hand, thy diapason o'er,
Well skill'd, I throw with sweep sublime;
For me, no academic lore
Has taught the solemn strain to pour,
Or build the polish'd rhyme.

IV.

Yet thou to *Sylvan* themes can soar;
Thou know'st to charm the *woodland* train:
The rustic swains believe thy power
Can hush the wild winds when they roar,
And still the billowy main.

V.

These honours, Lyre, we yet may keep,
I, still unknown, may live with thee,
And gentle zephyr's wing will sweep
Thy solemn string, where low I sleep,
Beneath the alder tree.

VI.

This little dirge will please me more
Than the full requiem's swelling peal;
I'd rather than that crowds should sigh
For me, that from some kindred eye
The trickling tear should steal.

VII.

Yet dear to me the wreath of bay,
Perhaps from me debarr'd:
And dear to me the classic zone,
Which, snatch'd from learning's labour'd throne
Adorns the accepted bard.

VIII.

And O! if yet 'twere mine to dwell
Where Cam or Isis winds along,
Perchance, inspired with ardour chaste,
I yet might call the ear of taste
To listen to my song.

IX.

Oh! then, my little friend, thy style
I'd change to happier lays,
Oh! then, the cloister'd glooms should smile,
And through the long, the fretted aisle
Should swell the note of praise.

CLIFTON GROVE:

A SKETCH IN VERSE.

Lo! in the west, fast fades the lingering light,
And day's last vestige takes its silent flight.
No more is heard the woodman's measured stroke
Which, with the dawn, from yonder dingle broke;
No more hoarse clamouring o'er the uplifted head,
The crows assembling, seek their wind-rock'd bed;
Still'd is the village hum—the woodland sounds
Have ceased to echo o'er the dewy grounds,
And general silence reigns, save when below,
The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard to flow;
And save when, swung by 'nighted rustic late,
Oft, on its hinge, rebounds the jarring gate;
Or when the sheep-bell, in the distant vale,
Breathes its wild music on the downy gale.

Now, when the rustic wears the social smile,
Released from day and its attendant toil,
And draws his household round their evening fire,
And tells the oft-told tales that never tire;
Or where the town's blue turrets dimly rise,
And manufacture taints the ambient skies,
The pale mechanic leaves the labouring loom,
The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,

And rushes out, impatient to begin
The stated course of customary sin;
Now, now my solitary way I bend
Where solemn groves in awful state impend.
And cliffs, that boldly rise above the plain,
Bespeak, bless'd Clifton! thy sublime domain.
Here lonely wandering o'er the sylvan bower,
I come to pass the meditative hour;
To bid awhile the strife of passion cease,
And woo the calms of solitude and peace.
And oh! thou sacred Power, who rear'st on high
Thy leafy throne where waving poplars sigh!
Genius of woodland shades! whose mild control
Steals with resistless witchery to the soul,
Come with thy wonted ardour, and inspire
My glowing bosom with thy hallowed fire.
And thou too, Fancy, from thy starry sphere,
Where to the hymning orbs thou lend'st thine ear,
Do thou descend, and bless my ravish'd sight,
Veil'd in soft visions of serene delight.
At thy command the gale that passes by
Bears in its whispers mystic harmony.
Thou wav'st thy wand, and lo! what forms appear!
On the dark cloud what giant shapes career!
The ghosts of Ossian skim the misty vale,
And hosts of Sylphids on the moon-beams sail.

This gloomy alcove darkling to the sight,
Where meeting trees create eternal night;
Save, when from yonder stream, the sunny ray,
Reflected, gives a dubious gleam of day;

Recalls, endearing to my alter'd mind,
Times, when beneath the boxen hedge reclined,
I watch'd the lapwing to her clamorous brood;
Or lured the robin to its scatter'd food;
Or woke with song the woodland echo wild,
And at each gay response delighted smiled.
How oft, when childhood threw its golden ray
Of gay romance o'er every happy day,
Here would I run, a visionary boy,
When the hoarse tempest shook the vaulted sky,
And, fancy-led, beheld the Almighty's form
Sternly careering on the eddying storm;
And heard, while awe congeal'd my inmost soul,
His voice terrific in the thunders roll.
With secret joy, I view'd with vivid glare
The volley'd lightnings cleave the sullen air;
And, as the warring winds around reviled,
With awful pleasure big,—I heard and smiled.
Beloved remembrance!—Memory which endears
This silent spot to my advancing years.
Here dwells eternal peace, eternal rest,
In shades like these to live is to be bless'd.
While happiness evades the busy crowd,
In rural coverts loves the maid to shroud.
And thou too, Inspiration, whose wild flame
Shoots with electric swiftness through the frame,
Thou here dost love to sit with up-turn'd eye,
And listen to the stream that murmurs by,
The woods that wave, the gray owl's silken flight,
The mellow music of the listening night.
Congenial calms more welcome to my breast
Than maddening joy in dazzling lustre dress'd,

To Heaven my prayers, my daily prayers, I raise,
That ye may bless my unambitious days,
Withdrawn, remote, from all the haunts of strife,
May trace with me the lowly vale of life,
And when her banner Death shall o'er me wave,
May keep your peaceful vigils on my grave.
Now as I rove, where wide the prospect grows,
A livelier light upon my vision flows.
No more above th' embracing branches meet,
No more the river gurgles at my feet,
But seen deep, down the cliff's impending side,
Through hanging woods, now gleams its silver tide.
Dim is my upland path,—across the Green
Fantastic shadows fling, yet oft between [sheds,
The chequer'd glooms, the moon her chaste ray
Where knots of blue-bells droop their graceful heads,
And beds of violets blooming 'mid the trees,
Load with waste fragrance the nocturnal breeze.

Say, why does Man, while to his opening sight
Each shrub presents a source of chaste delight,
And Nature bids for him her treasures flow,
And gives to him alone his bliss to know,
Why does he pant for Vice's deadly charms?
Why clasp the syren Pleasure to his arms?
And suck deep draughts of her voluptuous breath,
Though fraught with ruin, infamy, and death?
Could he who thus to vile enjoyment clings,
Know what calm joy from purer sources springs;
Could he but feel how sweet, how free from strife,
The harmless pleasures of a harmless life,

No more his soul would pant for joys impure,
The deadly chalice would no more allure,
But the sweet portion he was wont to sip,
Would turn to poison on his conscious lip.

Fair Nature! thee, in all thy varied charms,
Fain would I clasp for ever in my arms!
Thine are the sweets which never, never sate,
Thine still remain through all the storms of fate.
Though not for me, 'twas Heaven's divine command
To roll in acres of paternal land,
Yet still my lot is bless'd, while I enjoy
Thine opening beauties with a lover's eye.

Happy is he, who, though the cup of bliss
Has ever shunn'd him when he thought to kiss,
Who, still in abject poverty or pain,
Can count with pleasure what small joys remain:
Though were his sight convey'd from zone to zone,
He would not find one spot of ground his own,
Yet, as he looks around, he cries with glee,
These bounding prospects all were made for me:
For me yon waving fields their burden bear,
For me yon labourer guides the shining share,
While happy I in idle ease recline,
And mark the glorious visions as they shine.
This is the charm, by sages often told,
Converting all it touches into gold.
Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed,
Can rear a garden in the desert waste.

How lovely, from this hill's superior height,
Spreads the wide view before my straining sight!
O'er many a varied mile of lengthening ground,
E'en to the blue-ridged hill's remotest bound,
My ken is borne; while o'er my head serene,
The silver moon illumes the misty scene;
Now shining clear, now darkening in the glade,
In all the soft varieties of shade.

Behind me, lo! the peaceful hamlet lies,
The drowsy god has seal'd the cotter's eyes.
No more, where late the social fagot blazed,
The vacant peal resounds, by little raised;
But lock'd in silence, o'er Arion's* star
The slumbering Night rolls on her velvet car:
The church-bell tolls, deep-sounding down the glade,
The solemn hour for walking spectres made;
The simple plough-boy, wakening with the sound,
Listens aghast, and turns him startled round,
Then stops his ears, and strives to close his eyes,
Lest at the sound some grisly ghost should rise.
Now ceased the long, and monitory toll,
Returning silence stagnates in the soul;
Save when, disturb'd by dreams, with wild affright,
The deep mouth'd mastiff bays the troubled night:
Or where the village ale-house crowns the vale,
The creeking sign-post whistles to the gale.
A little onward let me bend my way,
Where the moss'd seat invites the traveller's stay.

* The Constellation Delphinus. For authority for this appellation, vide Ovid's Fasti, B. xi. 113.

That spot, oh! yet it is the very same;
That hawthorn gives it shade, and gave it name:
There yet the primrose opes its earliest bloom,
There yet the violet sheds its first perfume,
And in the branch that rears above the rest
The robin unmolested builds its nest.
'Twas here, when hope, presiding o'er my breast,
In vivid colours every prospect dress'd:
'Twas here, reclining, I indulged her dreams,
And lost the hour in visionary schemes.
Here, as I press once more the ancient seat,
Why, bland deceiver! not renew the cheat!
Say, can a few short years this change achieve,
That thy illusions can no more deceive!
Time's sombrous tints have every view o'er-
spread,
And thou too, gay seducer; art *thou* fled?
Though vain thy promise, and the suit severe,
Yet thou couldst guile Misfortune of her tear,
And oft thy smiles across life's gloomy way,
Could throw a gleam of transitory day.
How gay, in youth, the flattering future seems,
How sweet is manhood in the infant's dreams,
The dire mistake too soon is brought to light,
And all is buried in redoubled night.
Yet some can rise superior to their pain,
And in their breasts the charmer Hope retain
While others, dead to feeling, can survey,
Unmoved, their fairest prospects fade away:
But yet a few there be,—too soon o'ercast!
Who shrink unhappy from the adverse blast,

And woo the first bright gleam, which breaks the gloom,
To gild the silent slumbers of the tomb.
So in these shades the early primrose blows,
Too soon deceived by suns and melting snows,
So falls untimely on the desert waste;
Its blossoms withering in the northern blast.

Now pass'd what'er the upland heights display,
Down the steep cliff I wind my devious way;
Oft rousing, as the rustling path I beat,
The timid hare from its accustom'd seat.
And oh! how sweet this walk o'erhung with wood,
That winds the margin of the solemn flood!
What rural objects steal upon the sight!
What rising views prolong the calm delight;
The brooklet branching from the silver Trent,
The whispering birch by every zephyr bent,
The woody island, and the naked mead,
The lowly hut half hid in groves of reed,
The rural wicket, and the rural stile,
And, frequent interspersed, the woodman's pile.
Above, below, where'er I turn my eyes,
Rocks, waters, woods, in grand succession rise.
High up the cliff the varied groves ascend,
And mournful larches o'er the wave impend.
Around, what sounds, what magic sounds, arise,
What glimmering scenes salute my ravish'd eyes?
Soft sleep the waters on their pebbly bed,
The woods wave gently o'er my drooping head,
And, swelling slow, comes wafted on the wind,
Lorn Progne's note from distant copse behind.

Still, every rising sound of calm delight
Stamps but the fearful silence of the night,
Save when is heard, between each dreary rest,
Discordant from her solitary nest,
The owl, dull-screaming to the wandering moon;
Now riding, cloud-wrapt, near her highest noon.
Or when the wild-duck, southering, hither rides,
And plunges sullen in the sounding tides.

How oft, in this sequester'd spot, when youth
Gave to each tale the holy force of truth,
Have I long linger'd, while the milk-maid sung
The tragic legend, till the woodland rung!
That tale, so sad! which, still to memory dear,
From its sweet source can call the sacred tear,
And (lulled to rest stern Reason's harsh control)
Steal its soft magic to the passive soul. [wind.
These hallow'd shades,—these trees that woo the
Recall its faintest features to my mind.

A hundred passing years, with march sublime,
Have swept beneath the silent wing of time,
Since, in yon hamlet's solitary shade,
Reclusely dwelt the far-famed Clifton Maid,
The beauteous Margaret; for her each swain
Confess'd in private his peculiar pain,
In secret sigh'd, a victim to despair,
Nor dared to hope to win the peerless fair.
No more the shepherd on the blooming mead
Attuned to gaiety his artless reed,
No more entwined the pansied wreath, to deck
His favourite wether's unpolluted neck,

But listless, by yon babbling stream reclined
He mixed his sobbings with the passing wind,
Bemoan'd his helpless love; or, boldly bent,
Far from these smiling fields, a rover went,
O'er distant lands, in search of ease, to roam,
A self-will'd exile from his native home.

Yet not to all the maid express'd disdain;
Her Bateman loved, nor loved the youth in vain.
Full oft, low whispering o'er these arching boughs,
The echoing vault responded to their vows,
As here deep hidden from the glare of day,
Enamour'd oft, they took their secret way.

Yon bosky dingle, still the rustics name;
'Twas there the blushing maid confess'd her flame.
Down yon green lane they oft were seen to hie,
When evening slumber'd on the western sky.
That blasted yew, that mouldering walnut bare,
Each bears mementos of the fated pair.

One eve, when Autumn loaded every breeze
With the fall'n honours of the mourning trees,
The maiden waited at the accustom'd bower,
And waited long beyond the appointed hour,
Yet Bateman came not;—o'er the woodland drear,
Howling portentous, did the winds career;
And bleak and dismal on the leafless woods,
The fitful rains rush'd down in sullen floods;
The night was dark; as, now and then, the gale
Paused for a moment,—Margaret listen'd, pale;

But through the covert to her anxious ear,
No rustling footstep spoke her lover near. [why,
Strange fears now fill,d her breast,—she knew not
She sigh'd, and Bateman's name was in each sigh.
She hears a noise,—'tis he,—he comes at last;—
Alas! 'twas but the gale which hurried past:
But now she hears a quickening footstep sound,
Lightly it comes, and nearer does it bound;
'Tis Bateman's self,—he springs into her arms,
'Tis he that clasps, and chides her vain alarms.
"Yet why this silence?—I have waited long,
And the cold storm has yell'd the trees among.
And now thou'rt here my fears are fled—yet speak,
Why does the salt tear moisten on thy cheek?
Say, what is wrong?"—Now, through a parting
cloud, [shroud,
The pale moon peer'd from her tempestuous
And Bateman's face was seen:—'twas deadly
white,
And sorrow seem'd to sicken in his sight.
"Oh, speak my love!" again the maid conjured,
Why is thy heart in sullen wo immured?"
He raised his head, and thrice essay'd to tell,
Thrice from his lips the unfinish'd accents fell;
When thus at last reluctantly he broke
His boding silence, and the maid bespoke:
"Grieve not, my love, but ere the morn advance,
I on these fields must cast my parting glance;
For three long years, by cruel fate's command,
I go to languish in a foreign land.
Oh, Margaret! omens dire have met my view,
Say, when far distant, wilt thou bear me true?

Should honours tempt thee, and should riches fee,
Wouldst thou forget thine ardent vows to me,
And, on the silken couch of wealth reclined,
Banish thy faithful Bateman from thy mind?"

"Oh! why," replies the maid, "my faith thus prove,
Canst thou! ah, canst thou, then suspect my love?
Hear me, just God! if from my traitorous heart,
My Bateman's fond remembrance e'er shall part,
If, when he hail again his native shore,
He finds his Margaret true to him no more,
May fiends of hell, and every power of dread,
Conjoin'd, then drag me from my perjured bed,
And hurl me headlong down these awful steeps,
To find deserved death in yonder deeps!"*

Thus spake the maid, and from her finger drew
A golden ring, and broke it quick in two;
One half she in her lovely bosom hides,
The other, trembling, to her love confides.
"This bind the vow," she said, "this mystic charm,
No future recantation can disarm,
The right vindictive does the fates involve,
No tears can move it, no regrets dissolve."

She ceased. The death-bird gave a dismal cry,
The river moan'd, the wild gale whistled by,
And once again the Lady of the night
Behind a heavy cloud withdrew her light.
Trembling she view'd these portents with dismay:
But gently Bateman kiss'd her fears away:

* This part of the Trent is commonly called "*The Clifton Deeps.*"

Yet still he felt conceal'd a secret smart,
Still melancholy bodings fill'd his heart.

When to the distant land the youth was sped,
A lonely life the moody maiden led. [walk,
Still would she trace each dear, each well-known
Still by the moonlight to her love would talk,
And fancy, as she paced among the trees,
She heard his whispers in the dying breeze.
Thus two years glided on in silent grief;
The third her bosom own'd the kind relief: [flame
Absence had cool'd her love—the impoverish'd
Was dwindling fast, when lo! the tempter came;
He offer'd wealth, and all the joys of life,
And the weak maid became another's wife!

Six guilty months had mark'd the false one's crime,
When Bateman hail'd once more his native clime,
Sure of her constancy, elate he came,
The lovely partner of his soul to claim,
Light was his heart, as up the well-known way
He bent his steps—and all his thoughts were gay.
Oh! who can paint his agonizing throes,
When on his ear the fatal news arose!
Chill'd with amazement,—senseless with the blow,
He stood a marble monument of wo;
Till called to all the horrors of despair,
He smote his brow, and tore his horrent hair;
Then rush'd impetuous from the dreadful spot,
And sought those scenes, (by memory ne'er forgot,)
Those scenes, the witness of their growing flame,
And now like witnesses of Margaret's shame.

'Twas night—he sought the river's lonely shore,
And traced again their former wanderings o'er.
Now on the bank in silent grief he stood,
And gazed intently on the stealing flood,
Death in his mein and madness in his eye,
He watch'd the waters as they murmur'd by;
Bade the base murderess triumph o'er his grave—
Prepared to plunge into the whelming wave.
Yet still he stood irresolutely bent,
Religion sternly stay'd his rash intent.
He knelt.—Cool play'd upon his cheek the wind,
And fann'd the fever of his maddening mind.
The willows waved, the stream it sweetly swept,
The paly moonbeam on its surface slept,
And all was peace;—he felt the general calm
O'er his rack'd bosom shed a genial balm:
When casting far behind his streaming eye,
He saw the Grove,—in fancy saw *her* lie,
His Margaret, lull'd in Germain's* arms to rest,
And all the demon rose within his breast.
Convulsive now, he clench'd his trembling hand,
Cast his dark eye once more upon the land,
Then, at one spring he spurn'd the yielding bank,
And in the calm deceitful current sank.

Sad, on the solitude of night, the sound,
As in the stream he plunged, was heard around:
Then all was still—the wave was rough no more,
The river swept as sweetly as before;
The willows waved, the moonbeams shone serene,
And peace returning brooded o'er the scene.

* Germain is the traditionary name of her husband.

Now, see upon the perjured fair one hang
Remorse's glooms and never-ceasing pang.
Full well she knew, repentant now too late,
She soon must bow beneath the stroke of fate.
But, for the babe she bore beneath her breast,
The offended God prolonged her life unbless'd.
But fast the fleeting moments roll'd away,
And near, and nearer drew the dreaded day;
That day, foredoom'd to give her child the light,
And hurl its mother to the shades of night.
The hour arrived, and from the wretched wife
The guiltless baby struggled into life.—
As night drew on, around her bed, a band
Of friends and kindred kindly took their stand;
In holy prayer they pass'd the creeping time,
Intent to expiate her awful crime. [came,
Their prayers were fruitless.—As the midnight
A heavy sleep oppress'd each weary frame.
In vain they strove against the o'erwhelming load,
Some power unseen their drowsy lids bestrode.
They slept, till in the blushing eastern sky
The blooming Morning oped her dewy eye;
Then wakening wide they sought the ravish'd bed,
But lo! the hapless Margaret was fled;
And never more the weeping train were doom'd
To view the false one, in the deeps intomb'd.

The neighbouring rustics told that in the night
They heard such screams as froze them with affright;
And many an infant, at its mother's breast,
Started dismay'd, from its unthinking rest.

And even now, upon the heath forlorn, [borne,
They show the path down which the fair was
By the fell demons, to the yawning wave,
Her own, and murder'd lover's, mutual grave.

Such is the tale, so sad, to memory dear,
Which oft in youth has charm'd my listening ear,
That tale, which bade me find redoubled sweets
In the drear silence of these dark retreats,
And even now, with melancholy power,
Adds a new pleasure to the lonely hour.
'Mid all the charms by magic Nature given
To this wild spot, this sublunary heaven,
With double joy enthusiast Fancy leans
On the attendant legend of the scenes.
This sheds a fairy lustre on the floods,
And breathes a mellower gloom upon the woods;
This, as the distant cataract swells around,
Gives a romantic cadence to the sound;
This and the deepening glen, the alley green,
The silver stream, with sedgy tufts between,
The massy rock, the wood-encompass'd leas,
The broom-clad islands, and the nodding trees,
The lengthening vista, and the present gloom,
The verdant pathway breathing waste perfume;
These are thy charms, the joys which these impart
Bind thee, bless'd Clifton! close around my heart.

Dear Native Grove! where'er my devious track,
To thee will Memory lead the wanderer back.
Whether in Arno's polish'd vales I stray,
Or where "Oswego's swamps" obstruct the day;

Or wander lone, where, wildering and wide,
The tumbling torrent laves St. Gothard's side;
Or by old Tejo's classic margent muse,
Or stand entranced with Pyrenean views;
Still, still to thee, where'er my footsteps roam,
My heart shall point, and lead the wanderer home.
When Splendor offers, and when Fame incites,
I'll pause, and think of all thy dear delights,
Reject the boon, and, wearied with the change,
Renounce the wish which first induced to range;
Turn to these scenes, these well-known scenes once more,
Trace once again old Trent's romantic shore,
And, tired with worlds, and all their busy ways,
Here waste the little remnant of my days.
But, if the Fates should this last wish deny,
And doom me on some foreign shore to die;
Oh! should it please the world's supernal King,
That weltering waves my funeral dirge shall sing;
Or that my corse should, on some desert strand,
Lie stretch'd beneath the Simoon's blasting hand;
Still, though unwept I find a stranger tomb,
My sprite shall wander through this favourite gloom,
Ride on the wind that sweeps the leafless grove,
Sigh on the wood-blast of the dark alcove,
Sit, a lorn spectre on yon well-known grave,
And mix its moanings with the desert wave.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

GONDOLINE;

A BALLAD.

The night it was still, and the moon it shone
  Serenely on the sea,
And the waves at the foot of the rifted rock
  They murmur'd pleasantly.

When Gondoline roam'd along the shore,
  A maiden full fair to the sight;
Though love had made bleak the rose on her cheek,
  And turned it to deadly white.

Her thoughts they were drear, and the silent tear
  It fill'd her faint blue eye,
As oft she heard, in Fancy's ear,
  Her Bertrand's dying sigh.

Her Bertrand was the bravest youth
  Of all our good King's men,
And he was gone to the Holy Land
  To fight the Saracen.

And many a month had pass'd away,
And many a rolling year,
But nothing the maid from Palestine
Could of her lover hear.

Full oft she vainly tried to pierce
The Ocean's misty face;
Full oft she thought her lover's bark
She on the wave could trace.

And every night she placed a light
In the high rock's lonely tower,
To guide her lover to the land,
Should the murky tempest lower.

But now despair had seized her breast,
And sunken in her eye;
"Oh! tell me but if Bertrand live,
And I in peace will die."

She wander'd o'er the lonely shore,
The Curlew scream'd above,
She heard the scream with a sickening heart
Much boding of her love.

Yet still she kept her lonely way,
And this was all her cry,
'Oh! tell me but if Bertrand live,
And I in peace shall die."

And now she came to a horrible rift.
All in the rock's hard side,

A bleak and blasted oak o'erspread
The cavern yawning wide.

And pendant from its dismal top
The deadly nightshade hung;
The hemlock and the aconite
Across the mouth were flung.

And all within was dark and drear,
And all without was calm;
Yet Gondoline entered, her soul upheld
By some deep-working charm.

And as she enter'd the cavern wide,
The moonbeam gleamed pale,
And she saw a snake on the craggy rock,
It clung by its slimy tail.

Her foot it slipped, and she stood aghast,
She trod on a bloated toad;
Yet, still upheld by the secret charm,
She kept upon her road.

And now upon her frozen ear
Mysterious sounds arose;
So, on the mountain's piny top,
The blustering north wind blows.

Then furious peals of laughter loud
Were heard with thundering sound,
Till they died away in soft decay,
Low whispering o'er the ground.

Yet still the maiden onward went,
The charm yet onward led,
Though each big glaring ball of sight
Seem'd bursting from her head.

But now a pale blue light she saw,
It from a distance came,
She followed, till upon her sight,
Burst full a flood of flame.

She stood appall'd; yet still the charm
Upheld her sinking soul;
Yet each bent knee the other smote,
And each wild eye did roll.

And such a sight as she saw there,
No mortal saw before,
And such a sight as she saw there,
No mortal shall see more.

A burning cauldron stood in the midst,
The flame was fierce and high,
And all the cave so wide and long,
Was plainly seen thereby.

And round about the cauldron stout
Twelve withered witches stood:
Their waists were bound with living snakes,
And their hair was stiff with blood.

Their hands were gory too; and red
And fiercely flamed their eyes:

And they were muttering indistinct
Their hellish mysteries.

And suddenly they join'd their hands,
And uttered a joyous cry,
And round about the cauldron stout
They danced right merrily.

And now they stopp'd; and each prepared
To tell what she had done,
Since last the Lady of the night
Her waning course had run.

Behind a rock stood Gondoline,
Thick weeds her face did veil,
And she lean'd fearful forwarder,
To hear the dreadful tale.

The first arose: She said she'd seen
Rare sport since the blind cat mew'd,
She'd been to sea in a leaky sieve,
And a jovial storm had brew'd.

She call'd around the winged winds,
And rais'd a devilish rout;
And she laugh'd so loud, the peals were heard
Full fifteen leagues about.

She said there was a little bark
Upon the roaring wave,
And there was a woman there who'd been
To see her husband's grave.

And she had got a child in her arms,
It was her only child,
And oft its little infant pranks
Her heavy heart beguil'd.

And there was too in that same bark,
A father and his son;
The lad was sickly, and the sire
Was old and woe-begone.

And when the tempest waxed strong,
And the bark could no more it 'bide,
She said it was jovial fun to hear
How the poor devils cried.

The mother clasp'd her orphan child
Unto her breast, and wept;
And sweetly folded in her arms
The careless baby slept.

And she told how, in the shape o' the wind,
As manfully it roar'd,
She twisted her hand in the infant's hair
And threw it overboard.

And to have seen the mother's pangs,
'Twas a glorious sight to see;
The crew could scarcely hold her down
From jumping in the sea.

The hag held a lock of the hair in her hand,
And it was soft and fair:

It must have been a lovely child,
To have had such lovely hair.

And she said, the father in his arms
He held his sickly son,
And his dying throes they fast arose,
His pains were nearly done.

And she throttled the youth with her sinewy hands,
And his face grew deadly blue;
And his father he tore his thin gray hair,
And kiss'd the livid hue.

And then she told, how she bored a hole
In the bark, and it fill'd away:
And 'twas rare to hear, how some did swear,
And some did vow and pray.

The man and woman they soon were dead,
The sailors their strength did urge;
But the billows that beat were their winding-sheet,
And the winds sung their funeral dirge.

She threw the infant's hair in the fire,
The red flame flamed high,
And round about the cauldron stout
They danced right merrily.

The second begun: She said she had done
The task that Queen Hecat' had set her,
And that the devil, the father of evil,
Had never accomplish'd a better.

She said, there was an aged woman,
And she had a daughter fair,
Whose evil habits fill'd her heart
With misery and care.

The daughter had a paramour,
A wicked man was he,
And oft the woman him against
Did murmur grievously.

And the hag had work'd the daughter up
To murder her old mother,
That then she might seize on all her goods,
And wanton with her lover.

And one night as the old woman
Was sick and ill in bed,
And pondering sorely on the life
Her wicked daughter led,

She heard her footstep on the floor,
And she raised her pallid head,
And she saw her daughter, with a knife,
Approaching to her bed.

And said, My child, I'm very ill,
I have not long to live,
Now kiss my cheek, that ere I die
Thy sins I may forgive.

And the murderess bent to kiss her cheek,
And she lifted the sharp bright knife,

And the mother saw her fell intent,
And hard she begg'd for life.

But prayers would nothing her avail,
And she scream'd aloud with fear,
But the house was lone, and the piercing screams
Could reach no human ear.

And though that she was sick, and old,
She struggled hard, and fought;
The murderess cut three fingers through
Ere she could reach her throat.

And the hag she held the fingers up,
The skin was mangled sore,
And they all agreed a nobler deed
Was never done before.

And she threw the fingers in the fire,
The red flame flamed high,
And round about the cauldron stout
They danced right merrily.

The third arose; She said she'd been
To Holy Palestine;
And seen more blood in one short day,
Than they had all seen in nine.

Now Gondoline, with fearful steps,
Drew nearer to the flame,
For much she dreaded now to hear
Her hapless lover's name.

The hag related then the sports
Of that eventful day,
When on the well-contested field
Full fifteen thousand lay.

She said that she in human gore
Above the knees did wade,
And that no tongue could truly tell
The tricks she there had play'd.

There was a gallant-featured youth,
Who like a hero fought;
He kiss'd a bracelet on his wrist,
And every danger sought.

And in a vassal's garb disguised,
Unto the knight she sues,
And tells him she from Britain comes
And brings unwelcome news.

That three days ere she had embark'd,
His love had given her hand
Unto a wealthy Thane:—and thought
Him dead in holy land.

And to have seen how he did writhe
When this her tale she told,
It would have made a wizard's blood
Within his heart run cold.

Then fierce he spurr'd his warrior steed,
And sought the battle's bed:

And soon all mangled o'er with wounds,
He on the cold turf bled.

And from his smoking corse she tore
His head, half clove in two,
She ceas'd, and from beneath her garb
The bloody trophy drew.

The eyes were starting from their socks,
The mouth it ghastly grinn'd,
And there was a gash across the brow,
The scalp was nearly skinn'd.

'Twas Bertrand's head!! With a terrible scream,
The maiden gave a spring,
And from her fearful hiding place
She fell into the ring.

The lights they fled—the cauldron sunk,
Deep thunders shook the dome,
And hollow peals of laughter came
Resounding through the gloom.

Insensible the maiden lay
Upon the hellish ground,
And still mysterious sounds were heard
At intervals around.

She woke—she half arose,—and wild,
She cast a horrid glare,
The sounds had ceased, the lights had fled,
And all was stillness there.

And through an awning in the rock,
The moon it sweetly shone,
And show'd a river in the cave
Which dismally did moan.

The stream was black, it sounded deep,
As it rush'd the rocks between,
It offer'd well, for madness fired
The breast of Gondoline.

She plunged in, the torrent moan'd
With its accustom'd sound,
And hollow peals of laughter loud
Again rebellow'd round.

The maid was seen no more.—But oft
Her ghost is known to glide,
At midnight's silent, solemn hour,
Along the ocean's side.

LINES.

WRITTEN ON A SURVEY OF THE HEAVENS.

In the Morning before Day-break.

Ye many twinkling stars, who yet do hold
Your brilliant places in the sable vault
Of night's dominions!—Planets, and central orbs
Of other systems:—big as the burning sun
Which lights this nether globe,—yet to our eye
Small as the glow-worm's lamp!—To you I raise
My lowly orisons, while, all bewilder'd,
My vision strays o'er your ethereal hosts;
Too vast, too boundless for our narrow mind,
Warp'd with low prejudices, to unfold,
And sagely comprehend. Thence higher soaring,
Through ye I raise my solemn thoughts to Him,
The mighty Founder of this wondrous maze,
The great Creator! Him! who now sublime,
Wrapt in the solitary amplitude
Of boundless space, above the rolling spheres
Sits on his silent throne, and meditates.

The angelic hosts, in their inferior Heaven,
Hymn to the golden harps his praise sublime,
Repeating loud, "The Lord our God is great,"
In varied harmonies.—The glorious sounds
Roll o'er the air serene—The Æolian spheres,
Harping along their viewless boundaries,

Catch the full note, and cry, "The Lord is great,"
Responding to the Seraphim.—O'er all
From orb to orb, to the remotest verge
Of the created world, the sound is borne,
Till the whole universe is full of Him.

Oh! 'tis this heavenly harmony which now
In fancy strikes upon my listening ear,
And thrills my inmost soul. It bids me smile
On the vain world, and all its bustling cares,
And gives a shadowy glimpse of future bliss.
Oh! what is man, when at ambition's height,
What even are kings, when balanced in the scale
Of these stupendous worlds! Almighty God!
Thou, the dread author of these wondrous works!
Say, canst thou cast on me, poor passing worm,
One look of kind benevolence?—Thou canst;
For Thou art full of universal love,
And in thy boundless goodness wilt impart
Thy beams as well to me as to the proud,
The pageant insects of a glittering hour.

Oh! when reflecting on these truths sublime,
How insignificant do all the joys,
The gaudes, and honours of the world appear!
How vain ambition! Why has my wakeful lamp
Outwatch'd the slow-paced night?—Why on the page,
The schoolman's labour'd page, have I employ'd
The hours devoted by the world to rest,
And needful to recruit exhausted nature?
Say can the voice of narrow Fame repay

The loss of health? or can the hope of glory
Lend a new throb unto my languid heart,
Cool, even now, my feverish aching brow,
Relume the fires of this deep-sunken eye,
Or paint new colours on this pallid cheek?

Say, foolish one—can that unbodied fame,
For which thou barterest health and happiness,
Say, can it soothe the slumbers of the grave?
Give a new zest to bliss, or chase the pangs
Of everlasting punishment condign?
Alas! how vain are mortal man's desires!
How fruitless his pursuits! Eternal God!
Guide Thou my footsteps in the way of truth,
And oh! assist me so to live on earth,
That I may die in peace, and claim a place
In thy high dwelling.—All but this is folly,
The vain illusions of deceitful life.

LINES,

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY A LOVER AT THE GRAVE OF HIS MISTRESS.

Occasioned by a Situation in a Romance.

Mary, the moon is sleeping on thy grave,
And on the turf thy lover sad is kneeling,
The big tear in his eye.—Mary, awake,
From thy dark house arise, and bless his sight

On the pale moonbeam gliding. Soft, and low
Pour on the silver ear of night thy tale,
Thy whisper'd tale of comfort and of love,
To soothe thy Edward's lorn, distracted soul,
And cheer his breaking heart.—Come, as thou didst,
When o'er the barren moors the night wind howl'd,
And the deep thunders shook the ebon throne
Of the startled night.—O! then, as lone reclining,
I listen d sadly to the dismal storm,
Thou on the lambent lightnings wild careering
Didst strike my moody eye;—dead pale thou wert,
Yet passing lovely.—Thou didst smile upon me,
And oh! thy voice it rose so musical,
Betwixt the hollow pauses of the storm,
That at the sound the winds forgot to rave,
And the stern demon of the tempest, charm'd,
Sunk on his rocking throne to still repose,
Lock'd in the arms of silence.
Spirit of her!
My only love!—O! now again arise,
And let once more thine aery accents fall
Soft on my listening ear. The night is calm,
The gloomy willows wave in sinking cadence
With the stream that sweeps below. Divinely swelling
On the still air, the distant waterfall
Mingles its melody;—and, high above,
The pensive empress of the solemn night,
Fitful, emerging from the rapid clouds,
Shows her chaste face in the meredian sky.
No wicked elves upon the *Warlock-knoll*

Dare now assemble at their mystic revels;
It is a night, when from their primrose beds,
The gentle ghosts of injured innocents
Are known to rise, and wander on the breeze,
Or take their stand by the oppressor's couch,
And strike grim terror to his guilty soul.
The spirit of my love might now awake,
And hold its custom'd converse.

Mary, lo!
Thy Edward kneels upon thy verdant grave,
And calls upon thy name.—The breeze that blows
On his wan cheek will soon sweep over him
In solemn music, a funereal dirge,
Wild and most sorrowful.—His cheek is pale,
The worm that play'd upon thy youthful bloom,
It canker'd green on his.—Now lost he stands,
The ghost of what he was, and the cold dew
Which bathes his aching temples gives sure omen
Of speedy dissolution.—Mary, soon
Thy love will lay his pallid cheek to thine,
And sweetly will he sleep with thee in death.

MY STUDY.

A Letter in Hudibrastic Verse.

You bid me, Ned describe the place
Where I, one of the rhyming race,
Pursue my studies *con amore*,
And wanton with the muse in glory.

Well, figure to your senses straight,
Upon the house's topmost height,
A closet, just six feet by four,
With white-wash'd walls and plaster floor,
So noble large, 'tis scarcely able
To admit a single chair and table:
And (lest the muse should die with cold)
A smoky grate my fire to hold:
So wondrous small, 'twould much it pose
To melt the ice-drop on one's nose,
And yet so big, it covers o'er
Full half the spacious room and more.

A window vainly stuff'd about,
To keep November's breezes out,
So crazy, that the panes proclaim,
That soon they mean to leave the frame.

My furniture I sure may crack—
A broken chair without a back;
A table wanting just two legs,
One end sustain'd by wooden pegs;
A desk—of that I am not fervent,
The work of, Sir, your humble servant;
(Who, though I say't, am no such fumbler;)
A glass decanter and a tumbler,
From which my night-parch'd throat I lave,
Luxurious, with the limpid wave.
A chest of drawers, in antique sections,
And saw'd by me in all directions;
So small, Sir, that whoever views 'em
Swears nothing but a doll could use 'em.

To these, if you will add a store
Of oddities upon the floor,
A pair of globes, electric balls,
Scales, quadrants, prisms, and cobbler's awls,
And crowds of books, on rotten shelves,
Octavos, folios, quartos, twelves:
I think, dear Ned, you curious dog,
You'll have my earthly catalogue.
But stay,—I nearly had left out
My bellows destitute of snout;
And on the walls,—Good Heavens! why there
I've such a load of precious ware,
Of heads, and coins, and silver medals,
And organ works, and broken pedals;
(For I was once a-building music,
Though soon of that employ I grew sick;)
And skeletons of laws which shoot
All out of one primordial root;
That you, at such a sight, would swear
Confusion's self had settled there.
There stands, just by a broken sphere,
A Cicero without an ear,
A neck, on which, by logic good,
I know for sure a head *once* stood;
But who it was the able master
Had moulded in the mimic plaster,
Whether 'twas Pope, or Coke, or Burn,
I never yet could justly learn:
But knowing well, that any head
Is made to answer for the dead,
(And sculptors first their faces frame,
And after pitch upon a name,

Nor think it aught a misnomer
To christen Chaucer's busto Homer, [know,
Because they both have beards, which, you
Will mark them well from Joan, and Juno,)
For some great man, I could not tell
But NECK might answer just as well,
So perch'd it up, all in a row
With Chatham and with Cicero.

Then all around in just degree,
A range of portraits you may see,
Of mighty men and eke of women,
Who are no whit inferior *to* men.

With these fair dames, and heroes round,
I call my garret classic ground.
For though confined, 'twill well contain
The ideal flights of Madam Brain.
No dungeon's walls, no cell confined,
Can cramp the energies of mind!
Thus, though my heart may seem so small,
I've friends, and 'twill contain them all;
And should it e'er become so cold
That these it will no longer hold,
No more may Heaven her blessings give,
I shall not then be fit to live.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee when young Spring first question'd Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity, in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

To the River Trent. Written on Recovery from Sickness.

Once more, O Trent! along thy pebbly marge
A pensive invalid, reduced and pale,
From the close sick-room newly let at large,
Wooes to his wan-worn cheek the pleasant gale.
O! to his ear how musical the tale
Which fills with joy the throstle's little throat!
And all the sounds which on the fresh breeze sail,
How wildly novel on his senses float!
It was on this that many a sleepless night,
As, lone, he watch'd the taper's sickly gleam,
And at his casement heard, with wild affright,
The owl's dull wing and melancholy scream,
On this he thought, this, this his sole desire,
Thus once again to hear the warbling woodland choir.

SONNET II.

Give me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
Where, far from cities, I may spend my days,
And, by the beauties of the scene beguiled,
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways.

While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
List to the mountain-torrent's distant noise,
Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
I shall not want the world's delusive joys;
But with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more;
And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,
I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,
And lay me down to rest where the wild wave
Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.

SONNET III.*

Supposed to have been addressed by a female lunatic to a Lady.

Lady, thou weepest for the Maniac's wo,
And thou art fair, and thou, like me, art young;
Oh! may thy bosom never, never know [wrung.
The pangs with which my wretched heart is
I had a mother once—a brother too—
(Beneath yon yew my father rests his head:)
I had a lover once,—and kind, and true,
But mother, brother, lover, all are fled!
Yet, whence the tear which dims thy lovely eye?
Oh! gentle lady—not for me thus weep,
The green sod soon upon my breast will lie,
And soft and sound will be my peaceful sleep.

* This Quatorzain had its rise from an elegant Sonnnet, "occasioned by seeing a young Female Lunatic," written by Mrs. Lofft, and published in the Monthly Mirror.

Go thou and pluck the roses while they bloom—
My hopes lie buried in the silent tomb.

SONNET IV.

Supposed to be written by the unhappy Poet Dermody, in a Storm, while on board a Ship in his Majesty's Service.

Lo! o'er the welkin the tempestuous clouds
Successive fly, and the loud-piping wind
Rocks the poor sea-boy on the dripping shrouds.
While the pale pilot, o'er the helm reclined
Lists to the changeful storm: and as he plies
His wakeful task, he oft bethinks him sad,
Of wife and little home, and chubby lad,
And the half-strangled tear bedews his eyes;
I, on the deck, musing on themes forlorn,
View the drear tempest, and the yawning deep,
Nought dreading in the green sea's caves to sleep,
For not for me shall wife or children mourn,
And the wild winds will ring my funeral knel.
Sweetly, as solemn peal of pious passing-bell

SONNET V.

THE WINTER TRAVELLER.

God help thee, Traveller, on thy journey far;
The wind is bitter keen,—the snow o'erlays
The hidden pits, and dangerous hollow ways,
And darkness will involve thee.—No kind star

To-night will guide thee, Traveller,—and the war
Of winds and elements on thy head will break,
And in thy agonizing ear the shriek
Of spirits howling on their stormy car,
Will often ring appalling—I portend
A dismal night—and on my wakeful bed
Thoughts, Traveller, of thee will fill my head,
And him who rides where winds and waves contend,
And strives, rude cradled on the seas, to guide
His lonely bark through the tempestuous tide.

SONNET VI.

BY CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

This Sonnet was addressed to the Author of this Volume, and was occasioned by several little Quatorzains, misnomered Sonnets, which he published in the Monthly Mirror. He begs leave to return his thanks to the much respected writer, for the permission so politely granted to insert it here, and for the good opinion he has been pleased to express of his productions.

Ye, whose aspirings court the muse of lays,
"Severest of those orders which belong,
Distinct and separate, to Delphic song,"
Why shun the Sonnet's undulating maze?
And why its name, boast of Petrarchian days,
Assume, its rules disown'd? whom from the throng
The muse selects, their ear the charm obeys
Of its full harmony:—they fear to wrong

The *Sonnet*, by adorning with a name
Of that distinguish'd import, lays, though sweet,
Yet not in magic texture taught to meet
Of that so varied and peculiar frame.
O think! to vindicate its genuine praise
Those it beseems, whose *Lyre* a favouring impulse sways

SONNET VII.

Recantatory, in reply to the foregoing elegant Admonition.

Let the sublimer muse, who, wrapt in night,
Rides on the raven pennons of the storm,
Or o'er the field, with purple havoc warm,
Lashes her steeds, and sings along the fight,
Let her, whom more ferocious strains delight,
Disdain the plaintive Sonnet's little form,
And scorn to its wild cadence to conform
The impetuous tenor of her hardy flight.
But me, far lowest of the sylvan train,
Who wake the wood-nymphs from the forest shade
With wildest song;—Me, much behoves thy aid
Of mingled melody, to grace my strain,
And give it power to please, as soft it flows
Through the smooth murmurs of thy frequent close.

SONNET VIII.

On hearing the Sounds of an Eolian Harp.

So ravishingly soft upon the tide
Of the infuriate gust, it did career,
It might have sooth'd its rugged charioteer,
And sunk him to a zephyr;—then it died,
Melting in melody;—and I descried,
Borne to some wizard stream, the form appear
Of druid sage, who on the far-off ear
Pour'd his lone song, to which the surge replied:
Or thought I heard the hapless pilgrim's knell,
Lost in some wild enchanted forest's bounds,
By unseen beings sung; or are these sounds
Such, as 'tis said, at night are known to swell
By startled shepherd on the lonely heath,
Keeping his night-watch sad portending death?

SONNET IX.

What art thou, Mighty One! and where thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that ch rs the lands,
And thou dost bear within thine awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet,
Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind,
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dead noon,
Or on the red wing of the fierce Monsoon,
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.

In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost thou repose? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
Vain thought! the confines of his throne to trace,
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

A BALLAD.

Be hush'd, be hush'd, ye bitter winds,
Ye pelting rains a little rest:
Lie still, lie still, ye busy thoughts,
That wring with grief my aching breast.

Oh! cruel was my faithless love,
To triumph o'er an artless maid;
Oh! cruel was my faithless love,
To leave the breast by him betray'd.

When exiled from my native home,
He should have wiped the bitter tear;
Nor left me faint and lone to roam,
A heart-sick weary wanderer here.

My child moans sadly in my arms,
The winds they will not let it sleep:
Ah, little knows the hapless babe
What makes its wretched mother weep!

Now lie thee still, my infant dear,
I cannot bear thy sobs to see,
Harsh is thy father, little one,
And never will he shelter thee.

Oh, that I were but in my grave.
And winds were piping o'er me loud,
And thou, my poor, my orphan babe,
Were nestling in thy mother's shroud!

THE LULLABY.

OF A FEMALE CONVICT TO HER CHILD, THE NIGHT PREVIOUS TO EXECUTION.

Sleep, baby mine,* enkerchieft on my bosom,
Thy cries they pierce again my bleeding breast
Sleep, baby mine, not long thou'lt have a mother
To lull thee fondly in her arms to rest.

Baby, why dost thou keep this sad complaining,
Long from mine eyes have kindly slumbers fled,
Hush, hush, my babe, the night is quickly waning,
And I would fain compose my aching head.

Poor wayward wretch! and who will heed thy weeping,
When soon an outcast on the world thou'lt be:

* Sir Phillip Sidney has a poem beginning, "Sleep, Baby mine."

Who then will soothe thee, when thy mother's sleeping
In her low grave of shame and infamy!

Sleep, baby mine—To-morrow I must leave thee,
And I would snatch an interval of rest:
Sleep these last moments, ere the laws bereave thee,
For never more thou'lt press a mother's breast.

POEMS

OF A LATER DATE.

ODE,

ADDRESSED TO H. FUSELI, ESQ. R. A.

On seeing Engravings from his Designs.

MIGHTY magician! who on Torneo's brow,
When sullen tempests wrap the throne of night,
Art wont to sit and catch the gleam of light,
That shoots athwart the gloom opaque below;
And listen to the distant death-shriek long
From lonely mariner foundering in the deep,
Which rises slowly up the rocky steep,
While the weird sisters weave the horrid song:
Or when along the liquid sky
Serenely chant the orbs on high,
Dost love to sit in musing trance,
And mark the northern meteor's dance,
(While far below the fitful oar
Flings its faint pauses on the steepy shore,)
And list the music of the breeze,
That sweeps by fits the bending seas;
And often bears with sudden swell
The shipwreck'd sailor's funeral knell,
By the spirits sung, who keep
Their night-watch on the treacherous deep,
And guide the wakeful helms-man's eye
To Helice in northern sky:
And there upon the rock inclined
With mighty visions fill'st the mind,

Such as bound in magic spell
Him* who grasp'd the gates of Hell,
And bursting Pluto's dark domain,
Held to the day the terrors of his reign.

Genius of Horror and romantic awe,
Whose eye explores the secrets of the deep,
Whose power can bid the rebel fluids creep,
Can force the inmost soul to own its law;
Who shall now, sublimest spirit,
Who shall now thy wand inherit,
From him† thy darling child who best
Thy shuddering images express'd?
Sullen of soul, and stern and proud,
His gloomy spirit spurn'd the crowd,
And now he lays his aching head
In the dark mansion of the silent dead.

Mighty magician! long thy wand has lain
Buried beneath the unfathomable deep;
And oh! for ever must its efforts sleep,
May none the mystic sceptre e'er regain!
Oh yes, 'tis his!—Thy other son;
He throws thy dark-wrought tunic on,
Fuesslin waves thy wand,—again they rise,
Again thy wildering forms salute our ravish'd eyes,
Him didst thou cradle on the dizzy steep
Where round his head the volley'd lightnings flung,
And the loud winds that round his pillow rung,
Wooed the stern infant to the arms of sleep.

* Dante. † Ibid.

Or on the highest top of Teneriffe
Seated the fearless boy, and bade him look
Where far below the weather-beaten skiff
On the gulf bottom of the ocean strook.
Thou mark'dst him drink with ruthless ear
The death-sob, and, disdaining rest,
Thou saw'st how danger fired his breast,
And in his young hand couch'd the visionary spear.
Then, Superstition, at thy call,
She bore the boy to Odin's Hall,
And set before his awe-struck sight
The savage feast and spectred fight;
And summon'd from his mountain tomb
The ghastly warrior son of gloom,
His fabled Runic rhymes to sing,
While fierce Hresvelger flapp'd his wing;
Thou show'dst the trains the shepherd sees,
Laid on the stormy Hebrides,
Which on the mists of evening gleam,
Or crowd the foaming desert stream;
Lastly her storied hand she waves,
And lays him in Florentian caves;
There milder fables, lovelier themes,
Enwrap his soul in heavenly dreams,
There Pity's lute arrests his ear,
And draws the half-reluctant tear;
And now at noon of night he roves
Along the embowering moonlight groves,
And as from many a cavern'd dell
The hollow wind is heard to swell,
He thinks some troubled spirit sighs;
And as upon the turf he lies,

Where sleeps the silent beam of night,
He sees below the gliding sprite,
And hears in Fancy's organs sound
Aerial music warbling round.

Taste lastly comes and smoothes the whole,
And breathes her polish o'er his soul;
Glowing with wild, yet chasten'd heat,
The wondrous work is now complete.

The Poet dreams:—The shadow flies,
And fainting fast its image dies.
But lo! the Painter's magic force
Arrests the phantom's fleeting course:
It lives—it lives—the canvass glows,
And tenfold vigour o'er it flows.
The Bard beholds the work achieved,
And as he sees the shadow rise,
Sublime before his wondering eyes,
Starts at the image his own mind conceived.

ODE,

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE, K. G.

Retired, remote from human noise,
A humble Poet dwelt serene;
His lot was lowly, yet his joys
Were manifold, I ween.
He laid him by the brawling brook
At eventide to ruminate,

He watch'd the swallow skimming round,
And mused, in reverie profound,
On wayward man's unhappy state,
And ponder'd much, and paused on deeds of ancient date.

II. 1.

"Oh, 'twas not always thus," he cried,
"There was a time, when Genius claimed
Respect from even towering Pride,
Nor hung her head ashamed:
But now to Wealth alone we bow,
The titled and the rich alone
Are honour'd, while meek Merit pines,
On Penury's wretched couch reclines,
Unheeded in his dying moan,
As overwhelm'd with want and wo, he sinks unknown.

III. 1.

"Yet was the muse not always seen
In Poverty's dejected mien,
Not always did repining rue,
And misery her steps pursue.
Time was, when nobles thought their titles graced,
By the sweet honours of poetic bays,
When Sidney sung his melting song,
When Sheffield joined the harmonious throng,
And Lyttleton attuned to love his lays.
Those days are gone—alas, for ever gone!
No more our nobles love to grace

Their brows with anadems, by genius won,
But arrogantly deem the muse as base;
How different thought the sires of this degenerate race!"

I. 2.

Thus sang the minstrel:—still at eve
The upland's woody shades among
In broken measures did he grieve,
With solitary song.
And still his shame was aye the same,
Neglect had stung him to the core;
And he with pensive joy did love
To seek the still congenial grove,
And muse on all his sorrows o'er,
And vow that he would join the abjured world no more.

II. 2.

But human vows, how frail they be!
Fame brought Carlisle unto his view,
And all amazed, he thought to see
The Augustan age anew.
Fill'd with wild rapture, up he rose,
No more he ponders on the woes,
Which erst he felt that forward goes,
Regrets he'd sunk in impotence,
And hails the ideal day of virtuous eminence.

III. 2.

Ah! silly man, yet smarting sore,
With ills which in the world he bore,

Again on futile hope to rest,
An unsubstantial prop at best,
And not to know one swallow makes no summer!
Ah! soon he'll find the brilliant gleam,
Which flash'd across the hemisphere,
Illumining the darkness there,
Was but a single solitary beam,
While all around remain'd in custom'd night.
Still leaden Ignorance reigns serene,
In the false court's delusive height,
And only one Carlisle is seen,
To illume the heavy gloom with pure and steady light.

DESCRIPTION OF A SUMMER'S EVE.

Down the sultry arc of day
The burning wheels have urged their way,
And eve along the western skies
Spreads her intermingling dyes.
Down the deep, the miry lane,
Creeking comes the empty wain,
And driver on the shaft-horse sits,
Whistling now and then by fits;
And oft with his accustom'd call,
Urging on the sluggish Ball.
The barn is still, the master's gone,
And thresher puts his jacket on,

While Dick, upon the ladder tall,
Nails the dead kite to the wall.
Here comes shepherd Jack at last,
He has penn'd the sheep-cote fast,
For 'twas but two nights before,
A lamb was eaten on the moor:
His empty wallet *Rover* carries,
Now for Jack, when near home, tarries,
With lolling tongue he runs to try,
If the horse-trough be not dry.
The milk is settled in the pans,
And supper messes in the cans;
In the hovel carts are wheel'd,
And both the colts are drove a-field;
The horses are all bedded up,
And the ewe is with the tup,
The snare for Mister Fox is set,
The leaven laid, the thatching wet,
And Bess has slink'd away to talk
With Roger in the holly-walk.

Now, on the settle all, but Bess,
Are set to eat their supper mess;
And little Tom and roguish Kate,
Are swinging on the meadow gate.
Now they chat of various things,
Of taxes, ministers, and kings,
Or else tell all the village news,
How madam did the squire refuse;
How parson on his tithes was bent,
And landlord oft distrained for rent.

Thus do they talk, till in the sky
The pale-eyed moon is mounted high,
And from the alehouse drunken Ned
Had reel'd—then hasten all to bed.
The mistress sees that lazy Kate
The heaping coal on kitchen grate
Has laid—while master goes throughout,
Sees shutters fast, the mastiff out,
The candles safe, the hearths all clear,
And nought from thieves or fire to fear;
Then both to bed together creep,
And join the general troop of sleep.

TO CONTEMPLATION.

Come, pensive sage, who lov'st to dwell
In some retired Lapponian cell,
Where, far from noise and riot rude,
Resides sequester'd Solitude.
Come, and o'er my longing soul
Throw thy dark and russet stole,
And open to my duteous eyes,
The volume of thy mysteries.

I will meet thee on the hill,
Where, with printless footsteps still
The morning in her buskin gray,
Springs upon her eastern way;
While the frolic zephyrs stir,
Playing with the gossamer,

And, on ruder pinions borne,
Shake the dew-drops from the thorn.
There, as o'er the fields we pass,
Brushing with hasty feet the grass,
We will startle from her nest
The lively lark with speckled breast,
And hear the floating clouds among
Her gale-transported matin song,
Or on the upland stile embower'd,
With fragrant hawthorn snowy flower'd.
Will sauntering sit, and listen still
To the herdsman's oaten quill,
Wafted from the plain below;
Or the heifer's frequent low;
Or the milkmaid in the grove,
Singing of one that died for love.
Or when the noontide heats oppress,
We will seek the dark recess,
Where, in th' empower'd translucent stream,
The cattle shun the sultry beam,
And o'er us on the marge reclined,
The drowsy fly her horn shall wind,
While Echo, from her ancient oak,
Shall answer to the woodman's stroke;
Or the little peasant's song,
Wandering lone the glens among,
His artless lip with berries dyed,
And feet through ragged shoes descried.

But oh! when evening's virgin queen
Sits on her fringed throne serene,

And mingling whispers rising near,
Still on the still reposing ear:
While distant brooks decaying round,
Augment the mix'd dissolving sound,
And the zephyr flitting by,
Whispers mystic harmony,
We will seek the woody lane,
By the hamlet, on the plain,
Where the weary rustic nigh,
Shall whistle his wild melody,
And the creaking wicket oft
Shall echo from the neighbouring croft;
And as we trace the green path lone,
With moss and rank weeds overgrown,
We will muse on pensive lore
Till the full soul brimming o'er,
Shall in our upturn'd eyes appear,
Embodied in a quivering tear.
Or else, serenely silent, set
By the brawling rivulet,
Which on its calm unruffled breast,
Bears the old mossy arch impress'd,
That clasps its secret stream of glass
Half hid in shrubs and waving grass,
The wood-nymph's lone secure retreat,
Unpress'd by fawn or sylvan's feet,
We'll watch in eve's ethereal braid,
The rich vermilion slowly fade;
Or catch, faint twinkling from afar,
The first glimpse of the eastern star,
Fair Vesper, mildest lamp of light,
That heralds in imperial night;

Meanwhile, upon our wandering ear,
Shall rise, though low, yet sweetly clear,
The distant sounds of pastoral lute,
Invoking soft the sober suit
Of dimmest darkness—fitting well
With love, or sorrow's pensive spell,
(So erst did music's silver tone
Wake slumbering Chaos on his throne.)
And haply then, with sudden swell,
Shall roar the distant curfew bell,
While in the castle's mouldering tower,
The hooting owl is heard to pour
Her melancholy song, and scare
Dull Silence brooding in the air.
Meanwhile her dusk and slumbering car,
Black-suited Night drives on from far,
And Cynthia, 'merging from her rear,
Arrests the waxing darkness drear,
And summons to her silent call,
Sweeping, in their airy pall,
The unshrived ghosts, in fairy trance,
To join her moonshine morrice-dance;
While around the mystic ring
The shadowy shapes elastic spring,
Then with a passing shriek they fly,
Wrapt in mists, along the sky,
And oft are by the shepherd seen,
In his lone night-watch on the green.

Then, hermit, let us turn our feet
To the low abbey's still retreat,

Embower'd in the distant glen,
Far from the haunts of busy men,
Where, as we sit upon the tomb,
The glow-worm's light may gild the gloom,
And show to Fancy's saddest eye,
Where some lost hero's ashes lie.
And oh, as through the mouldering arch,
With ivy fill'd and weeping larch,
The night-gale whispers sadly clear,
Speaking drear things to Fancy's ear,
We'll hold communion with the shade
Of some deep-wailing, ruin'd maid—
Or call the ghost of Spenser down,
To tell of wo and Fortune's frown;
And bid us cast the eye of hope
Beyond this bad world's narrow scope.
Or if these joys, to us denied,
To linger by the forest's side;
Or in the meadow, or the wood,
Or by the lone, romantic flood;
Let us in the busy town,
When sleep's dull streams the people drown,
Far from drowsy pillows flee,
And turn the church's massy key;
Then, as through the painted glass
The moon's faint beams obscurely pass;
And darkly on the trophied wall,
Her faint, ambiguous shadows fall;
Let us, while the faint winds wail,
Through the long reluctant aisle,
As we pace with reverence meet,
Count the echoings of our feet;

While from the tombs, with confess'd breath
Distinct responds the voice of death.
If thou, mild sage, wilt condescend,
Thus on my footsteps to attend,
To thee my lonely lamp shall burn
By fallen Genius' sainted urn
As o'er the scroll of Time I pore,
And sagely spell of ancient lore,
Till I can rightly guess of all
That Plato could to memory call,
And scan the formless views of things,
Or with old Egypt's fetter'd kings,
Arrange the mystic trains that shine
In night's high philosophic mine;
And to thy name shall e'er belong
The honours of undying song.

ODE

TO THE GENIUS OF ROMANCE.

Oh! thou who, in my early youth,
When fancy wore the garb of truth,
Were wont to win my infant feet,
To some retired, deep-fabled seat,
Where, by the brooklet's secret tide,
The midnight ghost was known to glide;
Or lay me in some lonely glade,
In native Sherwood's forest shade,

Where Robin Hood, the outlaw bold,
Was wont his sylvan courts to hold;
And there, as musing deep I lay,
Would steal my little soul away,
And all thy pictures represent,
Of siege and solemn tournament;
Or bear me to the magic scene,
Where, clad in greaves and gaberdine,
The warrior knight of chivalry
Made many a fierce enchanter flee;
And bore the high-born dame away,
Long held the fell magician's prey;
Or oft would tell the shuddering tale
Of murders, and of goblins pale,
Haunting the guilty baron's side,
(Whose floors with secret blood were dyed,)
Which o'er the vaulted corridore,
On stormy nights was heard to roar,
By old domestic, waken'd wide
By the angry winds that chide;
Or else the mystic tale would tell,
Of Greensleeve, or of Blue-Beard fell.

* * * *

THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

I.

Oh! yonder is the well-known spot,
My dear, my long-lost native home!
Oh! welcome is yon little cot,
Where I shall rest, no more to roam!

Oh! I have travelled far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband.
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

II.

Of distant climes the false report
It lured me from my native land;
It bade me rove—my sole support
My cymbals and my saraband.
The woody dell, the hanging rock,
The chamois skipping o'er the heights;
The plain adorn'd with many a flock,
And, oh! a thousand more delights,
That grace yon dear beloved retreat,
Have backward won my weary feet.

III.

Now safe return'd, with wandering tired,
No more my little home I'll leave;
And many a tale of what I've seen
Shall while away the winter's eve.
Oh! I have wander'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband;
But all their charms could not prevail,
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

LINES

Written impromptu, on reading the following passage in Mr. Capel Lofft's beautiful and interesting Preface to Nathaniel Bloomfield's Poems, just published.—"It has a mixture of the sportive, which deepens the impression of its melancholy close. I could have wished as I have said in a short note, the conclusion had been otherwise. The sours of life less offend my taste than its sweets delight it."

Go to the raging sea, and say, "Be still!"
Bid the wild lawless winds obey thy will;
Preach to the storm, and reason with Despair,
But tell not Misery's son *that life is fair.*

Thou, who in Plenty's lavish lap hast roll'd,
And every year with new delight hast told,
Thou, who recumbent on the lacquer'd barge,
Hast dropt down joy's gay stream of pleasant marge,
Thou may'st extol life's calm, untroubled sea,
The storms of misery never burst on *thee.*

Go to the mat, where squalid Want reclines,
Go to the shade obscure, where Merit pines;
Abide with him whom Penury's charms control,
And bind the rising yearnings of his soul,
Survey his sleepless couch, and standing there,
Tell the poor pallid wretch *that life is fair!*

Press thou the lonely pillow of his head,
And ask why sleep his languid eyes has fled;
Mark his dew'd temples, and his half-shut eye,
His trembling nostrils, and his deep-drawn sigh,
His muttering mouth contorted with despair,
And ask if Genius could inhabit there.

Oh, yes! that sunken eye with fire once gleam'd,
And rays of light from its full circlet stream'd;
But now Neglect has stung him to the core,
And Hope's wild raptures thrill his breast no more;
Domestic Anguish winds his vitals round,
And added Grief compels him to the ground.
Lo! o'er his manly form, decay'd and wan,
The shades of death with gradual steps steal on;
And the pale mother, pining to decay,
Weeps for her boy her wretched life away.

Go, child of Fortune! to his early grave,
Where o'er his head obscure the rank weeds wave;
Behold the heart-wrung parent lay her head
On the cold turf, and ask to share his bed.
Go, child of Fortune, take thy lesson there,
And tell us then that life is *wondrous fair!*

Yet, Lofft, in thee, whose hand is still stretch'd forth,
T' encourage genius, and to foster worth;
On thee, the unhappy's firm, unfailing friend,
'Tis just that every blessing should descend;
'Tis just that life to thee should only show
Her fairest side but little mix'd with wo.

WRITTEN
IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

Sad solitary *Thought*, who keep'st thy vigils,
Thy solemn vigils, in the sick man's mind;
Communing lonely with his sinking soul,
And musing on the dubious glooms that lie
In dim obscurity before him,—thee,
Wrapt in thy dark magnificence, I call
At this still midnight hour, this awful season,
When on my bed, in wakeful restlessness,
I turn me wearisome; while all around,
All, all, save me, sink in forgetfulness;
I only wake to watch the sickly taper
Which lights me to my tomb.—Yea 'tis the hand
Of death I feel press heavy on my vitals,
Slow sapping the warm current of existence.
My moments now are few—the sand of life
Ebbs fastly to its finish.—Yet a little,
And the last fleeting particle will fall,
Silent, unseen, unnoticed, unlamented.
Come then, sad Thought, and let us meditate
While meditate we may.—We have now
But a small portion of what men call time
To hold communion; for even now the knife,
The separating knife, I feel divide
The tender bond that binds my soul to earth.
Yes, I must die—I feel that I must die;
And though to me has life been dark and dreary,
Though Hope for me has smiled but to deceive,

And Disappointment still pursued her blandishments,
Yet do I feel my soul recoil within me
As I contemplate the dim gulf of death,
The shuddering void, the awful blank—futurity.
Ay, I had plann'd full many a sanguine scheme
Of earthly happiness—romantic schemes,
And fraught with loveliness; and it is hard
To feel the hand of Death arrest one's steps,
Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes,
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,
Lost in the gaping gulf of blank oblivion.
Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?
Oh! none;—another busy brood of beings
Will shoot up in the interim, and none
Will hold him in remembrance. I shall sink,
As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets
Of busy London:—Some short bustle's caused,
A few enquiries, and the crowds close in,
And all's forgotten.—On my grassy grave
The men of future times will careless tread,
And read my name upon the sculptured stone;
Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears,
Recall my vanish'd memory.—I did hope
For better things!—I hoped I should not leave
The earth without a vestige;—Fate decrees
It shall be otherwise, and I submit.
Henceforth, oh, world, no more of thy desires!
No more of hope! the wanton vagrant Hope!
I abjure all.—Now other cares engross me,
And my tired soul, with emulative haste,
Looks to its God, and prunes its wings for Heaven.

PASTORAL SONG.

Come, Anna! come, the morning dawns,
Faint streaks of radiance tinge the skies:
Come, let us seek the dewy lawns,
And watch the early lark arise;
While Nature, clad in vesture gay,
Hails the loved return of day.

Our flocks, that nip the scanty blade
Upon the moor, shall seek the vale;
And then, secure beneath the shade,
We'll listen to the throstle's tale;
And watch the silver clouds above,
As o'er the azure vault they rove.

Come Anna! come, and bring thy lute,
That with its tones, so softly sweet,
In cadence with my mellow flute,
We may beguile the noontide heat;
While near the mellow bee shall join,
To raise a harmony divine.

And then at eve, when silence reigns,
Except when heard the beetle's hum,
We'll leave the sober-tinted plains,
To these sweet heights again we'll come;
And thou to thy soft lute shalt play
A solemn vesper to departing day.

VERSES.

When pride and envy, and the scorn
Of wealth, my heart with gall embued,
I thought how pleasant were the morn
Of silence, in the solitude;
To hear the forest bee on wing,
Or by the stream, or woodland spring,
To lie and muse alone—alone,
While the tinkling waters moan,
Or such wild sounds arise, as say,
Man and noise are far away.

Now, surely, thought I, there's enow
To fill life's dusty way;
And who will miss a poet's feet,
Or wonder where he stray:
So to the woods and waste I'll go,
And I will build an osier bower;
And sweetly there to me shall flow
The meditative hour.

And when the Autumn's withering hand
Shall strew with leaves the sylvan land,
I'll to the forest caverns hie:
And in the dark and stormy nights
I'll listen to the shrieking sprites,
Who, in the wintry wolds and floods,
Keep jubilee, and shred the woods;
Or, as it drifted soft and slow,
Hurl in ten thousand shapes the snow.

* * * * * *

EPIGRAM

ON

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Bloomfield, thy happy-omen'd name
Ensures continuance to thy fame;
Both sense and truth this verdict give,
While *fields* shall *bloom*, thy name shall live!

ODE TO MIDNIGHT.

Season of general rest, whose solemn still,
Strikes to the trembling heart a fearful chill,
But speaks to philosophic souls delight,
Thee do I hail, as at my casement high,
My candle waning melancholy by,
I sit and taste the holy calm of night.

You pensive orb, that through the ether sails,
And gilds the misty shadows of the vales,
Hanging in thy dull rear her vestal flame,
To her, while all around in sleep recline,
Wakeful I raise my orisons divine,
And sing the gentle honours of her name;

While Fancy lone o'er me her votary bends,
To lift my soul her fairy visions sends,
And pours upon my ear her thrilling song,
And Superstition's gentle terrors come,
See, see yon dim ghost gliding through the gloom!
See round yon church-yard elm what spectres throng!

Meanwhile I tune, to some romantic lay.
My flagelet—and, as I pensive play,
The sweet notes echo o'er the mountain scene:
The traveller late journeying o'er the moors
Hears them aghast,—(while still the dull owl pours
Her hollow screams each dreary pause between,)

Till in the lonely tower he spies the light
Now faintly flashing on the glooms of night,
Where I, poor muser, my lone vigils keep,
And, 'mid the dreary solitude serene,
Cast a much-meaning glance upon the scene,
And raise my mournful eye to Heaven, and weep.

ODE TO THOUGHT.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

I.

HENCE away, vindictive Thought!
Thy pictures are of pain;
The visions through thy dark eye caught,
They with no gentle charms are fraught,

So pr'ythee back again.
I would not weep,
I wish to sleep,
Then why, thou busy foe, with me thy vigils keep?

II.

Why dost o'er bed and couch recline?
Is this thy new delight?
Pale visitant, it is not thine
To keep thy sentry through the mine,
The dark vault of the night:
'Tis thine to die,
While o'er the eye
The dews of slumber press, and waking sorrows fly.

III.

Go thou, and bide with him who guides
His bark through lonely seas;
And as reclining on his helm,
Sadly he marks the starry realm,
To him thou may'st bring ease;
But thou to me
Art misery,
So pr'ythee, pr'ythee, plume thy wings, and from my pillow flee.

IV.

And, Memory, pray what art thou?
Art thou of pleasure born?
Does bliss untainted from thee flow?
The rose that gems thy pensive brow,

Is it without a thorn?
With all thy smiles,
And witching wiles,
Yet not unfrequent bitterness thy mournful sway defiles.

V.

The drowsy night-watch has forgot
To call the solemn hour;
Lull'd by the winds he slumbers deep,
While I in vain, capricious Sleep,
Invoke thy tardy power;
And restless lie,
With unclosed eye,
And count the tedious hours as slow they minute by.

GENIUS.

AN ODE.

I. 1.

Many there be, who, through the vale of life,
With velvet pace, unnoticed, softly go,
While jarring Discord's inharmonious strife
Awakes them not to wo.
By them unheeded, carking Care,
Green-eyed Grief and dull Despair;

Smoothly they pursue their way,
With even tenor and with equal breath,
Alike through cloudy and through sunny day,
Then sink in peace to death.

II. 1.

But, ah! a few there be whom griefs devour
And weeping Wo, and Disappointment keen,
Repining Penury, and Sorrow sour,
And self-consuming Spleen.
And these are Genius' favourites: these
Know the thought-throned mind to please,
And from her fleshy seat to draw
To realms where Fancy's golden orbits roll,
Disdaining all but 'wildering Rapture's law,
The captivated soul.

III. 1.

Genius, from thy starry throne,
High above the burning zone,
In radiant robe of light array'd,
Oh! hear the plaint by thy sad favourite made,
His melancholy moan.
He tells of scorn, he tells of broken vows,
Of sleepless nights of anguish-ridden days,
Pangs that his sensibility uprouse
To curse his being and his thirst for praise.
Thou gav'st to him with treble force to feel
The sting of keen neglect, the rich man's scorn;
And what o'er all does in his soul preside
Predominant, and tempers him to steel,
His high indignant pride.

I. 2.

Lament not ye, who humbly steal through life,
That Genius visits not your lowly shed;
For, ah, what woes and sorrows ever rife
Distract his hapless head!
For him awaits no balmy sleep,
He wakes all night, and wakes to weep;
Or by his lonely lamp he sits
At solemn midnight when the peasant sleeps,
In feverish study, and in moody fits
His mournful vigils keeps.

II. 2.

And, oh! for what consumes his watchful oil?
For what does thus he waste life's fleeting breath?
'Tis for neglect and penury he doth toil,
'Tis for untimely death.
Lo! where dejected pale he lies,
Despair depicted in his eyes,
He feels the vital flame decrease,
He sees the grave wide-yawning for its prey,
Without a friend to soothe his soul to peace,
And cheer the expiring ray.

III. 2.

By Sulmo's bard of mournful fame,
By gentle Otway's magic name,
By him, the youth, who smiled at death,
And rashly dared to stop his vital breath,

Will I thy pangs proclaim;
For still to misery closely thou'rt allied,
Though gaudy pageants glitter by thy side,
And far-resounding Fame.
What though to thee the dazzled millions bow,
And to thy posthumous merit bend them low;
Though unto thee the monarch looks with awe,
And thou at thy flash'd car dost nations draw,
Yet, ah! unseen behind thee fly
Corroding Anguish, soul-subduing Pain,
And Discontent that clouds the fairest sky:
A melancholy train.
Yes, Genius, thee a thousand cares await.
Mocking thy derided state;
Thee chill Adversity will still attend,
Before whose face flies fast the summer's friend,
And leaves thee all forlorn;
While leaden Ignorance rears her head and laughs,
And fat Stupidity shakes his jolly sides,
And while the cup of affluence he quaffs
With bee-eyed Wisdom, Genius derides,
Who toils, and every hardship doth outbrave,
To gain the meed of praise, when he is moulder-
ing in his grave.

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE TO THE MOON.

I.

Mild orb, who floatest through the realm of night,
A pathless wanderer o'er a lonely wild,
Welcome to me thy soft and pensive light,
Which oft in childhood my lone thoughts beguiled.
Now doubly dear as o'er my silent seat,
Nocturnal Study's still retreat,
It casts a mournful melancholy gleam,
And through my lofty casement weaves,
Dim through the vine's encircling leaves,
An intermingled beam.

II.

These feverish dews that on my temples hang,
This quivering lip, these eyes of dying flame:
These the dread signs of many a secret pang,
These are the meed of him who pants for fame!
Pale Moon, from thoughts like these divert my soul;
Lowly I kneel before thy shrine on high;
My lamp expires;—beneath thy mild control,
These restless dreams are ever wont to fly.

Come, kindred mourner, in my breast
Soothe these discordant tones to rest,

And breathe the soul of peace;
Mild visitor, I feel thee here,
It is not pain that brings this tear,
For thou hast bid it cease.

Oh! many a year has pass'd away
Since I, beneath thy fairy ray
Attun'd my infant reed.
When wilt thou, Time, those days restore,
Those happy moments now no more—

* * * * * *

When on the lake's damp marge I lay,
And mark'd the northern meteor's dance,
Bland Hope and Fancy, ye were there
To inspirate my trance.
Twin sisters, faintly now ye deign
Your magic sweets on me to shed,
In vain your powers are now essay'd
To chase superior pain.

And art thou fled, thou welcome orb?
So swiftly pleasure flies;
So to mankind, in darkness lost,
The beam of ardour dies.
Wan Moon, thy nightly task is done,
And now, encurtain'd in the main,
Thou sinkest into rest;
But I, in vain, on thorny bed
Shall woo the god of soft repose—

* * * * * * *

FRAGMENT.

Loud rage the winds without.—The wintry cloud
O'er the cold north star casts her flitting shroud;
And Silence, pausing in some snow-clad dale,
Starts as she hears, by fits, the shrieking gale;
Where now, shut out from every still retreat,
Her pine-clad summit, and her woodland seat,
Shall Meditation, in her saddest mood,
Retire o'er all her pensive stores to brood?
Shivering and blue the peasant eyes askance
The drifted fleeces that around him dance,
And hurries on his half-averted form,
Stemming the fury of the sidelong storm.
Him soon shall greet his snow-topt [cot of thatch,]
Soon shall his 'numb'd hand tremble on the latch,
Soon from his chimney's nook the cheerful flame
Diffuse a genial warmth throughout his frame;
Round the light fire, while roars the north wind loud,
What merry groups of vacant faces crowd;
These hail his coming—these his meal prepare,
And boast in all that cot no lurking care.

What, though the social circle be denied,
Even Sadness brightens at her own fire-side,
Loves, with fixed eye, to watch the fluttering blaze,
While musing Memory dwells on former days;
Or Hope, bless'd spirit! smiles—and still forgiven,
Forgets the passport, while she points to Heaven.

Then heap the fire —shut out the biting air,
And from its station wheel the easy chair:
Thus fenced and warm, in silent fit, 'tis sweet
To hear without the bitter tempest beat
All, all alone—to sit, and muse, and sigh,
The pensive tenant of obscurity.

* * * * * * *

FRAGMENT.

Oh! thou most fatal of Pandora's train,
Consumption! silent cheater of the eye;
Thou com'st not robed in agonizing pain,
Nor mark'st thy course with Death's de'usive dye,
But silent and unnoticed thou dost lie;
O'er life's soft springs thy venom dost diffuse,
And, while thou giv'st new lustre to the eye,
While o'er the cheek are spread health's ruddy hues,
Even then life's little rest thy cruel power subdues.

Oft I've beheld thee, in the glow of youth
Hid 'neath the blushing roses which there bloom'd,
And dropp'd a tear, for then thy cankering tooth
I knew would never stay, till all consumed,
In the cold vault of death he were entomb'd.
But oh! what sorrow did I feel, as swift,
Insidious ravager, I saw thee fly

Through fair Lucina's breast of whitest snow,
Preparing swift her passage to the sky.
Though still intelligence beam'd in the glance,
The liquid lustre of her fine blue eye;
Yet soon did languid listlessness advance,
And soon she calmly sunk in death's repugnant trance.

Even when her end was swiftly drawing near
And dissolution hover'd o'er her head:
Even then so *beauteous* did her form appear
That none who saw her but admiring said,
Sure so much beauty never could be dead.
Yet the dark lash of her expressive eye,
Bent lowly down upon the languid——

* * * * * * *

SONNETS.

TO CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

Lofft, unto thee one tributary song
The simple Muse, admiring, fain would bring;
She longs to lisp thee to the listening throng,
And with thy name to bid the woodlands ring.

Fain would she blazon all thy virtues forth,
Thy warm philanthropy, thy justice mild,
Would say how thou didst foster kindred worth,
And to thy bosom snatch'd Misfortune's child;
Firm she would paint thee, with becoming zeal,
Upright, and learned, as the Pylian sire,
Would say how sweetly thou couldst sweep the lyre,
And show thy labours for the public weal.
Ten thousand virtues tell with joys supreme,
But ah! she shrinks abash'd before the arduous theme.

TO THE MOON.

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER.

Sublime, emerging from the misty verge
Of the horizon dim, thee, Moon, I hail,
As sweeping o'er the leafless grove the gale
Seems to repeat the year's funeral dirge.
Now Autumn sickens on the languid sight,
And leaves bestrew the wanderer's lonely way,
Now unto thee, pale arbitress of night,
With double joy my homage do I pay.
When clouds disguise the glories of the day,
And stern November sheds her boisterous blight,
How doubly sweet to mark the moony ray
Shoot through the mist from the ethereal height,
And, *still unchanged*, back to the memory bring
The smiles Favonian of life's earliest spring.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

FAST from the West the fading day-streaks fly,
And ebon Night assumes her solemn sway,
Yet here alone, unheeding time, I lie,
And o'er my friend still pour the plaintive lay.
Oh! 'tis not long since, George, with thee I woo'd
The maid of musings by yon moaning wave,
And hail'd the moon's mild beam, which now renew'd,
Seems sweetly sleeping on thy silent grave!
The busy world pursues its boisterous way
The noise of revelry still echoes round,
Yet I am sad while all beside is gay;
Yet still I weep o'er thy deserted mound.
Oh! that, like thee, I might bid sorrow cease,
And 'neath the green-sward sleep the sleep of peace.

TO MISFORTUNE.

MISFORTUNE, I am young, my chin is bare,
And I have wonder'd much when men have told,
How youth was free from sorrow and from care,
That thou shouldst dwell with me and leave the old.

Sure dost not like me !—Shrivell'd hag of hate,
My phiz, and thanks to thee, is sadly long;
I am not either, Beldam, over strong;
Nor do I wish at all to be thy mate,
For thou, sweet Fury, art my utter hate.
Nay, shake not thus thy miserable pate,
I am yet young, and do not like thy face;
And, lest thou should'st resume the wild-goose chase,
I'll tell thee something all thy heat to assuage,
—Thou wilt not hit my fancy in my age.

As thus oppress'd with many a heavy care,
(Though young yet sorrowful,) I turn my feet
To the dark woodland, longing much to greet
The form of Peace, if chance she sojourn there;
Deep thought and dismal, verging to despair,
Fills my sad breast; and, tired with this vain coil,
I shrink dismay'd before life's upland toil.
And as amid the leaves the evening air
Whispers still melody,—I think ere long,
When I no more can hear, these woods will speak;
And then a sad smile plays upon my cheek,
And mournful phantasies upon me throng,
And I do ponder with most strange delight,
On the calm slumbers of the dead man's night.

TO APRIL.

Emblem of life! see changeful April sail
In varying vest along the shadowy skies,
Now bidding Summer's softest zephyrs rise,
Anon, recalling Winter's stormy gale,
And pouring from the cloud her sudden hail;
Then, smiling through the tear that dims her eyes,
While Iris with her braid the welkin dyes,
Promise of sunshine, not so prone to fail.
So, to us, sojourners in Life's low vale,
The smiles of Fortune flatter to deceive,
While still the Fates the web of Misery weave;
So Hope exultant spreads her aery sail,
And from the present gloom the soul conveys
To distant summers and far happier days.

Ye unseen spirits, whose wild melodies,
At even rising slow, yet sweetly clear,
Steal on the musing poet's pensive ear,
As by the wood-spring stretch'd supine he lies,
When he who now invokes you low is laid,
His tired frame resting on the earth's cold bed,
Hold ye your nightly visions o'er his head,
And chant a dirge to his reposing shade!
For he was wont to love your madrigals;

And often by the haunted stream that laves
The dark sequester'd woodland's inmost caves,
Would sit and listen to the dying falls,
Till the full tear would quiver in his eye,
And his big heart would heave with mournful ecstacy.

TO A TAPER.

'Tis midnight—On the globe dead slumber sits,
And all is silence—in the hour of sleep;
Save when the hollow gust, that swells by fits,
In the dark wood roars fearfully and deep.
I wake alone to listen and to weep,
To watch, my taper, thy pale beacon burn;
And, as still Memory does her vigils keep,
To think of days that never can return.
By thy pale ray I raise my languid head,
My eye surveys the solitary gloom;
And the sad meaning tear, unmix'd with dread,
Tells thou dost light me to the silent tomb.
Like thee I wane;—like thine my life's last ray
Will fade in loneliness, unwept, away.

TO MY MOTHER.

And canst thou, *Mother*, for a moment think,
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,

Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought!—where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

Yes, 'twill be over soon.—This sickly dream
Of life will vanish from my feverish brain;
And death my wearied spirit will redeem
From this wild region of unvaried pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as before,—
Yon landscape smile,—yon golden harvest grow,—
Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar
When Henry's name is heard no more below.
I sigh when all my youthful friends caress,
They laugh in health, and future evils brave;
Them shall a wife and smiling children bless,
While I am mouldering in my silent grave.
God of the just—Thou gavest the bitter cup;
I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

TO CONSUMPTION.

Gently, most gently, on thy victim's head,
Consumption, lay thine hand!—let me decay,
Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away.
And softly go to slumber with the dead.
And if 'tis true, what holy men have said,
That strains angelic oft foretell the day
Of death, to those good men who fall thy prey,
O let the aerial music round my bed,
Dissolving sad in dying symphony,
Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear:
That I may bid my weeping friends good-by
Ere I depart upon my journey drear:
And, smiling faintly on the painful past,
Compose my decent head, and breathe my last.

TRANSLATED

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DESBARREAUX.

Thy judgments, Lord, are just; thou lov'st to wear
The face of pity and of love divine;
But mine is guilt—thou must not, canst not spare,
While Heaven is true, and equity is thine.
Yes, oh my God!—such crimes as mine, so dread,
Leave but the choice of punishment to thee;
Thy interest calls for judgment on my head,
And even thy mercy dares not plead for me!

Thy will be done—since 'tis thy glory's due,
Did from mine eyes the endless torrents flow;
Smite—it is time—though endless death ensue,
I bless the avenging hand that lays me low.
But on what spot shall fall thine anger's flood,
That has not first been drench'd in Christ's atoning blood?

HYMN.

The Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves—and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar!
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

Howl, winds of night! your force combine!
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

HYMN.

The Lord our God is Lord of all,
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall!
I hear him in the wind!

If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.

He lives, he reigns in every land,
From winter's polar snows
To where, across the burning sand,
The blasting meteor glows!

He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die;
We hang upon his word:—
He rears his red right arm on high,
And ruin bares the sword.

He bids his blasts the fields deform—
Then when his thunders cease,
Sits like an angel 'mid the storm,
And smiles the winds to peace!

HYMN.

Through sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie,
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To see its kindred sky.

These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

HYMN.

A FRAGMENT.

Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Fight the fight, and worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians; will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?

* * * *

HYMN.

Christians! brethren! ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

Christians! we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Brethren, we shall meet again.

Now to God, the Three in One,
Be eternal glory done;
Raise, ye saints, the sound again:
Ye nations, join the loud Amen.

SONNET.

Poor little one! most bitterly did pain,
And life's worst ills, assail thine early age;
And, quickly tired with this rough pilgrimage,
Thy wearied spirit did its heaven regain.
Moaning, and sickly, on the lap of life
Thou laid'st thine aching head, and thou didst sigh
A little while, ere to its kindred sky
Thy soul return'd, to taste no more of strife!
Thy lot was happy, little sojourner!
Thou hadst no mother to direct thy ways;
And fortune frown'd most darkly on thy days,
Short as they were. Now, far from the low stir
Of this dim spot, in heaven thou dost repose,
And look'st and smilest on this world's transient woes.

TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS,

Who, when Henry reasoned with him calmly, asked,

" If he did not feel for him ?"

" Do I not feel ?" The doubt is keen as steel.
Yea, I do feel—most exquisitely feel;
My heart can weep, when from my downcast eye
I chase the tear, and stem the rising sigh:
Deep buried there I close the rankling dart,
And smile the most when heaviest is my heart.
On this I act—whatever pangs surround,
'Tis magnanimity to hide the wound!
When all was new, and life was in its spring,
I lived an unloved solitary thing;
Even then I learn'd to bury deep from day,
The piercing cares that wore my youth away:
Even then I learn'd for others' cares to feel;
Even then I wept I had not power to heal:
Even then, deep-sounding through the mighty gloom,
I heard the wretched's groan, and mourn'd the wretched's doom,
Who were my friends in youth?—The midnight fire—
The silent moon-beam, or the starry choir;
To these I 'plained, or turn'd from outer sight,
To bless my lonely taper's friendly light;

I never yet could ask, howe'er forlorn,
For vulgar pity mix'd with vulgar scorn;
The sacred source of wo I never ope,
My breast's my coffer, and my God's my hope.
But that I *do* feel, Time, my friend, will show,
Though the cold crowd the secret never know;
With them I laugh—yet, when no eye can see,
I weep for nature, and I weep for thee.
Yes, thou didst wrong me, * * *; I fondly thought
In thee I'd found the friend my heart had sought!
I fondly thought, that thou couldst pierce the guise,
And read the truth that in my bosom lies;
I fondly thought ere Time's last days were gone,
Thy heart and mine had mingled into one!
Yes—and they yet will mingle. Days and years
Will fly, and leave us partners in our tears:
We then shall feel that friendship has a power
To soothe affliction in her darkest hour;
Time's trial o'er, shall clasp each other's hand,
And wait the passport to a better land.

Thine,

H. K. WHITE.

Half past Eleven o'Clock at Night.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

Yet once more, and once more, awake my Harp,
From silence and neglect—one lofty strain,
Lofty, yet wilder than the winds of Heaven,
And seeking mysteries more than words can tell,

I ask of thee, for I, with hymnings high,
Would join the dirge of the departing year.
Yet with no wintry garland from the woods,
Wrought of the leafless branch, or ivy sear,
Wreathe I thy tresses, dark December! now;
Me higher quarrel calls, with loudest song,
And fearful joy, to celebrate the day
Of the Redeemer.—Near two thousand suns
Have set their seals upon the rolling lapse
Of generations, since the day-spring first
Beamed from on high!—Now to the mighty mass
Of that increasing aggregate we add
One unit more. Space, in comparison,
How small, yet mark'd with how much misery;
Wars, famines, and the fury, Pestilence,
Over the nations hanging her dread scourge;
The oppress'd too, in silent bitterness,
Weeping their sufferance; and the arm of wrong,
Forcing the scanty portion from the weak,
And steeping the lone widow's couch with tears.

So has the year been character'd with wo
In Christian land, and mark'd with wrongs and crimes;
Yet 'twas not thus *He* taught—not thus *He* lived,
Whose birth we this day celebrate with prayer
And much thanksgiving.—He, a man of woes,
Went on the way appointed,—path, though rude,
Yet borne with patience still:—He came to cheer
The broken-hearted, to raise up the sick,
And on the wandering and benighted mind

To pour the light of truth.—O task divine!
O more than angel teacher! He had words
To soothe the barking waves, and hush the winds;
And when the soul was toss'd in troubled seas,
Wrapp'd in thick darkness and the howling storm,
He, pointing to the star of peace on high,
Arm'd it with holy fortitude, and bade it smile
At the surrounding wreck.——
When with deep agony his heart was rack'd,
Not for himself the tear-drop dew'd his cheek,
For *them* He wept, for *them* to Heaven He pray'd,
His persecutors—" Father, pardon them,
They know not what they do."
Angels of Heaven,
Ye who beheld Him fainting on the cross,
And did him homage, say, may mortal join
The hallelujahs of the risen God?
Will the faint voice and grovelling song be heard
Amid the seraphim in light divine?
Yes, He will deign, the Prince of Peace will deign,
For mercy, to accept the hymn of faith,
Low though it be and humble.—Lord of life,
The Christ, the Comforter, thine advent now
Fills my uprising soul.—I mount, I fly
Far o'er the skies, beyond the rolling orbs;
The bonds of flesh dissolve, and earth recedes,
And care, and pain, and sorrow are no more.

* * * * * *

Dec 25th, 1804.

NELSONI MORS.

Yet once again, my Harp, yet once again,
One ditty more, and on the mountain ash
I will again suspend thee. I have felt
The warm tear frequent on my cheek, since last,
At eventide, when all the winds were hush'd,
I woke to thee the melancholy song.
Since then with *Thoughtfulness*, a maid severe,
I've journey'd, and have learn'd to shape the freaks
Of frolic fancy to the line of truth;
Not unrepining, for my froward heart,
Still turns to thee, mine Harp, and to the flow
Of spring-gales past—the woods and storied haunts
Of my not songless boyhood.—Yet once more,
Not fearless, I will wake thy tremulous tones,
My long neglected Harp.—He must not sink;
The good, the brave—he must not, shall not sink
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Though from the Muse's chalice I may pour
No precious dews of Aganippe's well,
Or Castaly,—though from the morning cloud
I fetch no hues to scatter on his hearse:
Yet will I wreathe a garland for his brows,
Of simple flowers, such as the hedge-rows scent
Of Britain, my loved country; and with tears
Most eloquent, yet silent, I will bathe

Thy honour'd corse, my *Nelson*, tears as warm
And *honest* as the ebbing blood that flow'd
Fast from thy *honest* heart.—Thou, Pity, too,
If ever I have loved, with faltering step,
To follow thee in the cold and starless night,
To the top-crag of some rain-beaten cliff;
And as I heard the deep gun bursting loud
Amid the pauses of the storm, have pour'd
Wild strains, and mournful, to the hurrying winds,
The dying soul's *viaticum;* if oft
Amid the carnage of the field I've sate
With thee upon the moonlight throne, and sung
To cheer the fainting soldier's dying soul,
With mercy and forgiveness—visitant
Of Heaven—sit thou upon my harp,
And give it feeling, which were else too cold
For argument so great, for theme so high.
How dimly on that morn the sun arose,
Kerchief'd in mists, and tearful, when——

* * * * * * *

HYMN.

In Heaven we shall be purified, so as to be able to endure the splendours of the Deity.

I.

Awake, sweet harp of Judah, wake,
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake;

We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield, and hiding-place.

II.

When God's right arm is bared for war,
And thunders clothe his cloudy car,
Where, where, oh where, shall man retire,
To escape the horrors of his ire?

III.

'Tis he, the Lamb, to him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by;
God sees his Well-beloved's face,
And spares us in our hiding-place.

IV.

Thus while we dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen;
To him, though guilty, still we run,
And God still spares us for his Son.

V.

While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow;
Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race,
We deeply need a hiding-place.

VI.

Yet courage—days and years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside;

Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
And wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood.

VII.

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.

The last stanza of this hymn was added extemporaneously, by Henry, one summer evening, when he was with a few friends on the Trent, and singing it as he was used to do on such occasions.

A HYMN

FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

I.

O Lord, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

II.

And wilt thou bend a listening ear,
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

III.

And, Jesus, thou thy smiles will deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

IV.

O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace!

V.

Thus chasten'd, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led;
The Sun of Holiness shall shine,
In glory on our head.

VI.

And thou will turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

I.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

II.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

III.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

IV.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

V.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

VI.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star!—The Star of Bethlehem!

A HYMN.

O Lord, my God, in mercy turn,
In mercy hear a sinner mourn!
To thee I call, to thee I cry,
O leave me, leave me not to die!

I strove against thee, Lord, I know,
I spurn'd thy grace, I mock'd thy *law;*
The hour is past—the day's gone by,
And I am left alone to die.

O pleasures past, what are ye now
But thorns about my bleeding brow!
Spectres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain.

For pleasure I have given my soul;
Now, Justice, let thy thunders roll!
Now Vengeance smile—and with a blow,
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

Yet, Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling,
I'll crowd beneath his sheltering wing;
I'll clasp the cross, and holding there,
Even me, oh bliss!—his wrath may spare.

MELODY.

Inserted in a Collection of Selected and Original Songs, published by the Rev. J. Plumptre, of Clare Hall, Cambridge.

I.

Yes, once more that dying strain,
Anna, touch thy lute for me;
Sweet, when Pity's tones complain,
Doubly sweet is melody.

II.

While the Virtues thus enweave
Mildly soft the thrilling song,
Winter's long and lonesome eve
Glides unfelt, unseen, along.

III.

Thus when life hath stolen away,
And the wintry night is near,
Thus shall Virtue's friendly ray
Age's closing evening cheer.

SONG.—BY WALLER.

A lady of Cambridge lent Waller's Poems to Henry, and when he returned them to her, she discovered an additional Stanza written by him at the bottom of the Song here copied.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time on me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

[Yet, though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
And teach the Maid
That Goodness Time's rude hand defies;
That Virtue lives when Beauty dies.]

H. K. WHITE.

"I AM PLEASED, AND YET I'M SAD."

I.

WHEN twilight steals along the ground,
And all the bells are ringing round,
One, two, three, four, and five,
I at my study-window sit,
And, wrapp'd in many a musing fit,
To bliss am all alive.

II.

But though impressions calm and sweet
Thrill round my heart a holy heat,
And I am inly glad,
The tear-drop stands in either eye,
And yet I cannot tell thee why,
I am pleased, and yet I'm sad.

III.

The silvery rack that flies away
Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,

Does that disturb my breast?
Nay, what have I, a studious man,
To do with life's unstable plan.
Or pleasure's fading vest?

IV.

Is it that here I must not stop,
But o'er yon blue hill's woody top
Must bend my lonely way?
No, surely no! for give but me
My own fire-side, and I shall be
At home where'er I stray.

V.

Then is it that yon steeple there,
With music sweet shall fill the air,
When thou no more canst hear?
Oh, no! oh, no! for then forgiven
I shall be with my God in Heaven,
Released from every fear.

VI.

Then whence it is I cannot tell,
But there is some mysterious spell
That holds me when I'm glad;
And so the tear-drop fills my eye,
When yet in truth I know not why,
Or wherefore I am sad.

SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,
With hallow'd airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale;
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too;
I start, and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

If far from me the Fates remove
Domestic peace, connubial love,
The prattling ring, the social cheer,
Affection's voice, affection's tear,
Ye sterner powers, that bind the heart,
To me your iron aid impart!
O teach me, when the nights are chill,
And my fire-side is lone and still;
When to the blaze that crackles near,
I turn a tired and pensive ear,
And Nature conquering bids me sigh,
For love's soft accents whispering nigh;
O teach me, on that heavenly road,
That leads to Truth's occult abode,
To wrap my soul in dreams divine,
Till earth and care no more be mine.
Let bless'd Philosophy impart
Her soothing measures to my heart;
And while with Plato's ravish'd ears
I list the music of the spheres,
Or on the mystic symbols pore,
That hide the Chald's sublimer lore,
I shall not brood on summers gone,
Nor think that I am all alone.

Fanny! upon thy breast I may not lie!
Fanny! thou dost not hear me when I speak!
Where art thou, love?—Around I turn my eye,
And as I turn, the tear is on my cheek.

Was it a dream? or did my love behold
Indeed my lonely couch?—Methought the breath
Fann'd not her bloodless lip; her eye was cold
And hollow, and the livery of death
Invested her pale forehead.—Sainted maid!
My thoughts oft rest with thee in thy cold grave,
Through the long wintry night, when wind and wave
Rock the dark house where thy poor head is laid.
Yet, hush! my fond heart, hush! there is a shore
Of better promise; and I know at last,
When the long sabbath of the tomb is past,
We two shall meet in Christ—to part no more.

POEMS

OF

VARIOUS DATES.

CHILDHOOD:

A POEM.

This appears to be one of the Author's earliest productions: written about the age of fourteen.

PART I.

Pictured in memory's mellowing glass how sweet
Our infant days, our infant joys to greet;
To roam in fancy in each cherish'd scene,
The village church-yard, and the village-green,
The woodland walk remote, the greenwood glade,
The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn's shade,
The white-wash'd cottage, where the woodbine grew,
And all the favourite haunts our childhood knew!
How sweet, while all the evil shuns the gaze,
To view th' unclouded skies of former days!

Beloved age of innocence and smiles,
When each wing'd hour some new delight beguiles.
When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-spring true,
Still finds some insect pleasure to pursue.
Bless'd Childhood, hail!—Thee simply will I sing,
And from myself the artless picture bring;
These long-lost scenes to me the past restore,

Each humble friend, each *pleasure* now no more,
And every stump familiar to my sight
Recalls some fond idea of delight.

This shrubby knoll was once my favourite seat;
Here did I love at evening to retreat,
And muse alone, till in the vault of night,
Hesper, aspiring, show'd his golden light.
Here once again, remote from human noise,
I sit me down to think of former joys; [more,
Pause on each scene, each treasured scene, once
And once again each infant walk explore.
While as each grove and lawn I recognise,
My melted soul suffuses in my eyes.

And oh! thou Power, whose myriad trains resort
To distant scenes, and picture them to thought;
Whose mirror, held unto the mourner's eye,
Flings to his soul a borrow'd gleam of joy;
Bless'd memory, guide, with finger nicely true,
Back to my youth my retrospective view;
Recall with faithful vigour to my mind,
Each face familiar, each relation kind;
And all the finer traits of them afford,
Whose general outline in my heart is stored.

In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls,
In many a fold the mantling woodbine falls,
The village matron kept her little school,
Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule;
Staid was the dame, and modest was her mien;
Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean:

Her neatly border'd cap, as lily fair,
Beneath her chin was pinn'd with decent care;
And pendent ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes,
A pair of spetacles their want supplies;
These does she guard secure in leathern case.
From thoughtless wights, in some unweeted place.

Here first I enter'd, though with toil and pain,
The low vestibule of learning's fane;
Enter'd with pain, yet soon I found the way,
Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display.
Much did I grieve, on that ill-fated morn,
While I was first to school reluctant borne:
Severe I thought the dame, though oft she try'd
To soothe my swelling spirits when I sigh'd;
And oft, when harshly she reproved, I wept,
To my lone corner broken-hearted crept, [kept.
And thought of tender home, where anger never

But soon inured to alphabetic toils,
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;
First at the form, my task for ever true,
A little favourite rapidly I grew:
And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;
And as she gave my diligence its praise,
Talk'd of the honours of my future days.

Oh! had the venerable matron thought
Of all the ills by talent often brought;

Could she have seen me when revolving years
Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears,
Then had she wept, and wish'd my wayward fate
Had been a lowlier, an unletter'd state;
Wish'd that, remote from worldly woes and strife,
Unknown, unheard, I might have pass'd through life.

Where, in the busy scene, by peace unbless'd,
Shall the poor wanderer find a place of rest?
A lonely mariner on the stormy main,
Without a hope, the calms of peace to gain;
Long toss'd by tempest o'er the world's wide shore,
When shall his spirit rest to toil no more?
Not till the light foam of the sea shall lave
The sandy surface of his unwept grave.
Childhood, to thee I turn, from life's alarms,
Serenest season of perpetual calms,—
Turn with delight, and bid the passions cease,
And joy to think with thee I tasted peace.
Sweet reign of innocence when no crime defiles,
But each new object brings attendant smiles;
When future evils never haunt the sight,
But all is pregnant with unmix'd delight;
To thee I turn, from riot and from noise,
Turn to partake of more congenial joys.

'Neath yonder elm, that stands upon the moor,
When the clock spoke the hour of labour o'er,
What clamorous throngs, what happy groups were seen,
In various postures scatt'ring o'er the green!

Some shoot the marble, others join the chase
Of self-made stag, or run the emulous race;
While others, seated on the dappled grass,
With doleful tales the light-winged minutes pass.
Well I remember how, with gesture starch'd,
A band of soldiers, oft with pride we march'd;
For banners, to a tall ash we did bind
Our handkerchiefs, flapping to the whistling wind;
And for our warlike arms we sought the mead,
And guns and spears we made of brittle reed;
Then, in uncouth array, our feats to crown,
We storm'd some ruin'd pig-sty for a town.

Pleased with our gay disports, the dame was wont
To set her wheel before the cottage front,
And o'er her spectacles would often peer,
To view our gambols, and our boyish geer.
Still as she look'd, her wheel kept turning round,
With its beloved monotony of sound.
When tired with play, we'd set us by her side
(For out of school she never knew to chide)—
And wonder at her skill—well known to fame—
For who could match in spinning with the dame?
Her sheets, her linen, which she showed with pride
To strangers, still her thriftiness testified;
Though we poor wights did wonder much in troth,
How 'twas her spinning manufactured cloth.

Oft would we leave, though well-beloved, our play,
To chat at home the vacant hour away.
Many's the time I've scamper'd down the glade,
To ask the promised ditty from the maid,

Which well she loved, as well she knew to sing,
While we around her form'd a little ring;
She told of innocence foredoom'd to bleed,
Of wicked guardians bent on bloody deed,
Or little children murder'd as they slept;
While at each pause we wrung our hands and wept
Sad was such tale, and wonder much did we,
Such hearts of stone there in the world could be
Poor simple wights, ah! little did we ween
The ills that wait on man in life's sad scene!
Ah, little thought that we ourselves should know,
This world's a world of weeping and of wo!

Beloved moment! then 'twas first I caught
The first foundation of romantic thought;
Then first I shed bold Fancy's thrilling tear,
Then first that poesy charm'd mine infant ear.
Soon stored with much of legendary lore,
The sports of Childhood charm'd my soul no more.

Far from the scene of gayety and noise,
Far, far from turbulent and empty joys,
I hied me to the thick o'er-arching shade,
And there, on mossy carpet, listless laid,
While at my feet the rippling runnel ran,
The days of wild romance antique I'd scan;
Soar on the wings of fancy through the air,
To realms of light, and pierce the radiance there.

* * * * *

PART II.

THERE are, who think that childhood does not share
With age the cup, the bitter cup of care:
Alas! they know not this unhappy truth,
That every age, and rank, is born to ruth.

From the first dawn of reason in the mind,
Man is foredoom'd the thorns of grief to find;
At every step has farther cause to know,
The draught of pleasure still is dash'd with wo.

Yet in the youthful breast for ever caught
With some new object for romantic thought,
The impression of the moment quickly flies,
And with the morrow every sorrow dies.

How different manhood!—then does Thought's control
Sink every pang still deeper in the soul;
Then keen Affliction's sad unceasing smart
Becomes a painful resident in the heart;
And Care, whom not the gayest can out-brave,
Pursues its feeble victim to the grave. [hence,
Then, as each long-known friend is summon'd
We feel a void no joy can recompense,
And as we weep o'er every new-made tomb,
Wish that ourselves the next may meet our doom.

Yes, Childhood, thee no rankling woes pursue,
No forms of future ill salute thy view.

No pangs repentant bid thee wake to weep,
But halcyon peace protects thy downy sleep,
And sanguine Hope, through every storm of life,
Shoots her bright beams, and calms the internal strife.
Yet even round childhood's heart, a thoughtless shrine,
Affection's little thread will ever twine;
And though but frail may seem each tender tie,
The soul foregoes them but with many a sigh.
Thus, when the long-expected moment came,
When forced to leave the gentle-hearted dame,
Reluctant throbbings rose within my breast,
And a still tear my silent grief express'd.
When to the public school compell'd to go,
What novel scenes did on my senses flow!
There in each breast each active power dilates,
Which broils whole nations, and convulses states;
There reigns by turns alternate, love and hate,
Ambition burns, and factious rebels prate;
And in a smaller range, a smaller sphere,
The dark deformities of man appear.
Yet there the gentler virtues kindred claim,
There Friendship lights her pure untainted flame,
There mild Benevolence delights to dwell,
And sweet Contentment rests without her cell;
And there, 'mid many a stormy soul, we find
The good of heart, the intelligent of mind.

'Twas there, O, George! with thee I learn'd to join
In Friendship's bands—in amity divine.
Oh, mournful thought!—Where is thy spirit now?
As here I sit on favourite Logar's brow,

And trace below each well-remembered glade,
Where arm in arm, erewhile with thee I stray'd.
Where art thou laid—on what untrodden shore,
Where nought is heard save ocean's sullen roar,
Dost thou in lowly, unlamented state,
At last repose from all the storms of fate?
Methinks I see thee struggling with the wave,
Without one aiding hand stretch'd out to save;
See thee convulsed, thy looks to heaven bend,
And send thy parting sigh unto thy friend;
Or where immeasurable wilds dismay,
Forlorn and sad thou bend'st thy weary way,
While sorrow and disease with anguish rife,
Consume apace the ebbing springs of life.
Again I see his door against thee shut,
The unfeeling native turn thee from his hut;
I see thee spent with toil and worn with grief,
Sit on the grass, and wish the long'd relief;
Then lie thee down, the stormy struggle o'er,
Think on thy native land—and rise no more!

Oh! that thou could'st, from thine august abode,
Survey thy friend in life's dismaying road,
That thou could'st see him at this moment here,
Embalm thy memory with a pious tear,
And hover o'er him as he gazes round,
Where all the scenes of infant joys surround.

Yes! yes! his spirit's near!—The whispering
breeze
Conveys his voice sad sighing on the trees;
And lo! his form transparent I perceive,

Borne on the gray mist of the sullen eve:
He hovers near, clad in the night's dim robe,
While deathly silence reigns upon the globe.
Yet ah! whence comes this visionary scene?
'Tis Fancy's wild ærial dream I ween;
By her inspired, when reason takes its flight,
What fond illusions beam upon the sight!
She waves her hand, and lo! what forms appear!
What magic sounds salute the wondering ear!
Once more o'er distant regions do we tread,
And the cold grave yields up its cherish'd dead;
While present sorrows banish'd far away,
Unclouded azure gilds the placid day,
Or in the future's cloud-encircled face,
Fair scenes of bliss to come we fondly trace,
And draw minutely every little wile,
Which shall the feathery hours of time beguile.

So when forlorn, and lonesome at her gate,
The Royal Mary solitary sate,
And view'd the moon-beam trembling on the wave,
And heard the hollow surge her prison lave,
Towards France's distant coast she bent her sight,
For there her soul had wing'd its longing flight;
There did she form full many a scheme of joy,
Visions of bliss unclouded with alloy,
Which bright through Hope's deceitful optics beam'd,
And all became the surety which it seem'd;
She wept, yet felt, while all within was calm,
In every tear a melancholy charm.

To yonder hill, whose sides, deform'd and steep,

Just yield a scanty sust'nance to the sheep,
With thee, my friend, I oftentimes have sped,
To see the sun rise from his healthy bed;
To watch the aspect of the summer morn,
Smiling upon the golden fields of corn,
And taste delighted of superior joys,
Beheld through Sympathy's enchanted eyes:
With silent admiration oft we view'd [strew'd;
The myriad hues o'er heaven's blue concave
The fleecy clouds, of every tint and shade,
Round which the silvery sun-beam glancing play'd,
And the round orb itself, in azure throne,
Just peeping o'er the blue hill's ridgy zone;
We mark'd delighted, how with aspect gay,
Reviving Nature, hail'd returning day; [heads,
Mark'd how the flowerets rear'd their drooping
And the wild lambkins bounded o'er the meads,
While from each tree, in tones of sweet delight,
The birds sung pæans to the source of light:
Oft have we watch'd the speckled lark arise,
Leave his grass bed, and soar to kindred skies
And rise, and rise, till the pain'd sight no more
Could trace him in his high ærial tour;
Though on the ear, at intervals, his song
Came wafted slow the wary breeze along;
And we have thought how happy were our lot,
Bless'd with some sweet, some solitary cot,
Where, from the peep of day, till russet eve
Began in every dell her forms to weave,
We might pursue our sports from day to day,
And in each other's arms wear life away.

At sultry noon too, when our toils were done,
We to the gloomy glen were wont to run;
There on the turf we lay, while at our feet
The cooling rivulet rippled softly sweet:
And mused on holy theme, and ancient lore
Of deeds, and days, and heroes now no more;
Heard, as his solemn harp Isaiah swept,
Sung wo unto the wicked land—and wept;
Or, fancy-led—saw Jeremiah mourn
In solemn sorrow o'er Judea's urn.
Then to another shore perhaps would rove,
With Plato talk in his Ilyssian grove;
Or, wandering where the Thespian palace rose,
Weep once again o'er fair Jocasta's woes.

Sweet then to us was that romantic band,
The ancient legends of our native land—
Chivalric Britomart, and Una fair,
And courteous Constance, doom'd to dark despair,
By turns our thoughts engaged; and oft we talk'd,
Of times when monarch superstition stalk'd,
And when the blood-fraught galliots of Rome
Brought the grand Druid fabric to its doom:
While, where the wood-hung Meinai's waters flow,
The hoary harpers pour'd the strain of wo.

While thus employ'd, to us how sad the bell [knell,
Which summon'd us to school! 'Twas Fancy's
And, sadly sounding on the sullen ear,
It spoke of study pale, and chilling fear.
Yet even then, (for oh! what chains can bind,
What powers control, the energies of mind!)

Even then we soar'd to many a height sublime,
And many a day-dream charm'd the lazy time.

At evening too, how pleasing was our walk,
Endear'd by Friendship's unrestrained talk,
When to the upland heights we bent our way,
To view the last beam of departing day;
How calm was all around! no playful breeze
Sigh'd mid the wavy foliage of the trees,
But all was still, save when, with drowsy song,
The gray-fly wound his sullen horn along;
And save when, heard in soft, yet merry glee,
The distant church-bells' mellow harmony;
The silver mirror of the lucid brook,
That 'mid the tufted broom its still course took;
The rugged arch, that clasp'd its silent tides,
With moss and rank weeds hanging down its sides:
The craggy rock, that jutted on the sight;
The shrieking bat, that took its heavy flight;
All, all was pregnant with divine delight.
We loved to watch the swallow swimming high,
In the bright azure of the vaulted sky;
Or gaze upon the clouds, whose colour'd pride
Was scatter'd thinly o'er the welkin wide,
And tinged with such variety of shade,
To the charm'd soul sublimest thoughts convey'd.
In these what forms romantic did we trace,
While Fancy led us o'er the realms of space!
Now we espied the Thunderer in his car,
Leading the embattled seraphim to war,
Then stately towers descried, sublimely high,
In Gothic grandeur frowning on the sky—

Or saw, wide stretching o'er the azure height,
A ridge of glaciers dressed in mural white,
Hugely terrific.—But those times are o'er,
And the fond scene can charm mine eyes no more;
For thou art gone, and I am left below,
Alone to struggle through this world of wo.

The scene is o'er—still seasons onward roll,
And each revolve conducts me toward the goal;
Yet all is blank, without one soft relief,
One endless continuity of grief;
And the tired soul, now led to thoughts sublime,
Looks but for rest beyond the bounds of time.

Toil on, toil on, ye busy crowds, that pant
For hoards of wealth which ye will never want:
And, lost to all but gain, with ease resign
The calms of peace and happiness divine!
Far other cares be mine—Men little crave
In this short journey to the silent grave; [health,
And the poor peasant, bless'd with peace and
I envy more than Crœsus with his wealth.
Yet grieve not I, that Fate did not decree
Paternal acres to await on me;
She gave me more, she placed within my breast
A heart with little pleased—with little bless'd:
I look around me, where, on every side,
Extensive manors spread in wealthy pride;
And could my sight be borne to either zone,
I should not find one foot of land my own.

But whither do I wander? shall the muse

For golden baits, her simple theme refuse?
Oh, no! but while the weary spirit greets
The fading scenes of childhood's far-gone sweets,
It catches all the infant's wandering tongue,
And prattles on in desultory song.
That song must close—the gloomy mists of night
Obscure the pale stars' visionary light,
And ebon darkness, clad in vapoury wet,
Steals on the welkin in primæval jet.

The song must close.—Once more my adverse lot
Leads me reluctant from this cherish'd spot:
Again compels to plunge in busy life,
And brave the hateful turbulence of strife.

Scenes of my youth—ere my unwilling feet
Are turn'd for ever from this loved retreat,
Ere on these fields, with plenty cover'd o'er
My eyes are closed to ope on them no more,
Let me ejaculate, to feeling due,
One long, one last affectionate adieu.
Grant that, if ever Providence should please
To give me an old age of peace and ease,
Grant that, in these sequester'd shades, my days
May wear away in gradual decays;
And oh! ye spirits, who unbodied play,
Unseen upon the pinions of the day,
Kind genii of my native fields benign,
Who were * * * *

FRAGMENT

OF AN

ECCENTRIC DRAMA,

WRITTEN AT A VERY EARLY AGE.

THE DANCE OF THE CONSUMPTIVES.

1.

Ding-dong! ding-dong!
Merry, merry, go the bells,
Ding-dong! ding-dong!
Over the heath, over the moor, and over the dale,
"Swinging slow with sullen roar,"
Dance, dance away the jocund roundelay!
Ding-dong, ding-dong, calls us away.

2.

Round the oak, and round the elm,
Merrily foot it o'er the ground!
The sentry ghost it stands aloof,
So merrily, merrily foot it round.
Ding-dong! ding-dong!
Merry, merry go the bells
Swelling in the nightly gale,
The sentry ghost,
It keeps its post,

And soon, and soon our sports must fail:
But let us trip the nightly ground,
While the merry, merry bells ring round.

3.

Hark! hark! the death-watch ticks!
See, see, the winding-sheet!
Our dance is done,
Our race is run,
And we must lie at the alder's feet!
Ding-dong, ding-dong,
Merry, merry go the bells,
Swinging o'er the weltering wave!
And we must seek
Our death-beds bleak,
Where the green sod grows upon the grave.

They vanish—The Goddess of Consumption descends, habited in a sky-blue Robe, attended by mournful Music.

Come, Melancholy, sister mine,
Cold the dews, and chill the night!
Come from thy dreary shrine!
The wan moon climbs the heavenly height,
And underneath the sickly ray,
Troops of squalid spectres play,
And the dying mortals' groan
Startles the night on her dusky throne.
Come, come, sister mine!
Gliding on the pale moon-shine:

We'll ride at ease,
On the tainted breeze,
And oh! our sport will be divine.

The Goddess of Melancholy advances out of a deep Glen in the rear, habited in Black and covered with a thick Veil—She speaks.

Sister, from my dark abode,
Where nests the raven, sits the toad,
Hither I come, at thy command:
Sister, sister, join thy hand!
Sister, sister, join thy hand!
I will smooth the way for thee,
Thou shalt furnish food for me.
Come, let us speed our way
Where the troops of spectres play
To charnel-houses, church-yards drear,
Where Death sits with a horrible leer,
A lasting grin, on a throne of bones,
And skim along the blue tomb-stones.
Come, let us speed away,
Lay our snares, and spread our tether!
I will smooth the way for thee,
Thou shalt furnish food for me;
And the grass shall wave
O'er many a grave,
Where youth and beauty sleep together.

CONSUMPTION.

Come, let us speed our way!
Join our hands, and spread our tether!

I will furnish food for thee,
Thou shalt smooth the way for me;
And the grass shall wave
O'er many a grave,
Where youth and beauty sleep together.

MELANCHOLY.

Hist, sister, hist! who comes here?
Oh! I know her by that tear,
By that blue eye's languid glare,
By her skin, and by her hair:
She is mine,
And she is thine,
Now the deadliest draught prepare.

CONSUMPTION.

In the dismal night air dress'd,
I will creep into her breast;
Flush her cheek, and bleach her skin,
And feed on the vital fire within.
Lover, do not trust her eyes,—
When they sparkle most, she dies!
Mother, do not trust her breath,—
Comfort she will breathe in death!
Father, do not strive to save her,—
She is mine, and I must have her!
The coffin must be her bridal bed;
The winding-sheet must wrap her head;
The whispering winds must o'er her sigh,
For soon in the grave the maid must lie,

The worm it will riot
On heavenly diet,
When death has deflower'd her eye.

[*They vanish.*

While CONSUMPTION *speaks,* ANGELINA *enters.*

ANGELINA.

With* what a silent and dejected pace
Dost thou, wan Moon! upon thy way advance
In the blue welkin's vault!—Pale wanderer!
Hast thou too felt the pangs of hopeless love,
That thus, with such a melancholy grace,
Thou dost pursue thy solitary course?
Has thy Endymion, smooth-faced boy, forsook
Thy widow'd breast—on which the spoiler oft
Has nestled fondly, while the silver clouds
Fantastic pillow'd thee, and the dim night,
Obsequious to thy will, encurtain'd round
With its thick fringe thy couch?—Wan traveller,
How like thy fate to mine!—Yet I have still
One heavenly hope remaining, which thou lack'st;
My woes will soon be buried in the grave
Of kind forgetfulness:—my journey here,
Though it be darksome, joyless, and forlorn,
Is yet but short, and soon my weary feet
Will greet the peaceful inn of lasting rest.
But thou, unhappy Queen! art doom'd to trace

* With how sad steps, O moon! thou climb'st the skies,
How silently and with how wan a face!
Sir P. Sidney

Thy lonely walk in the drear realms of night,
While many a lagging age shall sweep beneath
The leaden pinions of unshaken time;
Though not a hope shall spread its glittering hue
To cheat thy steps along the weary way.

O that the sum of human happiness
Should be so trifling, and so frail withal,
That when possess'd, it is but lessen'd grief;
And even then there's scarce a sudden gust
That blows across the dismal waste of life,
But bears it from the view.—Oh! who would shun
The hour that cuts from earth, and fear to press
The calm and peaceful pillows of the grave,
And yet endure the various ills of life,
And dark vicissitudes!—Soon, I hope, I feel,
And am assured, that I shall lay my head,
My weary aching head, on its last rest,
And on my lowly bed the grass-green sod
Will flourish sweetly.—And then they will weep
That one so young, and what they're pleased to
call
So beautiful, should die so soon—And tell
How painful Disappointment's canker'd fang
Wither'd the rose upon my maiden cheek,
Oh, foolish ones! why, I shall sleep so sweetly,
Laid in my darksome grave, that they themselves
Might envy me my rest!—And as for them
Who, on the score of former intimacy,
May thus remembrance me—they must themselves
Successive fall.
Around the winter fire
(When out-a-doors the biting frost congeals,

And shrill the skater's irons on the pool
Ring loud, as by the moonlight he performs
His graceful evolutions) they not long
Shall sit and chat of older times, and feats
Of early youth, but silent, one by one,
Shall drop into their shrouds.—Some, in their age,
Ripe for the sickle; others young, like me,
And falling green beneath th' untimely stroke.
Thus, in short time, in the church-yard forlorn,
Where I shall lie, my friends will lay them down,
And dwell with me, a happy family.
And oh! thou cruel, yet beloved youth,
Who now hast left me hopeless here to mourn,
Do thou but shed one tear upon my corse,
And say that I was gentle and deserved
A better lover, and I shall forgive
All, all thy wrongs;—and then do thou forget
The hapless Margaret, and be as bless'd [sing,
As wish can make thee—Laugh, and play, and
With thy dear choice, and never think of me.

Yet hist, I hear a step.—In this dark wood—

* * * * *

TO A FRIEND.

WRITTEN AT A VERY EARLY AGE.

I've read, my friend, of Dioclesian,
And many other noble Grecian,
Who wealth and palaces resign'd,
In cots the joys of peace to find;

Maximian's meal of turnip-tops,
(Disgusting food to dainty chops,)
I've also read of, without wonder;
But such a curs'd egregious blunder,
As that a man of wit and sense,
Should leave his books to hoard up pence.—
Forsake the loved Aonian maids,
For all the petty tricks of trades,
I never, either now, or long since,
Have heard of such a piece of nonsense;
That one who learning's joys hath felt,
And at the Muse's altar knelt,
Should leave a life of sacred leisure,
To taste the accumulating pleasure;
And metamorphosed to an alley duck,
Grovel in loads of kindred muck.
Oh! 'tis beyond my comprehension!
A courtier throwing up his pension,—
A lawyer working without a fee,—
A parson giving charity,—
A truly pious methodist preacher,—
Are not, egad, so out of nature.
Had nature made thee half a fool,
But given thee wit to keep a school,
I had not stared at thy backsliding:
But when thy wit I can confide in,
When well I know thy just pretence
To solid and exalted sense;
When well I know that on thy head
Philosophy her lights hath shed,
I stand aghast! thy virtues sum too,
And wonder what this world will come to!

Yet, whence this strain? shall I repine
That thou alone dost singly shine?
Shall I lament that thou alone,
Of men of parts, hast prudence known?

LINES

ON READING THE POEMS OF WARTON.

AGE FOURTEEN.

Oh, Warton! to thy soothing shell,
Stretch'd remote in hermit cell,
Where the brook runs babbling by,
For ever I could listening lie;
And catching all the Muse's fire,
Hold converse with the tuneful quire.

What pleasing themes thy page adorn,
The ruddy streaks of cheerful morn,
The pastoral pipe, the ode sublime,
And Melancholy's mournful chime!
Each with unwonted graces shines
In thy ever-lovely lines.

Thy Muse deserves the lasting meed;
Attuning sweet the Dorian reed,
Now the love-lorn swain complains,
And sings his sorrows to the plains;
Now the Sylvan scenes appear

Through all the changes of the year;
Or the elegiac strain
Softly sings of mental pain,
And mournful diapasons sail
On the faintly-dying gale.

But, ah! the soothing scene is o'er!
On middle flight we cease to soar,
For now the muse assumes a bolder sweep,
Strikes on the lyric string her sorrows deep,
In strains unheard before.
Now, now the rising fire thrills high,
Now, now to heaven's high realms we fly,
And every throne explore;
The soul entranced, on mighty wings,
With all the poet's heat, up springs,
And loses earthly woes;
Till all alarm'd at the giddy height,
The Muse descends on gentler flight,
And lulls the wearied soul to soft repose.

TO THE MUSE.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

I.

Ill-fated maid, in whose unhappy train
Chill poverty and misery are seen,
Anguish and discontent, the unhappy bane
Of life, and blackener of each brighter scene.

Why to thy votaries dost thou give to feel
So keenly all the scorns—the jeers of life?
Why not endow them to endure the strife
With apathy's invulnerable steel, [to heal?
Of self-content and ease, each torturing wound

II.

Ah! who would taste your self-deluding joys,
That lure the unwary to a wretched doom,
That bid fair views and flattering hopes arise,
Then hurl them headlong to a lasting tomb?
What is the charm which leads thy victims on
To persevere in paths that lead to wo?
What can induce them in that rout to go,
In which innumerous before have gone,
And died in misery, poor and wo-begone.

III.

Yet can I ask what charms in thee are found;
I who have drank from thine ethereal rill,
And tasted all the pleasures that abound
Upon Parnassus' loved Aonian hill? [thrill!
I, through whose soul the Muse's strains aye
Oh! I do feel the spell with which I'm tied;
And though our annals fearful stories tell.
How Savage languish'd, and how Otway died,
Yet must I persevere, let whate'er will betide.

TO LOVE.

I.

Why should I blush to own I love?
'Tis love that rules the realms above.
Why should I blush to say to all,
That Virue holds my heart in thrall?

II.

Why should I seek the thickest shade,
Lest Love's dear secret be betray'd?
Why the stern brow deceitful move,
When I am languishing with love?

III.

Is it weakness thus to dwell
On passion that I dare not tell?
Such weakness I would ever prove;
'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet, to love.

THE WANDERING BOY.

A SONG.

I.

When the winter wind whistles along the wild moor,
And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door;
When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye,
Oh, how hard is the lot of the Wandering Boy!

II.

The winter is cold, and I have no vest,
And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast;
No father, no mother, no kindred have I,
For I am a parentless Wandering Boy.

III.

Yet I had a home, and I once had a sire,
A mother who granted each infant desire;
Our cottage it stood in a wood-embower'd vale,
Where the ring-dove would warble its sorrowful tale.

IV.

But my father and mother were summon'd away,
And they left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey;

I fled from their rigour with many a sigh,
And now I'm a poor little Wandering Boy.

V.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale,
And no one will list to my innocent tale;
I'll go to the grave where my parents both lie,
And death shall befriend the poor Wandering Boy.

FRAGMENT.

——————— The western gale,
Mild as the kisses of connubial love,
Plays round my languid limbs, as all dissolved,
Beneath the ancient elm's fantastic shade
I lie, exhausted with the noontide heat:
While rippling o'er his deep-worn pebble bed,
The rapid rivulet rushes at my feet,
Dispensing coolness.—On the fringed marge
Full many a floweret rears its head,—or pink,
Or gaudy daffodil.—'Tis here, at noon,
The buskin'd wood-nymphs from the heat retire,
And lave them in the fountain; here secure
From Pan, or savage satyr, they disport;
Or stretch'd supinely on the velvet turf,
Lull'd by the laden bee, or sultry fly,
Invoke the God of slumber. * * *

* * * * *

And, hark! how merrily, from distant tower,
Ring round the village bells! now on the gale
They rise with gradual swell, distinct and loud;
Anon they die upon the pensive ear,
Melting in faintest music.—They bespeak
A day of jubilee, and oft they bear,
Commix'd along the unfrequented shore,
The sound of village dance and tabor loud,
Startling the musing ear of Solitude.

Such is the jocund wake of Whitsuntide,
When happy Superstition, gabbling eld!
Holds her unhurtful gambols.—All the day
The rustic revellers ply the mazy dance
On the smooth-shaven green, and then at eve
Commence the harmless rites and auguries;
And many a tale of ancient days goes round.
They tell of wizard seer, whose potent spells
Could hold in dreadful thrall the labouring moon,
Or draw the fix'd stars from their eminence,
And still the midnight tempest.—Then anon
Tell of uncharnell'd spectres, seen to glide
Along the lone wood's unfrequented path,
Startling the 'nighted traveller; while the sound
Of undistinguish'd murmurs, heard to come
From the dark centre of the deep'ning glen,
Struck on his frozen ear.

Oh, Ignorance!
Thou art fall'n man's best friend! With thee he speeds
In frigid apathy along his way,

And never does the tear of agony
Burn down his scorching cheek; or the keen steel
Of wounded feeling penetrate his breast.

Even now, as leaning on this fragrant bank,
I taste of all the keener happiness
Which sense refined affords—Even now, my heart
Would fain induce me to forsake the world,
Throw off these garments, and in shepherd's
weeds,
With a small flock, and short suspended reed,
To sojourn in the woodland.—Then my thought
Draws such gay pictures of ideal bliss,
That I could almost err in reason's spite,
And trespass on my judgment.

Such is life;
The distant prospect always seems more fair,
And when attain'd, another still succeeds,
Far fairer than before,—yet compass'd round
With the same dangers, and the same dismay.
And we poor pilgrims in this dreary maze,
Still discontented, chase the fairy form
Of unsubstantial Happiness, to find,
When life itself is sinking in the strife,
'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat.

ODE,

WRITTEN ON WHIT-MONDAY.

Hark! how the merry bells ring jocund round,
And now they die upon the veering breeze;
Anon they thunder loud
Full on the musing ear.

Wafted in varying cadence, by the shore
Of the still twinkling river, they bespeak
A day of Jubilee,
An ancient holiday.

And, lo! the rural revels are begun,
And gaily echoing to the laughing sky,
On the smooth-shaven green,
Resounds the voice of Mirth.

Alas! regardless of the tongue of Fate,
That tells them 'tis but as an hour since they
Who now are in their graves,
Kept up the Whitsun dance.

And that another hour, and they must fall
Like those who went before, and sleep as still
Beneath the silent sod,
A cold and cheerless sleep.

Yet why should thoughts like these intrude to scare
The vagrant Happiness, when she will deign
To smile upon us here,
A transient visitor?

Mortals! be gladsome while ye have the power,
And laugh and seize the glittering lapse of joy;
In time the bell will toll
That warns ye to your graves.

I to the woodland solitude will bend [shout
My lonesome way—where Mirth's obstreporous
Shall not intrude to break
The meditative hour.

There will I ponder on the state of man,
Joyless and sad of heart, and consecrate
This day of jubilee
To sad reflection's shrine:

And I will cast my fond eye far beyond
This world of care, to where the steeple loud
Shall rock above the sod,
Where I shall sleep in peace.

CANZONET.

I.

Maiden! wrap thy mantle round thee,
Cold the rain beats on thy breast:
Why should Horror's voice astound thee?
Death can bid the wretched rest!

All under the tree
Thy bed may be,
And thou may'st slumber peacefully.

II.

Maiden ! once gay Pleasure knew thee;
Now thy cheeks are pale and deep:
Love has been a felon to thee,
Yet, poor maiden, do not weep:
There's rest for thee
All under the tree,
Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully.

COMMENCEMENT OF A POEM

ON DESPAIR.

Some to Aonian lyres of silver sound
With winning elegance attune their song,
Form'd to sink lightly on the soothed sense,
And charm the soul with softest harmony:
'Tis then that Hope with sanguine eye is seen
Roving through Fancy's gay futurity;
Her heart light dancing to the sounds of pleasure,
Pleasure of days to come.—Memory, too, then
Comes with her sister, Melancholy sad,
Pensively musing on the scenes of youth,
Scenes never to return.*

* Alluding to the two pleasing poems, the Pleasures of Hope and of Memory.

Such subjects merit poets used to raise
The attic verse harmonious; but for me
A dreadlier theme demands my backward hand
And bids me strike the strings of dissonance
With frantic energy.
'Tis wan Despair I sing; if sing I can
Of him before whose blast the voice of Song,
And Mirth, and Hope, and Happiness all fly,
Nor ever dare return. His notes are heard
At noon of night, where on the coast of blood,
The lacerated son of Angola
Howls forth his sufferings to the moaning wind,
And, when the awful silence of the night
Strikes the chill death-dew to the murderer's heart
He speaks in every conscience-prompted word
Half utter'd, half suppress'd—
'Tis him I sing—Despair—terrific name,
Striking unsteadily the tremulous chord
Of timorous terror—discord in the sound:
For to a theme revolting as is this,
Dare not I woo the maids of harmony,
Who love to sit and catch the soothing sound
Of lyre Æolian, or the martial bugle,
Calling the hero to the field of glory,
And firing him with deeds of high emprise,
And warlike triumph: but from scenes like mine
Shrink they affrighted, and detest the bard
Who dares to sound the hollow tones of horror.
Hence, then, soft maids,
And woo the silken zephyr in the bowers
By Heliconia's sleep-inviting stream:
For aid like yours I seek not; 'tis for powers

Of darker hue to inspire a verse like mine!
'Tis work for wizards, sorcerers, and fiends!

Hither, ye furious imps of Acheron,
Nurslings of hell, and beings shunning light,
And all the myriads of the burning concave;
Souls of the damned;—Hither, oh! come and join
The infernal chorus. 'Tis Despair I sing!
He, whose sole tooth inflicts a deadlier pang
Than all your tortures join'd. Sing, sing Despair!
Repeat the sound, and celebrate his power:
Unite shouts, screams, and agonizing shrieks,
Till the loud pæan ring through hell's high vault,
And the remotest spirits of the deep
Leap from the lake, and join the dreadful song.

TO THE WIND,

AT MIDNIGHT.

Not unfamiliar to mine ear,
Blasts of the night! ye howl as now
My shuddering casement loud
With fitful force ye beat.

Mine ear has dwelt in silent awe,
The howling sweep, the sudden rush;
And when the passing gale
Pour'd deep the hollow dirge.

Once more I listen; sadly communing
Within me,—once more mark, storm-clothed,
The moon as the dark cloud
Glides rapidly away.

I, deeming that the voice of spirits dwells
In these mysterious moans, in solemn thought
Muse in the choral dance,
The dead man's Jubilee.

Hark! how the spirit knocks,—how loud—
Even at my window knocks,—again:—
I cannot—dare not sleep,—
It is a boisterous night.

I would not, at this moment, be
In the drear forest-groves, to hear
This uproar and rude song
Ring o'er the arched aisles.

The ear doth shudder at such sounds
As the embodied winds, in their disport,
Wake in the hollow woods,
When man is gone to sleep.

There have been heard unchristian shrieks,
And rude distemper'd merriment,
As though the autumnal woods
Were all in morrice-dance.

There's mystery in these sounds, and I
Love not to have the grave disturb'd;

And dismal trains arise
From the unpeopled tombs.

Spirits, I pray ye, let them sleep
Peaceful in their cold graves, nor waft
The sear and whispering leaf
From the inhumed breast.

SONNET.

TO DECEMBER.

Dark-visaged visitor! who comest here
Clad in thy mournful tunic, to repeat [feet,
(While glooms and chilling rains enwrap thy
The solemn requiem of the dying year;
Not undelightful to my list'ning ear [seat,
Sound thy dull showers, as o'er my woodland
Dismal, and drear, the leafless trees they beat:
Not undelightful, in their wild career,
Is the wild music of thy howling blasts, [Time
Sweeping the groves' long aisle, while sullen
Thy stormy mantle o'er his shoulder casts,
And, rock'd upon his throne, with chant sublime,
Joins the full-pealing dirge, and winter weaves
Her dark sepulchral wreath of faded leaves.

THE FAIR MAID OF CLIFTON.

A NEW BALLAD IN THE OLD STYLE.

The night it was dark, and the winds were high,
And mournfully waved the wood,
As Bateman met his Margaret
By Trent's majestic flood.

He press'd the maiden to his breast,
And his heart it was rack'd with fear,
For he knew, that again, 't was a deadly chance
If ever he press'd her there.

"Oh! Margaret, wilt thou bear me true,"
He said, "while I am far away,
For to-morrow I go to a foreign land,
And there I have long to stay."

And the maid she vow'd she would bear him true,
And thereto she plighted her troth;
And she pray'd the fiend might fetch her away,
When she forgot her oath.

And the night-owl scream'd, as again she swore,
And the grove it did mournfully moan,
And Bateman's heart within him sunk,
He thought 't was his dying groan.

And shortly he went with Clifton, his Lord,
To abide in a foreign land;

And Margaret she forgot her oath,
And she gave to another her hand.

Her husband was rich, but old, and crabb'd,
And oft the false one sigh'd,
And wish'd that ere she broke her vow,
She had broken her heart, and died.

And now return'd, her Bateman came
To demand his betrothed bride;
But soon he learn'd that she had sought
A wealthier lover's side.

And when he heard the dreadful news,
No sound he utter'd more,
But his stiffen'd corse, ere the morn, was seen
Hung at his false one's door.

And Margaret, all night, in her bed,
She dreamed hideous dreams;
And oft upon the moaning wind
Were heard her frightful screams.

And when she knew of her lover's death,
On her brow stood the clammy dew,
She thought of her oath, and she thought of her fate,
And she saw that her days were few.

But the Lord He is just, and the guilty alone
Have to fear of his vengeance the lash,
The thunderbolt harms not the innocent head,
While the criminal dies 'neath the flash.

His justice, she knew, would spare her awhile
For the child that she bare in her womb;
But she felt, that when it was born therefrom
She must instantly go to her tomb.

The hour approach'd, and she view'd it with fear
As the date of her earthly time;
And she tried to pray to Almighty God,
To expiate her crime.

And she begg'd her relations would come at the day,
And the parson would pray at her side;
And the clerk would sing a penitent hymn,
With all the singers beside.

And she begg'd they would bar the windows so strong,
And put a new lock to the door;
And sprinkle with holy water the house,
And over her chamber-floor.

And they barr'd with iron the windows so strong,
And they put a new lock on the door;
And the parson he came, and he carefully strew'd
With holy water the floor.

And her kindred came to see the dame,
And the clerk, and the singers beside·
And they did sing a penitent hymn,
And with her did abide.

And midnight came, and shortly the dame
Did give to her child the light;

And then she did pray, that they would stay,
And pass with her the night.

And she begg'd they would sing the penitent hymn,
And pray with all their might;
For sadly I fear, the fiend will be here,
And fetch me away this night.

And now without, a stormy rout,
With howls, the guests did hear;
And the parson he pray'd, for he was afraid
And the singers they quaver'd with fear.

And Marg'ret pray'd the Almighty's aid,
For louder the tempest grew;
And every guest, his soul he bless'd,
As the tapers burned blue.

And the fair again, she pray'd of the men
To sing with all their might;
And they did sing, till the house did ring,
And louder they sung for affright.

But now their song, it died on their tongue,
For sleep it was seizing their sense;
And Marg'ret scream'd, and bid them not sleep,
Or the fiends would bear her thence.

* * * * *

SONG.

THE ROBIN RED-BREAST. A VERY EARLY COMPOSITION.

When the winter wind whistles around my lone
cot,
And my holiday friends have my mansion forgot,
Though a lonely poor being, still do not I pine,
While my poor Robin Red-breast forsakes not my
shrine.

He comes with the morning, he hops on my arm,
For he knows 't is too gentle to do him a harm:
And in gratitude ever beguiles with a lay
The soul-sick'ning thoughts of a bleak winter's day.

What, though he may leave me, when spring
again smiles,
To waste the sweet summer in love's little wiles,
Yet will he remember his fosterer long,
And greet her each morning with one little song.

And when the rude blast shall again strip the trees,
And plenty no longer shall fly on the breeze,
Oh! then he 'll return to his Helena kind, [wind.
And repose in her breast from the rude northern

My sweet little Robin's no holiday guest,
He 'll never forget his poor Helena's breast;
But will strive to repay, by his generous song,
Her love, and her cares, in the winter day long.

WINTER SONG.

Rouse the blazing midnight fire,
Heap the crackling fagots higher;
Stern December reigns without,
With old Winter's blust'ring rout.

Let the jocund timbrels sound,
Push the jolly goblet round;
Care avaunt, with all thy crew,
Goblins dire, and devils blue.

Hark! without the tempest growls.
And the affrighted watch-dog howls,
Witches on their broomsticks sail,
Death upon the whistling gale.

Heap the crackling fagots higher,
Draw your easy chairs still nigher;
And to guard from wizards hoar,
Nail the horse-shoe on the door.

Now repeat the freezing story,
Of the murder'd traveller gory,
Found beneath the yew-tree sear,
Cut, his throat, from ear to ear.

Tell, too, how his ghost, all bloody,
Frighten'd once a neighb'ring goody;
And how, still at twelve he stalks,
Groaning o'er the wild-wood walks.

Then, when fear usurps her sway,
Let us creep to bed away;
Each for ghosts, but little bolder,
Fearfully peeping o'er his shoulder.

SONG.

Sweet Jessy! I would fain caress
That lovely cheek divine;
Sweet Jessy, I'd give worlds to press
That rising breast to mine.

Sweet Jessy! I with passion burn
Thy soft blue eyes to see;
Sweet Jessy, I would die to turn
Those melting eyes on me.

Yet, Jessy, lovely as * * *
Thy form and face appear,
I 'd perish ere I would consent
To buy them with a tear.
* * * * *

SONG.

Oh, that I were the fragrant flower that kisses
My Arabella's breast that heaves on high;
Pleased should I be to taste the transient blisses,
And on the melting throne to faint, and die.

Oh, that I were the robe that loosely covers
Her taper limbs, and Grecian form divine;
Or the entwisted zones, like meeting lovers,
That clasp her waist in many an aery twine

Oh, that my soul might take its lasting station
In her waved hair, her perfumed breath to sip;
Or catch, by chance, her blue eyes' fascination!
Or meet, by stealth, her soft vermillion lip.

But chain'd to this dull being, I must ever
Lament the doom by which I'm hither placed;
Must pant for moments I must meet with never,
And dream of beauties I must never taste.

ON RURAL SOLITUDE.

When wandering, thoughtful, my stray steps at eve
(Released from toil and careless of their way,)
Have reach'd, unwittingly, some rural spot
Where Quiet dwells in cluster'd cottages,
Fast by a wood, or on the river's marge,
I have sat down upon the shady stile,
Half wearied with the long and lonesome walk,
And felt strange sadness steal upon the heart,
And unaccountable.—The rural smells
And sounds speak all of peacefulness and home;
The lazy mastiff, who my coming eyed,
Half balancing 'twixt fondness and distrust,

Recall'd some images, now half forgot,
Of the warm hearth at eve, when flocks are penn'd
And cattle housed, and every labor done.
And as the twilight's peaceful hour closed in,
The spiral smoke ascending from the thatch,
And the eve sparrow's last retiring chirp;
Have brought a busy train of hov'ring thoughts
To recollection,—rural offices,
In younger days and happier times perform'd;
And rural friends, now with their grave-stones carved,
And tales which wore away the winter's night
Yet fresh in memory.—Then my thoughts assume
A different turn, and I am e'en at *home*.
That hut is mine; that cottage half-embower'd
With modest jessamine, and that sweet spot
Of garden-ground, where, ranged in meet array,
Grow countless sweets, the wall-flower and the pink
And the thick thyme-bush—even that is mine:
And that old mulberry that shades the court,
Has been my joy from very childhood up.

* * * * *

In hollow music sighing through the glade,
The breeze of autumn strikes the startled ear,
And fancy, pacing through the woodland shade,
Hears in the gust the requiem of the year.

As with lone tread along the whisp'ring grove
I list the moan of the capricious wind,

I, too, o'er fancy's milky-way would rove,
  But sadness chains to earth my pensive mind.

When by the huddling brooklet's secret brim
  I pause, and woo the dreams of Helicon,
Sudden my saddest thoughts revert to him [gone.
  Who taught that brook to wind, and now is

When by the poets' sacred urns I kneel,
  And rapture springs exultant to my reed,
The pæan dies, and sadder measures steal,
  And grief and Montague demand the meed.

* * * * *

Thou mongrel, who dost show thy teeth, and yelp
  And bay the harmless stranger on his way,
Yet, when the wolf appears, dost roar for help,
  And scamperest quickly from the bloody fray·
Dare but on my fair fame to cast a slur,
  And I will make thee know, unto thy pain,
Thou vile old good-for-nothing cur!
  I, a Laconian dog, can bite again:
Yes, I can make the Daunian tiger flee, [the··
Much more a bragging, foul-mouth'd whelp like
Beware Lycambes', or Bupalus' fate—
The wicked still shall meet my deadly hate;
And know, when once I seize upon my prey,
  I do not languidly my wrongs bemoan;
I do not whine and cant the time away, [bone.
  But, with revengeful gripe, I bite him to the

* * * * *

ODE.

TO THE MORNING STAR.

Many invoke pale Hesper's pensive sway,
When rest supine leans o'er the pillowing clouds,
And the last tinklings come
From the safe folded flock.

But me, bright harbinger of coming day,
Who shone the first on the primeval morn:
Me, thou delightest more—
Chastely luxuriant.

Let the poor silken sons of slothful pride
Press now their downy couch in languid ease,
While visions of dismay
Flit o'er their troubled brain.

Be mine to view, awake to nature's charms,
Thy paly flame evanish from the sky,
As gradual day usurps
The welkin's glowing bounds.

Mine, to snuff up the pure ambrozial breeze,
Which bears aloft the rose-bound car of morn,
And mark his early flight
The rustling skylark wing.

And thou, Hygeia, shalt my steps attend,
Thou, whom distracted, I so lately woo'd,

As on my restless bed
Slow past the tedious night;

And slowly, by the taper's sickly gleam,
Drew my dull curtain; and with anxious eye
Strove through the veil of night
To mark the tardy morn.

Thou, Health, shalt bless me in my early walk
As o'er the upland slope I brush the dew,
And feel the genial thrill
Dance in my lighten'd veins.

And as I mark the Cotter from his shed
Peep out with jocund face—thou, too, Content,
Shalt steal into my breast,
Thy mild, thy placid sway.

Star of the morning! these, thy joys, I'll share,
As rove my pilgrim feet the sylvan haunts;
While to thy blushing shrine
Due orisons shall rise.

THE HERMIT OF THE PACIFIC;

OR, THE HORRORS OF UTTER SOLITUDE.

Oh! who can paint the unspeakable dismay
Of utter Solitude, shut out from all
Of social intercourse.—Oh! who can say
What haggard horrors hold in shuddering thral

Him, who by some Carvaggian waterfall
A shipwreck'd man hath scoop'd his desert cave,
Where Desolation, in her giant pall,
Sits frowning on the ever-falling wave,
That wooes the wretch to dig, by her loud shore,
his grave.

Thou youthful pilgrim, whose untoward feet
Too early hath been torn in life's rough way,
Thou, who endow'd with Fancy's holiest heat,
Seest dark Misfortune cloud thy morning ray:
Though doom'd in penury to pine thy day,
O seek not,—seek not in the glooms to shroud
Of waste, or wilderness—a cast-away—
Where noise intrudes not, save when in the cloud,
Riding sublime, the storm roars fearfully, and loud.

Though man to man be as the ocean shark,
Reckless, and unrelentingly severe; [dark,
Though friendship's cloak must veil the purpose
While the red poinard glimmers in the rear,
Yet, is society most passing dear. [refined
Though mix'd with clouds, its sunshine gleams
Will through the glooms most pleasantly appear
And soothe thee, when thy melancholy mind
Must ask for comfort else of the loud pitiless wind.

Yet is it distant from the Muse's theme
To bid thee fly the rural covert still,
And plunge impetuous in the busy stream,
Of crowds to take of * * joys thy fill.
Ah! no. she wooes thee to attune thy quill

In some low village's remote recess,
Where thou may'st learn—O enviable skill,—
To heal the sick, and soothe the comfortless,
To give, and to receive—be blessed, and to bless.

God unto men hath different powers assign'd—
There be, who love the city's dull turmoil;
There be, who, proud of an ambitious mind,
From lonely Quiet's hermit-walks recoil:
Leave thou these insects to their grov'lling toil—
Thou, whom retired leisure best can please;
For thee, the hazle copse's verdant aisle,
And summer bower, befitting studious ease,
Prepare a keener bliss than they shall ever seize.

Lo, the grey morning climbs the eastern tower,
The dew-drop glistening in her op'ning eye;
Now on the upland lawn salute the hour
That wakes the warbling woods to melody;
There sauntering on the stile, embower'd high
With fragrant hawthorn, and the gadding brier,
Pore on thy book, or cast by fits thine eye
Where far below, hill, dale, and village spire,
And brook, and mead, and wood, far from the sight
retire.

But what are these, *forsaken* and *forlorn?*
'Tis animation breathes the subtle spell—
Hark! from the echoing wood the mellow horn
Winds round from hill to hill, with distant swell
The peasant's matin rises from the dell;
The heavy wagon creaks upon its way,

While tinkling soft the silver-tuning bell
Floats on the gale, or dies by fits away
From the sweet straw-roof'd grange, deep buried from the day.

Man was not made to pine in solitude,
Ensepulchred, and far from converse placed,
Not for himself alone, untamed and rude,
To live the Bittern of the desert waste;
It is not his (by manlier virtues graced)
To pore upon the noontide brook, and sigh,
And weep for aye o'er sorrow uneffaced;
Him social duties call the tear to dry,
And wake the nobler powers of usefulness to ply.

The savage broods that in the forest shroud,
The Pard and Lion mingle with their kind;
And, oh, shall man, with nobler powers endow'd
Shall he, to nature's strongest impulse blind,
Bury in shades his proud immortal mind?
Like the sweet flower, that on some steep rock thrown,
Blossoms forlorn, rock'd by the mountain wind;
A little while it decks the rugged stone,
Then, withering, fades away, unnoticed and unknown!

For ye who, fill'd with fancy's wildest dreams,
Run from the imperious voice of human pride,
And shrinking quick from woe's unheeded screams,
Long in some desert-cell your heads to hide,

Where you may muse from morn to eventide,
Free from the taunts of contumely and scorn,
From sights of woe—the power to soothe denied,
Attend the song which in life's early morn—

* * * * *

ELEGY

Occasioned by the death of Mr. Gill, who was drowned in the river Trent, while bathing, 9th August, 1802.

He sunk—the impetuous river roll'd along,
The sullen wave betray'd his dying breath;
And rising sad the rustling sedge among,
The gale of evening touch'd the chords of death.

Nymph of the Trent! why didst not thou appear,
To snatch the victim from thy felon wave?
Alas! too late thou camest to embalm his bier,
And deck with water-flags his early grave.

Triumphant, riding o'er its tumid prey,
Rolls the red stream in sanguinary pride;
While anxious crowds, in vain, expectant stay,
And ask the swoln corse from the murdering tide.

The stealing tear-drop stagnates in the eye,
The sudden sigh by friendship's bosom proved,

I mark them rise—I mark the gen'ral sigh;
Unhappy youth! and wert thou so beloved?

On thee, as lone I trace the Trent's green brink,
When the dim twilight slumbers on the glade,
On thee my thoughts shall dwell, nor Fancy shrink
To hold mysterious converse with thy shade.

Of thee, as early I, with vagrant feet,
Hail the grey-sandal'd morn in Colwick's vale,
Of thee my sylvan reed shall warble sweet,
And wild-wood echoes shall repeat the tale.

And oh! ye nymphs of Pæon! who preside
O'er running rill and salutary stream,
Guard ye in future well the halcyon tide [scream.
From the rude death-shriek, and the dying

EXTEMPORANEOUS VERSES.

These lines were composed *extempore* soon after the publication of "Clifton Grove," in the presence of an acquaintance who doubted the author's ability to write poetry.

Thou base repiner at another's joy,
Whose eye turns green at merit not thine own,
Oh, far away from generous Britons fly,
And find in meaner climes a fitter throne.
Away, away; it shall not be,

Thou shalt not dare defile our plains;
The truly generous heart disdains
Thy meaner, lowlier fires, while he
Joys at another's joy, and smiles at others' jollity.

Triumphant monster! though thy schemes succeed;
Schemes laid in Acheron, the brood of night,
Yet, but a little while, and nobly freed,
Thy happy victim will emerge to light;
When o'er his head in silence that reposes,
Some kindred soul shall come to drop a tear;
Then will his last cold pillow turn to roses,
Which thou hadst planted with the thorn severe;
Then will thy baseness stand confest, and all [fall.
Will curse the ungen'rous fate, that bade a Poet

* * * * *

Yet, ah! thy arrows are *too* keen, too sure:
Couldst thou not pitch upon another prey?
Alas! in robbing him thou robb'st the poor,
Who only boast what thou wouldst take away.
See the lorn Bard at midnight-study sitting,
O'er his pale features streams his dying lamp;
While o'er fond Fancy's pale perspective flitting,
Successive forms their fleet ideas stamp.
Yet say, is bliss upon his brow imprest? [live?
Does jocund Health in thought's still mansion
Lo, the cold dews that on his temples rest,
That short quick sigh—their sad responses give.

And canst thou rob a Poet of his song?
Snatch from the bard his trivial meed of praise?

Small are his gains, nor does he hold them long:
Then leave, oh, leave him to enjoy his lays
While yet he lives—for, to his merits just,
Though future ages join, his fame to raise,
Will the loud trump awake his cold unheeding dust?

* * * * *

TO POESY.

ADDRESSED TO CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ., SEPT. 10, 1805.

Yes, my stray steps have wander'd, wander'd far
From thee, and long, heart-soothing Poesy!
And many a flower, which in the passing time
My heart hath register'd, nipp'd by the chill
Of undeserved neglect, hath shrunk and died.
Heart-soothing Poesy!—though thou hast ceased
To hover o'er the many-voiced strings
Of my long silent lyre, yet thou canst still
Call the warm tear from its thrice-hallow'd cell,
And with recall'd images of bliss
Warm my reluctant heart.—Yes, I would throw,
Once more would throw, a quick and hurried hand
O'er the responding chords.—It hath not ceased:
It cannot, will not cease; the heavenly warmth
Plays round my heart, and mantles o'er my cheek;
Still, though unbidden, plays.—Fair Poesy!
The summer and the spring, the wind and rain,
Sunshine and storm, with various interchange,
Have mark'd full many a day, and week, and
month,

Since by dark wood, or hamlet far retired,
Spell-struck, with thee I loiter'd.—Sorceress!
I cannot burst thy bonds!—It is but lift
Thy blue eyes to that deep-bespangled vault,
Wreathe thy enchanted tresses round thine arm,
And mutter some obscure and charmed rhyme,
And I could follow thee, on thy night's work,
Up to the regions of thrice-chasten'd fire,
Or in the caverns of the ocean-flood,
Thrid the light mazes of thy volant foot.
Yet other duties call me, and mine ear
Must turn away from the high minstrelsy
Of thy soul-trancing harp, unwillingly
Must turn away; there are severer strains
(And surely they are sweet as ever smote
The ear of spirit, from this mortal coil
Released and disembodied,) there are strains,
Forbid to all, save those whom solemn thought,
Through the probation of revolving years,
And mighty converse with the spirit of truth,
Have purged and purified.—To these my soul
Aspireth; and to this sublimer end
I gird myself, and climb the toilsome steep
With patient expectation.—Yea, sometimes
Foretaste of bliss rewards me; and sometimes
Spirits unseen upon my footsteps wait,
And minister strange music, which doth seem
Now near, now distant, now on high, now low,
Then swelling from all sides, with bliss complete
And full fruition filling all the soul.

Surely such ministry, though rare, may soothe
The steep ascent, and cheat the lassitude
Of toil; and but that my fond heart
Reverts to day-dreams of the summer gone;
When by clear fountain, or embower'd brake,
I lay a listless muser, prizing, far
Above all other lore, the poet's theme;
But for such recollections, I could brace
My stubborn spirit for the arduous path
Of science unregretting; eye afar
Philosophy upon her steepest height,
And with bold step, and resolute attempt,
Pursue her to the innermost recess,
Where throned in light she sits, the Queen of Truth.

I HAVE a wish, and near my heart
That wish lies buried;
To keep it there's a foolish part,
For, oh! it must not be,
It must not, must not be.

Why, my fond heart, why beat'st thou so?
The dream is fair to see—
But, did the lovely flatterer go;
It must not, must not be,
Oh! no, it must not be.

'Tis well this tear in secret falls,
This weakness suits not me;
I know where sterner duty calls—

It must not, cannot be,
Oh! no, it cannot be.

Once more his beagles wake the slumb'ring morn,
And the high woodland echoes to his horn,
As on the mountain cliff the hunter band
Chase the fleet chamois o'er the unknown land;
Or sadly silent, from some jutting steep,
He throws his line into the gulfy deep,
Where, in the wilderness grotesque and drear,
The loud Arve stuns the eve's reposing ear;
Or, if his lost domestic joys arise,
Once more the prattler its endearments tries—
It lisps, "My father!" and as newly prest
Its close embraces meet his lonely breast.
His long-lost partner, too, at length restored,
Leans on his arm, and decks the social board.
Yet still, mysterious on his fever'd brain
The deep impressions of his woes remain; [pale?
He thinks she weeps.—"And why, my love, so
What hidden grief could o'er thy peace prevail,
Or is it fancy—yet thou dost but * * ;"
And then he weeps, and weeps, he knows not why.

Drear winter! who dost knock
So loud and angry on my cottage roof,
In the loud night-storm wrapt, while drifting snows
The cheerless waste invest, and cold, and wide,

Seen by the flitting star, the landscape gleams;
With no unholy awe I hear thy voice,
As by my dying embers, safely housed,
I, in deep silence, muse. Though I am lone,
And my low chimney owns no cheering voice
Of friendly converse; yet not comfortless
Is my long evening, nor devoid of thoughts
To cheat the silent hours upon their way.
There are, who in this dark and fearful night,
Houseless, and cold of heart, are forced to bide
These beating snows, and keen relentless winds—
Wayfaring men, or wanderers whom no home
Awaits, nor rest from travel, save the inn
Where all the journiers of mortal life
Lie down at last to sleep. Yet some there be
Who merit not to suffer.—Infancy,
And sinew-shrinking age, are not exempt
From penury's severest, deadliest gripe.
Oh! it doth chill the eddying heart's blood to see
The guileless cheek of infancy turn'd blue
With the keen cold.—Lo, where the baby hangs
On his wan parent's hand; his shiv'ring skin
Half bare, and opening to the biting gale.
Poor shiverer, to his mother he upturns
A meaning look in silence! then he casts
Askance, upon the howling waste before,
A mournful glance upon the forward way—
But all lies dreary, and cold as hope
In his forsaken breast.

Behold the shepherd boy, who homeward tends,
Finish'd his daily labor.—O'er the path,
Deep overhung with herbage, does he stroll
With pace irregular: by fits he runs,
Then sudden stops with vacant countenance,
And picks the pungent herb, or on the stile
Listlessly sits and twines the reedy whip,
And carols blithe his short and simple song.
Thrice happy idler!—thou hast never known
Refinement's piercing pang; thy joys are small,
Yet are they unalloy'd with bitter thought
And after misery.—As I behold
Thy placid, artless countenance, I feel
Strange envy of thy state, and fain would change
These short, uncommon hours of keener bliss
For thy long day of equal happiness.

Heaven grant no after trials may imprint
Trouble's deep wrinkle on thine open face, [tread
And cloud thy generous features.—May'st thou
In the calm paths through which thy fathers trod,
To their late graves of honorable rest:
So will thy lot be happy. So the hour
Of death come clad in loveliness and joy;
And as thou lay'st down thy blanched head
Beneath the narrow mound, affection's hand
Will bend the osier o'er thy peaceful grave,
And bid the lily blossom on thy turf.
But, oh! may Heaven avert from thee the curse
Of mad fanaticism: away, away!—
Let not the restless monster dare pollute
The calm abodes of rural innocence!

Oh! if the wide contagion reach thy breast,
Unhappy peasant! peace will vanish thence.
And raging turbulence will rack thy heart
With feverish dismay: then discontent
Will prey upon thy vitals, then will doubt
And sad uncertainty in fierce array,
With superstition's monstrous train, surround
Thy dreadful death-bed; and no soothing hand
Will smooth the painful pillow, for the bonds
Of tender amity are all consumed
By the prevailing fire. They all are lost
In one ungovernable, selfish flame.
Where has this pestilence arisen?—where
The Hydra multitude of sister ills,
Of infidelity, and open sin,
Of disaffection, and repining gall?
Oh, ye revered, venerable band,
Who wear religion's ephod, unto ye
Belongs with wakeful vigilance to check
The growing evil. In the vicious town
Fearless, and fix'd, the monster stands secure;
But guard the rural shade! let honest peace
Yet hold her ancient seats, and still preserve
The village groups in their primeval bliss.
Such was, Placidio, thy divine employ,
Ere thou wert borne to some sublimer sphere
By death's mild angel.

* * * * *

Where yonder woods in gloomy pomp arise,
Embower'd, remote, a lowly cottage lies:

Before the door a garden spreads, where blows
Now wild, once cultivate, the brier rose; [peer,
Though choked with weeds, the lily there will
And early primrose hail the nascent year;
There to the walls did jess'mine wreaths attach,
And many a sparrow twitter'd in the thatch,
While in the woods that wave their heads on high
The stock-dove warbled murmuring harmony.

There, buried in retirement, dwelt a sage,
Whose reverend locks bespoke him far in age
Silent he was, and solemn was his mien,
And rarely on his cheek a smile was seen.
The village gossips had full many a tale
About the aged "hermit of the dale."
Some call'd him wizard, some a holy seer,
Though all beheld him with an equal fear,
And many a stout heart had he put to flight,
Met in the gloomy wood-walks late at night.

Yet well I ween, the sire was good of heart,
Nor would to aught one heedless pang impart;
His soul was gentle, but he'd known of woe,
Had known the world, nor longer wish'd to know.
Here, far retired from all its busy ways,
He hoped to spend the remnant of his days;
And here, in peace, he till'd his little ground,
And saw, unheeded, years revolving round.
Fair was his daughter, as the blush of day,
In her alone his hopes and wishes lay:
His only care, about her future life, [strife.
When death should call him from the haunts of

Sweet was her temper, mild as summer skies
When o'er their azure no thin vapour flies:
And but to see her aged father sad,
No fear, no care, the gentle Fanny had.
Still at her wheel, the live-long day she sung,
Till with the sound the lonesome woodlands rung,
And till, usurp'd his long unquestion'd sway,
The solitary bittern wing'd its way,
Indignant rose, on dismal pinions borne,
To find, untrod by man, some waste forlorn,
Where, unmolested, he might hourly wail,
And with his screams still load the heavy gale.

Once as I stray'd, at eve, the woods among,
To pluck wild strawberries,—I heard her song;
And heard, enchanted,—oh! it was so soft,
So sweet, I thought the cherubim aloft
Were quiring to the spheres. Now the full note
Did on the downy wings of silence float
Full on the ravish'd sense, then died away,
Distantly on the ear, in sweet decay.

Then, first I knew the cot; the simple pair;
Though soon become a welcome inmate there:
At eve, I still would fly to hear the lay,
Which Fanny to her lute was wont to play;
Or with the Sire would sit and talk of war,
For wars he'd seen, and bore full many a scar,
And oft the plan of gallant siege he drew,
And loved to teach me all the arts he knew.

* * * * *

TO A FRIEND.

To *you* these pensive lines I fondly send,
Far distant now, my brother, and my friend.
If, 'mid the novel scene, thou yet art free
To give one silent, museful hour to me,
Turn from the world, and fancy, whisp'ring near,
Thou hear'st the voice thou once didst love to hear
Can time and space, howe'er with anguish fraught,
Damp the warm heart, or chain the soaring thought?
Or, when most dread, the nascent joy they blast,
Chase from the mind the image of the past?
Ah, no! when death has robb'd her hoard of bliss,
What stays to soothe the widow's hours, but this?
This cheers her dreams, and cheats the ling'ring time
Till she shall reach * * * * * * *

With slow step, along the desert sand,
Where o'er the parching plains broods red dismay,
The Arab chief leads on his ruthless band.
And, lo! a speck of dust is seen to play,
On the remotest confines of the day.
Arouse! arouse! fierce does the chieftain cry,
Death calls! the caravan is on its way!
The warrior shouts. The Siroc hurries by,
Hush'd is his stormy voice, and quench'd his murderous eye.

These lines might appear, by the metre, to have been intended for a stanza of the "*Christiad*," perhaps to have been introduced as a simile; but though the conception is striking, the composition is far more incorrect than *that* of that fine fragment

Oh! had the soul's deep silence power to speak;
Could the warm thought the bars of distance break!
Could the lone music to thine ear convey
Each rising sigh, and all the heart can say!
Dear to my breast, beyond conception dear,
Would the long solitude of night appear:
Sweet would it be to hear the winds complain—
To mark the heavings of the moonlight main;
Sweet to behold the silent hamlet lie,
With * * * * * *
But sweeter far * * * * *
Rose not unshared, nor fell unmark'd by thee.

The harp is still! Weak though the spirit were
That whisper'd in its rising harmonies;
Yet Mem'ry, with her sister, fond Regret,
Loves to recall the wild and wandering airs
That cheer'd the long-fled hours, when o'er the strings
That spirit hover'd. Weak and though it were
To pour the torrent of impetuous song,
It was not weak to touch the sacred chords
Of pity, or to summon with dark spell
Of witching rhymes, the spirits of the deep
Form'd to do Fancy's bidding; and to fetch
Her perfumes from the morning star, or dye
Her volant robes with the bright rainbow's hues.

* * * * *

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* * * * *

Or should the day be overcast,
We'll linger till the shower be past;
Where the hawthorn's branches spread
A fragrant covert o'er the head.
And list the rain-drops beat the leaves,
Or smoke upon the cottage eaves;
Or, silent dimpling on the stream,
Convert to lead its silver gleam;
And we will muse on human life,
And think, from all the storms of strife,
How sweet to find a snug retreat
Where we may hear the tempests beat,
Secure and fearless,—and provide
Repose for life's calm eventide.

Mild Vesper! favorite of the Paphian Queen,
Whose lucid lamp on evening's twilight zone,
Sheds a soft lustre o'er the gloom serene,
Only by Scynthia's silver beam outshone:
Thee I invoke to point my lonely way
O'er these wild wastes, to where my lover bides,
For thou alone canst lend thy friendly ray,
Now the bright moon toward the ocean glides—
No midnight murderer asks thy guilty aid,
No nightly robber * * * * *
I am alone, by silly love betray'd.
To woo the star of Venus * * *

* * * * *

In every clime, from Lapland to Japan, [man.
This truth's confess'd,—that man's worst foe is
The rav'ning tribes, that crowd the sultry zone,
Prey on all kinds and colors but their own.
Lion with lion herds, and pard with pard,
Instinct's first law, their covenant and guard.
But man alone, the lord of ev'ry clime,
Whose post is godlike, and whose pow'rs sublime,
Man, at whose birth the Almighty hand stood still,
Pleased with the last great effort of his will,
Man, man alone, no tenant of the wood,
Preys on his kind, and laps his brother's blood:
His fellow leads where hidden pit-falls lie,
And drinks with ecstacy his dying sigh.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

Hence to thy darkest shades, dire Slavery, hence!
Thine icy touch can freeze,
Swift as the Polar breeze,
The proud defying port of human sense.
Hence to thine Indian cave,
To where the tall canes whisper o'er thy rest,
Like the murmuring wave
Swept by the dank wing of the rapid west:
And at the night's still noon,
The lash'd Angolan, in his grated cell,
Mix'd with the tiger's yell,
Howls to the dull ear of the silent moon.

But come, thou goddess, blithe and free,
Thou mountain-maid, sweet Liberty!
With buskin'd knee, and bosom bare,
Thy tresses floating in the air;
Come,—and treading on thy feet,
Independence let me meet,
Thy giant mate, whose awful form
Has often braved the bellowing storm,
And heard its angry spirit shriek,
Rear'd on some promontory's peak,
Seen by the lonely fisher far,
By the glimpse of flitting star.

His awful bulk, in dusky shroud,
Commixing with the pitchy cloud;
While at his feet the lightnings play,
And the deep thunders die away.
Goddess! come, and let us sail
On the fresh reviving gale;
O'er dewy lawns, and forests lone,
Till lighting on some mountain stone,
That scales the circumambient sky,
We see a thousand nations lie,
From Zembla's snows to Afric's heat,
Prostrate beneath our frolic feet.

From Italy's luxurious plains,
Where everlasting summer reigns,
Why, goddess, dost thou turn away?
Didst thou never sojourn there?
Oh, yes, thou didst—but fallen is Rome;
The pilgrim weeps her silent doom,

As at midnight, murmuring low,
Along the mouldering portico,
He hears the desolate wind career,
While the rank ivy whispers near.

Ill-fated Gaul! ambitious grasp
Bids thee again in slavery gasp.
Again the dungeon-walls resound
The hopeless shriek, the groan profound:
But, lo, in yonder happy skies,
Helvetia's airy mountains rise,
And, oh! on her tall cliffs reclined,
Gay Fancy, whispering to the mind:
As the wild herdsman's call is heard,
Tells me, that she, o'er all preferr'd,
In every clime, in every zone,
Is Liberty's divinest throne.
Yet, whence that sigh? O goddess! say,
Has the tyrant's thirsty sway
Dared profane the sacred seat,
Thy long high-favor'd, best retreat?
It has! it has! away, away
To where the green isles woo the day!
Where thou art still supreme, and where
Thy Pæans fill the floating air.

* * * * *

Who is it leads the planets on their dance—
The mighty sisterhood? who is it strikes
The harp of universal harmony?

Hark! 'tis the voice of planets on their dance,
Led by the arch-contriver. Beautiful
The harmony of order! How they sing,
The regulated orbs, upon their path
Through the wide trackless ether! sing as though
A syren sat upon each glitt'ring gem,
And made fair music—such as mortal hand
Ne'er raised on the responding chords; more like
The mystic melody that oft the bard
Hears in the strings of the suspended harp,
Touch'd by some unknown beings that reside
In evening breezes, or, at dead of night,
Wake in the long, shrill pauses of the wind.
This is the music which, in ages hush'd,
Ere the Assyrian quaff'd his cups of blood,
Kept the lone Chald awake, when through the night
He watch'd his herds. The solitary man,
By frequent meditation, learnt to spell
Yon sacred volume of high mystery.
He could arrange the wandering passengers,
From the pale star, first on the silent brow
Of the meek-tressed Eve, to him who shines,
Son of the morning, orient Lucifer;
Sweet were to him, in that unletter'd age,
The openings of wonder.—He could gaze
Till his whole soul was fill'd with mystery,
And every night-wind was a spirit's voice,
And every far-off mist, a spirit's form:
So with fables, and wild romantic dreams,
He mix'd his truth, and couch'd in symbols dark.
Hence, blind idolatry arose, and men
Knelt to the sun, or at the dead of night

Pour'd their orisons to the cloud-wrapt moon.
Hence, also, after ages into stars
Transform'd their heroes; and the warlike chief,
With fond eye fix'd on some resplendent gem,
Held converse with the spirits of his sires:—
With other eyes than these did Plato view
The heavens, and, fill'd with reasonings sublime,
Half-pierced, at intervals, the mystery,
Which with the gospel vanish'd, and made way
For noon-day brightness. * * *

* * * * * *

How beautiful upon the element
The Egyptian moonlight sleeps!
The Arab on the bank hath pitch'd his tent;
The light wave dances, sparkling, o'er the deeps;
The tall reeds whisper in the gale,
And o'er the distant tide moves slow the silent sail.

Thou mighty Nile! and thou receding main,
How peacefully ye rest upon your shores,
Tainted no more, as when from Cairo's towers,
Roll'd the swoln corse, by plague! the monster! slain.
Far as the eye can see around,
Upon the solitude of waters wide,
There is no sight, save of the restless tide—
Save of the winds, and waves, there is no sound.

Egyptia sleeps, her sons in silence sleep!
Ill-fated land, upon thy rest they come—

Th' invader, and his host. Behold the deep
Bears on her farthest verge a dusky gloom—
And now they rise, the masted forests rise,
And gallants, through the foam, their way they make.
Stern Genius of the Memphian shores, awake!—
The foeman in thy inmost harbor lies,
And ruin o'er thy land with brooding pennon flies.
* * * * *

Ghosts of the dead, in grim array,
Surround the tyrant's nightly bed!
And in the still, distinctly say,
I by thy treachery bled.
And I, and I, ten thousands cry;
From Jaffa's plains, from Egypt's sands,
They come, they raise the chorus high,
And whirl around in shrieking bands.
Loud, and more loud, the clamors rise,
"Lo! there the traitor! murderer! lies."
He murder'd me, he murder'd thee,
And now his bed his rack shall be.
As when a thousand torrents roar,
Around his head their yells they pour.
The sweat-drops start, convulsions hand
Binds every nerve in iron band.
'Tis done! they fly, the clamors die,
The moon is up, the night is calm,
Man's busy broods in slumbers lie;
But horrors still the tyrant's soul alarm,

And ever and anon, serenely clear,
Have mercy, mercy, heaven! strikes on dull midnight's ear.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

What means yon trampling! what that light
That glimmers in the inmost wood;
As though beneath the felon night,
It mark'd some deed of blood;
Behold yon figures, dim descried
In dark array; they speechless glide.
The forest moans; the raven's scream
Swells slowly o'er the moated stream,
As from the castle's topmost tower,
It chants its boding song alone:
A song, that at this awful hour
Bears dismal tidings in its funeral tone;
Tidings, that in some grey domestic's ear
Will on his wakeful bed strike deep mysterious fear.

And, hark, that loud report! 'tis done;
There's murder couch'd in yonder gloom;
'Tis done, 'tis done! the prize is won,
Another rival meets his doom.
The tyrant smiles,—with fell delight
He dwells upon the * * * * *
The tyrant smiles; from terror freed,
Exulting in the foul misdeed,

And sternly in his secret breast
Marks out the victims next to fall.
His purpose fix'd; their moments fly no more,
He points,—the poinard knows its own;
Unseen it strikes,—unseen they die, [groan.
Foul midnight only hears, and shudders at the
But justice yet shall lift her arm on high,
And Bourbon's blood no more ask vengeance from the sky.

PSALM XXII.

My God, my God, oh, why dost thou forsake me?
Why art thou distant in the hour of fear?
To thee, my wonted help, I still betake me,
To thee I clamor, but thou dost not hear.

The beam of morning witnesses my sighing,
The lonely night-hour views me weep in vain,
Yet thou art holy, and, on thee relying,
Our fathers were released from grief and pain.

To thee they cried, and thou didst hear their wailing,
On thee they trusted, and their trust was sure;
But I, poor, lost, and wretched son of failing,
I, without hope, must scorn and hate endure.

Me they revile; with many ills molested,
They bid me seek of thee, O Lord, redress:

On God, they say, his hope and trust he rested,
Let God relieve him in his deep distress.

To me, Almighty! in thy mercy shining,
Life's dark and dangerous portals thou didst ope;
And softly on my mother's lap reclining, [hope.
Breathed through my breast the lively soul of

Even from the womb, thou art my God, my Father!
Aid me, now trouble weighs me to the ground:
Me heavy ills have worn, and, faint and feeble,
The bulls of Bashan have beset me round.

My heart is melted and my soul is weary, [feet!
The wicked ones have pierced my hands and
Lord, let thy influence cheer my bosom dreary:
My help! my strength! let me thy presence greet.

Save me! oh, save me! from the sword dividing,
Give me my darling from the jaws of death!
Thee will I praise, and, in thy name confiding,
Proclaim thy mercies with my latest breath.

* * * * *

THE EVE OF DEATH.

IRREGULAR.

I.

Silence of death—portentous calm,
Those airy forms that yonder fly,
Denote that your void fore-runs a storm,
That the hour of fate is nigh.
I see, I see, on the dim mist borne,
The Spirit of battles rear his crest!
I see, I see, that ere the morn,
His spear will forsake its hated rest,
And the widow'd wife of Larrendill will beat her naked breast.

II.

O'er the smooth bosom of the sullen deep,
No softly ruffling zephyrs fly;
But Nature sleeps a deathless sleep,
For the hour of battle is nigh.
Not a loose leaf waves on the dusky oak,
But a creeping stillness reigns around;
Except when the raven, with ominous croak,
On the ear does unwelcomely sound.
I know, I know what this silence means;
I know what the raven saith—

Strike, oh, ye bards! the melancholy harp,
For this is the eve of death.

III.

Behold, how along the twilight air
The shades of our fathers glide!
There Morven fled, with the blood-drench'd hair,
And Colma with gray side.
No gale around its coolness flings,
Yet sadly sigh the gloomy trees;
And, hark! how the harp's unvisited strings
Sound sweet, as if swept by a whispering breeze!
'Tis done! the sun he has set in blood!
He will never set more to the brave;
Let us pour to the hero the dirge of death—
For to-morrow he hies to the grave.

THANATOS.

Oh! who would cherish life,
And cling unto this heavy clog of clay,
Love this rude world of strife,
Where glooms and tempests cloud the fairest day;
And where, 'neath outward smiles,
Conceal'd, the snake lies feeding on its prey,
Where pit-falls lie in every flowery way,
And sirens lure the wanderer to their wiles!
Hateful it is to me,
Its riotous railings and revengeful strife;

I'm tired with all its screams and brutal shouts
Dinning the ear;—away—away with life!
And welcome, oh! thou silent maid,
Who in some foggy vault art laid,
Where never day-light's dazzling ray
Comes to disturb thy dismal sway; [sleep,
And there amid unwholesome damps dost
In such forgetful slumbers deep,
That all thy senses stupefied,
Are to marble petrified.
Sleepy Death, I welcome thee!
Sweet are thy calms to misery.
Poppies I will ask no more,
Nor the fatal hellebore;
Death is the best, the only cure,
His are slumbers ever sure.
Lay me in the Gothic tomb,
In whose solemn fretted gloom
I may lie in mouldering state,
With all the grandeur of the great:
Over me, magnificent,
Carve a stately monument:
Then thereon my statue lay,
With hands in attitude to pray,
And angels serve to hold my head,
Weeping o'er the father dead.
Duly too at close of day,
Let the pealing organ play;
And while the harmonious thunders roll,
Chant a vesper to my soul:
Thus how sweet my sleep will be,
Shut out from thoughtful misery!

ATHANATOS.

Away with death—away
With all her sluggish sleeps and chilling damps,
Impervious to the day,
Where Nature sinks into inanity.
How can the soul desire
Such hateful nothingness to crave,
And yield with joy the vital fire,
To moulder in the grave!
Yet mortal life is sad,
Eternal storms molest its sullen sky;
And sorrows ever rife
Drain the sacred fountain dry—
Away with mortal life!
But, hail the calm reality,
The seraph Immortality!
Hail the Heavenly bowers of peace!
Where all the storms of passion cease.
Wild Life's dismaying struggle o'er,
The wearied spirit weeps no more;
But wears the eternal smile of joy,
Tasting bliss without alloy.
Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,
Where no passing tempest lowers;
But the azure heavens display
The everlasting smile of day;
Where the choral seraph choir,
Strike to praise the harmonious lyre;

And the spirit sinks to ease,
Lull'd by distant symphonies.
Oh! to think of meeting there
The friends whose graves received our tear,
The daughter loved, the wife adored,
To our widow'd arms restored;
And all the joys which death did sever,
Given to us again for ever!
Who would cling to wretched life,
And hug the poison'd thorn of strife;
Who would not long from earth to fly,
A sluggish senseless lump to lie,
When the glorious prospect lies
Full before his raptured eyes?

MUSIC.

Written between the Ages of Fourteen and Fifteen, with a few subsequent verbal Alterations.

Music, all powerful o'er the human mind,
Can still each mental storm, each tumult calm,
Soothe anxious Care on sleepless couch reclined,
And e'en fierce Anger's furious rage disarm.

At her command the various passions lie;
She stirs to battle, or she lulls to peace;
Melts the charm'd soul to thrilling ecstacy,
And bids the jarring world's harsh clangour cease.

Her martial sounds can fainting troops inspire
With strength unwonted, and enthusiasm raise;

Infuse new ardour, and with youthful fire,
Urge on the warrior gray with length of days.

Far better she when with her soothing lyre
She charms the falchion from the savage grasp,
And melting into pity vengeful Ire,
Looses the bloody breast-plate's iron clasp.

With her in pensive mood I long to roam,
At midnight's hour, or evening's calm decline,
And thoughtful o'er the falling streamlet's foam,
In calm Seclusion's hermit-walks recline.

Whilst mellow sounds from distant copse arise,
Of softest flute or reeds harmonic join'd,
With rapture thrill'd each worldly passion dies,
And pleased Attention claims the passive mind.

Soft through the dell the dying strains retire,
Then burst majestic in the varied swell;
Now breathe melodious as the Grecian lyre,
Or on the ear in sinking cadence dwell.

Romantic sounds! such is the bliss ye give, [soul,
That heaven's bright scenes seem bursting on the
With joy I'd yield each sensual wish, to live
For ever 'neath your undefiled control.

Oh! surely melody from heaven was sent,
To cheer the soul when tired with human strife,
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
And soften down the rugged road of life.

ON

BEING CONFINED TO SCHOOL

ONE PLEASANT MORNING IN SPRING.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

The morning sun's enchanting rays
Now call forth every songster's praise;
Now the lark, with upward flight,
Gayly ushers in the light;
While wildly warbling from each tree,
The birds sing songs to Liberty.

But for me no songster sings,
For me no joyous lark up-springs;
For I, confined in gloomy school,
Must own the pedant's iron rule,
And, far from sylvan shades and bowers,
In durance vile must pass the hours;
There con the scholiast's dreary lines,
Where no bright ray of genius shines,
And close to rugged learning cling,
While laughs around the jocund spring.

How gladly would my soul forego
All that arithmeticians know,

Or stiff grammarians quaintly teach,
Or all that industry can reach,
To taste each morn of all the joys
That with the laughing sun arise:
And unconstrain'd to rove along
The bushy brakes and glens among;
And woo the muse's gentle power,
In unfrequented rural bower!
But, ah! such heaven-approaching joys
Will never greet my longing eyes;
Still will they cheat in vision fine,
Yet never but in fancy shine.

Oh, that I were the little wren
That shrilly chirps from yonder glen!
Oh, far away I then would rove,
To some secluded bushy grove;
There hop and sing with careless glee,
Hop and sing at liberty;
And till death should stop my lays,
Far from men would spend my days.

TO CONTEMPLATION.

Thee do I own, the prompter of my joys,
The soother of my cares, inspiring peace;
And I will ne'er forsake thee.—Men may rave,
And blame and censure me, that I don't tie
My every thought down to the desk, and spend
The morning of my life in adding figures

With accurate monotony: that so
The good things of the world may be my lot,
And I might taste the blessedness of wealth:
But, oh! I was not made for money-getting;
For me no much-respected plum awaits,
Nor civic honour, envied.—For as still
I tried to cast with school dexterity
The interesting sums, my vagrant thoughts
Would quick revert to many a woodland haunt,
Which fond remembrance cherish'd, and the pen
Dropp'd from my senseless fingers as I pictured,
In my mind's eye, how on the shores of Trent
I erewhile wander'd with my early friends
In social intercourse. And then I'd think
How contrary pursuits had thrown us wide,
One from the other, scatter'd o'er the globe;
They were set down with sober steadiness,
Each to his occupation. I alone,
A wayward youth, misled by Fancy's vagaries,
Remain'd unsettled, insecure, and veering
With every wind to every point o' th' compass.
Yes, in the counting-house I could indulge
In fits of close abstraction; yea, amid
The busy bustling crowds could meditate,
And send my thoughts ten thousand leagues away
Beyond the Atlantic, resting on my friend.
Ay, Contemplation, even in earliest youth
I woo'd thy heavenly influence! I would walk
A weary way when all my toils were done,
To lay myself at night in some lone wood,
And hear the sweet song of the nightingale.
Oh, those were times of happiness, and still

To memory doubly dear; for growing years
Had not then taught me man was made to mourn;
And a short hour of solitary pleasure,
Stolen from sleep, was ample recompense
For all the hateful bustles of the day.
My op'ning mind was ductile then, and plastic,
And soon the marks of care were worn away,
While I was sway'd by every novel impulse,
Yielding to all the fancies of the hour.
But it has now assum'd its character;
Mark'd by strong lineaments, its haughty tone,
Like the firm oak, would sooner break than bend.
Yet still, oh, Contemplation! I do love
To indulge thy solemn musings; still the same
With thee alone I know to melt and weep,
In thee alone delighting. Why along
The dusky tract of commerce should I toil,
When, with an easy competence content,
I can alone be happy; where with thee
I may enjoy the loveliness of Nature,
And loose the wings of Fancy?—Thus alone
Can I partake of happiness on earth;
And to be happy here is man's chief end,
For to be happy he must needs be good.

ODE,

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

——— Cum ruit imbriferum ver:
Spicea jam campis cum messis inhorruit, et cum
Frumenta in viridi stipula lactentia turgent:
— — — — — — — — — — —
Juncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret.
Virgil.

Moon of Harvest, herald mild
Of plenty, rustic labour's child,
Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,
As soft it trembles o'er the stream,
And gilds the straw-thatch'd hamlet wide,
Where Innocence and Peace reside;
'Tis thou that glad'st with joy the rustic throng,
Promptest the tripping dance, th' exhilarating song.

Moon of Harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wide surrounding scene;
And to watch thee riding high
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapour intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, oh! modest Moon!
Now the Night is at her noon,

'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tann'd wheat,
Ripen'd by the summer's heat;
Picturing all the rustic's joy
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon,
Oh, modest Moon!
How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest-home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence away, the season flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity:
May no winds careering high,
Drive the clouds along the sky,
But may all nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou show'st thy face, oh,
Harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-seal'd eyes;
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail resound;
Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy!
God of the Winds! oh, hear his humble pray'r,
And while the moon of harvest shines, thy blustering whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you
Leave I Sleep's dull power to woo:
Press ye still the downy bed,
While feverish dreams surround your head
I will seek the woodland glade,
Penetrate the thickest shade,
Wrapp'd in Contemplation's dreams,
Musing high on holy themes,
While on the gale
Shall softly sail
The nightingale's enchanting tune,
And oft my eyes
Shall grateful rise
To thee, the modest Harvest Moon!

SONG.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

I.

Softly, softly, softly blow, ye breezes,
Gently o'er my Edwy fly!
Lo! he slumbers, slumbers sweetly;
Softly, zephyrs, pass him by!
My love is asleep,
He lies by the deep,
All along where the salt waves sigh.

II.

I have cover'd him with rushes,
Water-flags, and branches dry.

Edwy, long have been thy slumbers;
Edwy, Edwy, ope thine eye!
My love is asleep,
He lies by the deep,
All along where the salt waves sigh.

III.

Still he sleeps; he will not waken,
Fastly closed is his eye;
Paler is his cheek, and chiller
Than the icy moon on high.
Alas! he is dead,
He has chose his death-bed
All along where the salt waves sigh.

IV.

Is it, is it so, my Edwy?
Will thy slumbers never fly?
Couldst thou think I would survive thee?
No, my love, thou bid'st me die.
Thou bid'st me seek
Thy death-bed bleak
All along where the salt waves sigh.

V.

I will gently kiss thy cold lips,
On thy breast I'll lay my head,
And the winds shall sing our death-dirge,
And our shroud the waters spread;
The moon will smile sweet,
And the wild wave will beat,
Oh! so softly o'er our lonely bed.

THE

SHIPWRECKED SOLITARY'S SONG

TO THE NIGHT.

Thou, spirit of the spangled night!
I woo thee from the watch-tower high,
Where thou dost sit to guide the bark
Of lonely mariner.

The winds are whistling o'er the wolds,
The distant main is moaning low
Come, let us sit and weave a song—
A melancholy song!

Sweet is the scented gale of morn,
And sweet the noontide's fervid beam,
But sweeter far the solemn calm,
That marks thy mournful reign.

I've pass'd here many a lonely year,
And never human voice have heard;
I've pass'd here many a lonely year
A solitary man.

And I have linger'd in the shade,
From sultry noon's hot beam; and I

Have knelt before my wicker door,
To sing my evening song.

And I have hail'd the gray morn high,
On the blue mountain's misty brow,
And tried to tune my little reed
To hymns of harmony.

But never could I tune my reed,
At morn, or noon, or eve, so sweet,
As when upon the ocean shore
I hail'd thy star-beam mild.

The day-spring brings not joy to me,
The moon it whispers not of peace;
But oh! when darkness robes the heavens,
My woes are mix'd with joy.

And then I talk, and often think
Ærial voices answer me;
And oh! I am not then alone—
A solitary man.

And when the blustering winter winds
Howl in the woods that clothe my cave,
I lay me on my lonely mat,
And pleasant are my dreams.

And Fancy gives me back my wife;
And Fancy gives me back my child;
She gives me back my little home,
And all its placid joys.

Then hateful is the morning hour,
That calls me from the dream of bliss,
To find myself still lone, and hear
The same dull sounds again.

The deep-toned winds, the moaning sea,
The whispering of the boding trees,
The brook's eternal flow, and oft
The Condor's hollow scream.

SONNET.

Sweet to the gay of heart is Summer's smile,
Sweet the wild music of the laughing Spring;
But ah! my soul far other scenes beguile,
Where gloomy storms their sullen shadows fling.
Is it for me to strike the Idalian string—
Raise the soft music of the warbling wire,
While in my ears the howls of furies ring
And melancholy wastes the vital fire? [cave
Away with thoughts like these—To some lone
Where howls the shrill blast, and where sweeps the wave,
Direct my steps; there, in the lonely drear,
I'll sit remote from worldly noise, and muse
Till through my soul shall Peace her balm infuse,
And whisper sounds of comfort in mine ear.

MY OWN CHARACTER.

Addressed (during Illness) to a Lady.

Dear Fanny, I mean, now I'm laid on the shelf,
To give you a sketch—ay, a sketch of myself.
'Tis a pitiful subject, I frankly confess,
And one it would puzzle a painter to dress;
But however, here goes, and as sure as a gun,
I'll tell all my faults like a penitent nun;
For I know, for my Fanny, before I address her,
She wont be a cynical father confessor.
Come, come, 'twill not do! put that purling brow down;
You can't, for the soul of you, learn how to frown.
Well, first I premise, it's my honest conviction,
That my breast is a chaos of all contradiction;
Religious—Deistic—now loyal and warm;
Then a dagger-drawn democrat hot for reform:
This moment a fop, *that*, sententious as Titus;
Democritus now, and anon Heraclitus; [rattle;
Now laughing and pleased, like a child with a
Then vex'd to the soul with impertinent tattle;
Now moody and sad, now unthinking and gay,
To all points of the conpass I veer in a day.

I'm proud and disdainful to Fortune's gay child,
But to Poverty's offspring submissive and mild:

As rude as a boor, and as rough in dispute;
Then as for politeness—oh! dear—I'm a brute!
I show no respect where I never can feel it;
And as for contempt, take no pains to conceal it;
And so in the suite, by these laudable ends,
I've a great many foes, and a very few friends.

And yet, my dear Fanny, there are who can feel
That this proud heart of mine is not fashion'd like steel.
It can love (can it not?)—it can hate, I am sure;
And it's friendly enough, though in friends it be poor.
For itself though it bleed not, for others it bleeds;
If it have not *ripe* virtues, I'm sure it's the *seeds:*
And though far from faultless, or even so-so,
I think it may pass as our worldly things go.

Well, I've told you my frailties without any gloss;
Then as to my virtues, I'm quite at a loss!
I think I'm devout, and yet I can't say,
But in process of time I may get the wrong way.
I'm a *general lover*, if that's commendation,
And yet can't withstand, *you know whose* fascination.
But I find that amidst all my tricks and devices,
In fishing for virtues, I'm pulling up vices;
So as for the *good*, why, if I possess it,
I am not yet learned enough to express it.

You yourself must examine the lovelier side,
And after your every art you have tried,

Whatever my faults, I may venture to say,
Hypocrisy never will come in your way.
I am upright, I hope; I am downright, I'm clear!
And I think my worst foe must allow I'm sincere;
And if ever sincerity glow'd in my breast,
'Tis now when I swear ———————— * *

ODE

ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

1.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad.
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine, [twine.
And round my brow resign'd, thy peaceful cypress

2.

Though Fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet meditation, in her cell,
Hears with faint eye, the lingering knell,
That tells her hopes are dead;
And though the tear
By chance appear, [here.
Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid

3.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Though from Hope's summit hurl'd,
Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe were sent from heaven
To wean me from the world:
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

4.

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

5.

Oh, what is Beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies;
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute is all
O'er Beauty's fall;
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

6.

The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day ;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

7.

Then since this world is vain,
And volatile, and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where dust corrupts, and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be still?

8.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me ;
Sad Monitress! I own thy sway,
A votary sad in early day,
I bend my knee to thee.
From sun to sun
My race will run,
I only bow, and say, My God, thy will be done!

On another paper are a few lines, written probably in the freshness of his disappointment.

I DREAM no more—The vision flies away,
And Disappointment * * * *
There fell my hopes—I lost my all in this,
My cherish'd all of visionary bliss.
Now hope farewell, farewell all joys below;
Now welcome sorrow, and now welcome wo.
Plunge me in glooms * * * *

His health soon sunk under these habits; he became pale and thin, and at length had a sharp fit of sickness. On his recovery he wrote the following lines in the church-yard of his favourite village.

LINES

WRITTEN IN WILFORD CHURCH-YARD,

ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

HERE would I wish to sleep.—This is the spot
Which I have long mark'd out to lay my bones in;
Tired out and wearied with the riotous world,
Beneath this Yew I would be sepulchred.
It is a lovely spot! the sultry sun,

From his meridian height, endeavours vainly
To pierce the shadowy foliage, while the zephyr
Comes wafting gently o'er the rippling Trent,
And plays about my wan cheek. 'Tis a nook
Most pleasant. Such a one perchance, did Gray
Frequent, as with a vagrant muse he wanton'd.

Come, I will sit me down and meditate,
For I am wearied with my summer's walk;
And here I may repose in silent ease;
And thus, perchance, when life's sad journey's o'er,
My harass'd soul, in this same spot, may find
The haven of its rest—beneath this sod
Perchance may sleep it sweetly, sound as death.

I would not have my corpse cemented down
With brick and stone, defrauding the poor earth-
worm
Of its predestined dues; no, I would lie
Beneath a little hillock, grass-o'ergrown,
Swathed down with oziers, just as sleep the cottiers.
Yet may not *undistinguish'd* be my grave;
But there at eve may some congenial soul
Duly resort, and shed a pious tear,
The good man's benison—no more I ask.
And, oh! (if heavenly beings may look down
From where, with cherubim, inspired they sit,
Upon this little dim-discover'd spot,
The earth,) then will I cast a glance *below*,
On him who thus my ashes shall embalm;
And I will weep too, and will bless the wanderer.
Wishing he may not long be doom'd to pine

In this low-thoughted world of darkling wo,
But that, ere long, he reach his kindred skies.

Yet 'twas a silly thought, as if the body,
Mouldering beneath the surface of the earth,
Could taste the sweets of summer scenery,
And feel the freshness of the balmy breeze!
Yet nature speaks within the human bosom,
And, spite of reason, bids it look beyond
His narrow verge of being, and provide
A decent residence for its clayey shell,
Endear'd to it by time. And who would lay
His body in the city burial-place,
To be thrown up again by some rude Sexton,
And yield its narrow house another tenant,
Ere the moist flesh had mingled with the dust,
Ere the tenacious hair had left the scalp,
Exposed to insult lewd, and wantonness?
No, I will lay me in the *village* ground;
There are the dead respected. The poor hind,
Unlettered as he is, would scorn to invade
The silent resting-place of death. I've seen
The labourer, returning from his toil,
Here stay his steps, and call his children round,
And slowly spell the rudely sculptured rhymes,
And, in his rustic manner, moralize.
I've mark'd with what a silent awe he'd spoken,
With head uncover'd, his respectful manner,
And all the honours which he paid the grave,
And thought on cities, where even cemeteries,
Bestrew'd with all the emblems of mortality,
Are not protected from the drunken insolence

Of wassailers profane, and wanton havoc.
Grant, Heaven, that here my pilgrimage may close!
Yet, if this be denied, where'er my bones
May lie—or in the city's crowded bounds,
Or scatter'd wide o'er the huge sweep of waters,
Or left a prey on some deserted shore
To the rapacious cormorant,—yet still,
(For why should sober reason cast away [spirit
A thought which soothes the soul?)—yet still my
Shall wing its way to these my native regions,
And hover o'er this spot. Oh, then I'll think
Of times when I was seated 'neath this yew
In solemn rumination; and will smile
With joy that I have got my long'd release.

FRAGMENTS.

THESE FRAGMENTS ARE HENRY'S LATEST COMPOSITIONS; AND WERE, FOR THE MOST PART, WRITTEN UPON THE BACK OF HIS MATHEMATICAL PAPERS, DURING THE FEW MOMENTS OF THE LAST YEAR OF HIS LIFE, IN WHICH HE SUFFERED HIMSELF TO FOLLOW THE IMPULSE OF HIS GENIUS.

THE CHRISTIAD,

A DIVINE POEM.

BOOK I.

I.

I SING the Cross!—Ye white-robed angel choirs,
Who know the chords of harmony to sweep,
Ye who o'er holy David's varying wires
Were wont, of old, your hovering watch to keep,
Oh, now descend! and with your harpings deep,
Pouring sublime the full symphonious stream
Of music, such as soothes the saint's last sleep

Awake my slumbering spirit from its dream,
And teach me how to exalt the high mysterious
theme.

II.

Mourn! Salem, mourn! low lies thine humbled
state, [ground!
Thy glittering fanes are levell'd with the
Fallen is thy pride!—Thine halls are desolate!
Where erst was heard the timbrel's sprightly
sound,
And frolic pleasures tripp'd the nightly round,
There breeds the wild fox lonely,—and aghast
Stands the mute pilgrim at the void profound,
Unbroke by noise, save when the hurrying blast
Sighs, like a spirit, deep along the cheerless waste.

III.

It is for this, proud Solyma! thy towers
Lie crumbling in the dust; for this forlorn
Thy genius wails along thy desert bowers,
While stern Destruction laughs, as if in scorn,
That thou didst dare insult God's eldest born;
And, with most bitter persecuting ire,
Pursued his footsteps till the last day-dawn
Rose on his fortunes—and thou saw'st the fire
That came to light the world, in one great flash
expire.

IV.

Oh! for a pencil dipp'd in living light,
To paint the agonies that Jesus bore!

Oh! for the long-lost harp of Jesse's might,
To hymn the Saviour's praise from shore to shore;
While seraph hosts the lofty pæan pour,
And Heaven enraptured lists the loud acclaim!
May a frail mortal dare the theme explore?
May he to human ears his weak song frame?
Oh! may he dare to sing Messiah's glorious name?

V.

Spirits of pity! mild Crusaders, come!
Buoyant on clouds around your minstrel float,
And give him eloquence who else were dumb,
And raise to feeling and to fire his note!
And thou, Urania! who dost still devote
Thy nights and days to God's eternal shrine,
Whose mild eyes 'lumined what Isaiah wrote,
Throw o'er thy Bard that solemn stole of thine,
And clothe him for the fight with energy divine.

VI.

When from the temple's lofty summit prone,
Satan o'ercome, fell down; and 'throned there,
The Son of God confess'd, in splendor shone;
Swift as the glancing sunbeam cuts the air,
Mad with defeat, and yelling his despair,

* * * *

Fled the stern king of Hell—and with the glare
Of gliding meteors, ominous and red,
Shot athwart the clouds that gather'd round his [head.

VII.

Right o'er the Euxine, and that gulf which late
The rude Massagetæ adored, he bent
His northering course, while round, in dusky state,
The assembling fiends their summon'd troops augment;
Clothed in dark mists, upon their way they went,
While, as they pass'd to regions more severe,
The Lapland sorcerer swell'd with loud lament
The solitary gale, and, fill'd with fear,
The howling dogs bespoke unholy spirits near.

VIII.

Where the North Pole, in moody solitude,
Spreads her huge tracks and frozen wastes around,
There ice-rocks piled aloft, in order rude,
Form a gigantic hall, where never sound
Startled dull Silence' ear, save when profound
The smoke-frost mutter'd: there drear Cold for aye
Thrones him,—and, fix'd on his primæval mound,
Ruin, the giant, sits; while stern Dismay
Stalks like some wo-struck man along the desert way.

IX.

In that drear spot, grim Desolation's lair,
No sweet remain of life encheers the sight;

The dancing heart's blood in an instant there
Would freeze to marble.—Mingling day and night [light,)
(Sweet interchange, which makes our labours
Are there unknown; while in the summer skies
The sun rolls ceaseless round his heavenly height,
Nor ever sets till from the scene she flies,
And leaves the long bleak night of half the year to rise.

X.

'Twas there, yet shuddering from the burning lake,
Satan had fix'd their next consistory,
When parting last he fondly hoped to shake
Messiah's constancy,—and thus to free
The powers of darkness from the dread decree
Of bondage brought by him, and circumvent
The unerring ways of Him whose eye can see
The womb of Time, and, in its embryo pent,
Discern the colours clear of every dark event.

XI.

Here the stern monarch stay'd his rapid flight,
And his thick hosts, as with a jetty pall,
Hovering obscured the north star's peaceful light
Waiting on wing their haughty chieftain's call.
He, meanwhile, downward, with a sullen fall,
Dropp'd on the echoing ice. Instant the sound

Of their broad vans was hush'd, and o'er the hall,
Vast and obscure, the gloomy cohorts bound,
Till, wedged in ranks, the seat of Satan they surround.

XII.

High on a solium of the solid wave, [frost,
Prank'd with rude shapes by the fantastic
He stood in silence;—now keen thoughts engrave
Dark figures on his front; and, tempest-toss'd,
He fears to say that every hope is lost.
Meanwhile the multitude as death are mute:
So, ere the tempest on Malacca's coast,
Sweet Quiet, gently touching her soft lute,
Sings to the whisperingwaves the prelude to dispute.

XIII.

At length collected, o'er the dark Divan
The arch-fiend glanced, as by the Boreal blaze
Their downcast brows were seen, and thus began [days
His fierce harangue:—"Spirits! our better
Are now elapsed; Moloch and Belial's praise
Shall sound no more in groves by myriads trod.
Lo! the light breaks!—The astonished nations gaze!
For us is lifted high the avenging rod!
For, spirits, this is He,—this is the Son of God.

XIV.

What then!—shall Satan's spirit crouch to fear?
Shall he who shook the pillars of God's reign
Drop from his unnerved arm the hostile spear?
Madness! The very thought would make me fain
To tear the spanglets from yon gaudy plain,
And hurl them at their Maker!—Fix'd as fate
I am his Foe!—Yea, though his pride should deign
To soothe mine ire with half his regal state,
Still would I burn with fix'd, unalterable hate.

XV.

Now hear the issue of my curs'd emprize,
When from our last sad synod I took flight,
Buoy'd with false hopes, in some deep-laid disguise,
To tempt this vaunted Holy One to write
His own self-condemnation; in the plight
Of aged man in the lone wilderness,
Gathering a few stray sticks, I met his sight,
And, leaning on my staff, seem'd much to guess
What cause could mortal bring to that forlorn recess.

XVI.

Then thus in homely guise I featly framed
My lowly speech:—'Good Sir, what leads this way
Your wandering steps? must hapless chance be [blamed

That you so far from haunt of mortals stray?
Here have I dwelt for many a lingering day,
Nor trace of man have seen; but how! me-
thought [ray
Thou wert the youth on whom God's holy
I saw descend in Jordan, when John taught
That he to fallen man the saving promise brought.'

XVII.

'I am that man,' said Jesus, 'I am He! [feet
But truce to questions—Canst thou point my
To some low hut, if haply such there be
In this wild labyrinth, where I may meet
With homely greeting, and may sit and eat;
For forty days I have tarried fasting here,
Hid in the dark glens of this lone retreat,
And now I hunger; and my fainting ear
Longs much to greet the sound of fountains gush-
ing near.'

XVIII.

Then thus I answer'd wily:—'If, indeed,
Son of our God thou be'st, what need to seek
For food from men?—Lo! on these flint
stones feed,
Bid them be bread! Open thy lips and speak,
And living rills from yon parch'd rock will
break.'
Instant as I had spoke, his piercing eye
Fix'd on my face;—the blood forsook my
cheek,

I could not bear his gaze;—my mask slipp'd by;
I would have shunn'd his look, but had not power
to fly.

XIX.

Then he rebuked me with the holy word—
Accursed sounds! but now my native pride
Return'd, and by no foolish qualm deterr'd,
I bore him from the mountain's woody side,
Up to the summit, where extending wide
Kingdoms and cities, palaces and fanes, [cried,
Bright sparkling in the sunbeams, were des-
And in gay dance, amid luxuriant plains,
Tripp'd to the jocund reed the emasculated swains

XX.

'Behold,' I cried, 'these glories! scenes divine!
Thou whose sad prime in pining want decays
And these, O rapture! these shall all be thine,
If thou wilt give to me, not God, the praise.
Hath he not given to indigence thy days?
Is not thy portion peril here and pain? [ways!
Oh! leave his temples, shun his wounding
Seize the tiara! these mean weeds disdain,
Kneel, kneel, thou man of wo, and peace and
splendor gain.'

XXI.

'Is it not written,' sternly he replied, [he spake,
'Tempt not the Lord thy God!' Frowning
And instant sounds, as of the ocean tide,

Rose, and the whirlwind from its prison brake,
And caught me up aloft, till in one flake,
The sidelong volley met my swift career,
And smote me earthward.—Jove himself might quake
At such a fall; my sinews crack'd, and near,
Obscure and dizzy sounds seem'd ringing in mine ear.

XXII.

Senseless and stunn'd I lay; till, casting round
My half unconscious gaze, I saw the foe
Borne on a car of roses to the ground,
By volant angels; and as sailing slow
He sunk, the hoary battlement below,
While on the tall spire slept the slant sunbeam,
Sweet on the enamour'd zephyr was the flow
Of heavenly instruments. Such strains oft seem,
On star-light hill, to soothe the Syrian shepherd's [dream.

XXIII.

I saw blaspheming. Hate renew'd my strength;
I smote the ether with my iron wing,
And left the accursed scene.—Arrived at length
In these drear halls, to ye, my peers! I bring
The tidings of defeat. Hell's haughty king
Thrice vanquish'd, baffled, smitten, and dismay'd!
O shame! Is this the hero who could fling
Defiance at his Maker, while array'd,
High o'er the walls of light rebellion's banners [play'd!

XXIV.

Yet shall not Heaven's bland minions triumph long;
Hell yet shall have revenge.—O glorious sight,
Prophetic visions on my fancy throng,
I see wild agony's lean finger write
Sad figures on his forehead!—Keenly bright
Revenge's flambeau burns! Now in his eyes
Stand the hot tears,—immantled in the night,
Lo! he retires to mourn!—I hear his cries!
He faints—he falls—and lo! 'tis true, ye powers,
he dies."

XXV.

Thus spake the chieftain,—and as if he view'd
The scene he pictured, with his foot advanced
And chest inflated, motionless he stood,
While under his uplifted shield he glanced,
With straining eye-ball fix'd, like one entranced,
On viewless air;—thither the dark platoon
Gazed wondering, nothing seen, save when there danced
The northern flash, or fiend late fled from noon,
Darken'd the disk of the descending moon.

XXVI.

Silence crept stilly through the ranks.—The breeze
Spake most distinctly. As the sailor stands,
When all the midnight gasping from the seas

Break boding sobs, and to his sight expands
High on the shrouds the spirit that commands
The ocean-farer's life; so stiff—so sear
Stood each dark power;—while through their numerous bands
Beat not one heart, and mingling hope and fear
Now told them all was lost, now bade revenge appear.

XXVII.

One there was there, whose loud defying tongue
Nor hope nor fear had silenced, but the swell
Of over-boiling malice. Utterance long
His passion mock'd, and long he strove to tell
His labouring ire; still syllable none fell
From his pale quivering lip, but died away
For very fury; from each hollow cell
Half sprang his eyes, that cast a flamy ray,
And * * * * *

XXVIII.

"This comes," at length burst from the furious chief,
"This comes of distant counsels! Here behold
The fruits of wily cunning! the relief
Which coward policy would fain unfold,
To soothe the powers that warr'd with Heaven of old!
O wise! O potent! O sagacious snare!
And lo! our prince—the mighty and the bold,

There stands he, spell-struck, gaping at the air,
While Heaven subverts his reign, and plants her
standard there."

XXIX.

Here, as recovered, Satan fix'd his eye
Full on the speaker; dark it was and stern;
He wrapp'd his black vest round him gloomily,
And stood like one whom weightiest thoughts
concern.
Him Moloch mark'd, and strove again to turn
His soul to rage. "Behold, behold," he cried,
"The lord of Hell, who bade these legions
spurn
Almighty rule—behold he lays aside [defied."
The spear of just revenge, and shrinks, by man

XXX.

Thus ended Moloch, and his [burning] tongue
Hung quivering, as if [mad] to quench its
heat
In slaughter. So, his native wilds among,
The famish'd tiger pants, when, near his seat,
Press'd on the sands, he marks the traveller's
feet.
Instant low murmurs rose, and many a sword
Had from its scabbard sprung; but toward
the seat
Of the arch-fiend all turn'd with one accord,
As loud he thus harangued the sanguinary horde

* * * * *

"Ye powers of Hell, I am no coward. I proved this of old: who led your forces against the armies of Jehovah? Who coped with Ithuriel and the thunders of the Almighty? Who, when stunned and confused ye lay on the burning lake, who first awoke, and collected your scattered powers? And who led you across the unfathomable abyss to this delightful world, and established that reign here which now totters to its base? How, therefore, dares yon treacherous fiend to cast a stain on Satan's bravery? he who preys only on the defenceless—who sucks the blood of infants, and delights only in acts of ignoble cruelty and unequal contention. Away with the boaster who never joins in action, but, like a cormorant, hovers over the field, to feed upon the wounded, and overwhelm the dying. True bravery is as remote from rashness as from hesitation; let us counsel coolly, but let us execute our counselled purposes determinately. In power we have learned, by that experiment which lost us Heaven, that we are inferior to the Thunder-bearer:—In subtlety—in subtlety alone we are his equals. Open war is impossible.

* * * * *

Thus we shall pierce our Conqueror, through the race
Which as himself he loves; thus if we fall,
We fall not with the anguish, the disgrace
Of falling unrevenged. The stirring call

Of vengeance wrings within me! Warriors all,
The word is vengeance, and the spur despair.
Away with coward wiles!—Death's coal-black pall
Be now our standard!—Be our torch the glare
Of cities fired! our fifes, the shrieks that fill the air!"

Him answering rose Mecashpim, who of old,
Far in the silence of Chaldea's groves, [told
Was worshipp'd, God of Fire, with charms un-
And mystery. His wandering spirit roves,
Now vainly searching for the flame it loves,
And sits and mourns like some white-robed sire,
Where stood his temple, and where fragrant cloves
And cinnamon upheap'd the sacred pyre,
And nightly magi watch'd the everlasting fire.

He waved his robe of flame, he cross'd his breast,
And sighing—his papyrus scarf survey'd,
Woven with dark characters; then thus address'd
The troubled council.

I.

Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme
With self-rewarding toil, thus far have sung
Of godlike deeds, far loftier than beseem

The lyre which I in early days have strung;
And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
On the dark cypress! and the strings which rung
With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
Or, when the breeze comes by, moan, and are heard no more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
Shall I no more re-animate the lay?
Oh! thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful day!
One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
I am a youthful traveller in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free.

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* * * * *

FRAGMENTS.

I.

Saw'st thou that light? exclaim'd the youth, and paused:
Through yon dark firs it glanced, and on the stream
That skirts the woods it for a moment play'd.
Again, more light it gleam'd,—or does some sprite
Delude mine eyes with shapes of wood and streams,
And lamp far-beaming through the thicket's gloom,
As from some bosom'd cabin, where the voice
Of revelry, or thrifty watchfulness,
Keeps in the lights at this unwonted hour?
No sprite deludes mine eyes,—the beam now glows
With steady lustre.—Can it be the moon,
Who, hidden long by the invidious veil [woods?
That blots the Heavens, now *sets* behind the
No moon to-night has look'd upon the sea
Of clouds beneath her, answer'd Rudiger,
She has been sleeping with Endymion.

* * * * * * *

II.

The pious man,
In this bad world, when mists and couchant storms
Hide Heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in faith

Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields
Of ether, where the day is never veil'd
With intervening vapours; and looks down
Serene upon the troublous sea, that hides
The earth's fair breast, that sea whose nether face
To grovelling mortals frowns and darkness all;
But on whose billowy back, from man conceal'd,
The glaring sunbeam plays.

III.

Lo! on the eastern summit, clad in gray,
Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes,
And from his tower of mist,
Night's watchman hurries down.

IV.

There was a little bird upon that pile;
It perch'd upon a ruin'd pinnacle,
And made sweet melody.
The song was soft, yet cheerful and most clear,
For other note none swell'd the air but his.
It seem'd as if the little chorister,
Sole tenant of the melancholy pile,
Were a lone hermit, outcast from his kind,
Yet withal cheerful.—I have heard the note
Echoing so lonely o'er the aisle forlorn,
———Much musing—

V.

O Pale art thou, my lamp, and faint
Thy melancholy ray:
When the still night's unclouded saint
Is walking on her way.
Through my lattice leaf embower'd,
Fair she sheds her shadowy beam,
And o'er my silent sacred room,
Casts a checker'd twilight gloom;
I throw aside the learned sheet,
I cannot choose but gaze, she looks so mildly sweet.
Sad vestal, why art thou so fair,
Or why am I so frail?

Methinks thou lookest kindly on me, Moon,
And cheerest my lone hours with sweet regards!
Surely like me thou'rt sad, but dost not speak
Thy sadness to the cold unheeding crowd;
So mournfully composed, o'er yonder cloud
Thou shinest, like a cresset, beaming far
From the rude watch-tower, o'er the Atlantic wave.

VI.

O Give me music—for my soul doth faint;
I'm sick of noise and care, and now mine ear
Longs for some air of peace, some dying plaint,
That may the spirit from its cell unsphere.

Hark how it falls! and now it steals along,
Like distant bells upon the lake at eve,
When all is still; and now it grows more strong,
As when the choral train their dirges weave,
Mellow and many-voiced; where every close,
O'er the old minster roof, in echoing waves reflows.

Oh! I am rapt aloft. My spirit soars
Beyond the skies, and leaves the stars behind.
Lo! angels lead me to the happy shores,
And floating pæans fill the buoyant wind.
Farewell! base earth, farewell! my soul is freed,
Far from its clayey cell it springs,—

* * * * * * *

VII.

Ah! who can say, however fair his view,
Through what sad scenes his path may lie?
Ah! who can give to others' woes his sigh,
Secure his own will never need it too?

Let thoughtless youth its seeming joys pursue,
Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye
The illusive past and dark futurity;
Soon will they know—

* * * * * * *

VIII.

And must thou go, and must we part?
Yes, Fate decrees, and I submit;
The pang that rends in twain my heart,
Oh, Fanny, dost thou share in it?

Thy sex is fickle,—when away,
Some happier youth may win thy—

IX.

SONNET.

When I sit musing on the checker'd past,
(A term much darken'd with untimely woes,)
My thoughts revert to her, for whom still flows
The tear, though half disown'd;—and binding fast
Pride's stubborn cheat to my too yielding heart,
I say to her she robb'd me of my rest, [breast
When that was all my wealth.—'Tis true my
Received from her this wearying, lingering smart,
Yet, ah! I cannot bid her form depart;
Though wrong'd, I love her—yet in anger love,
For she was most unworthy.—Then I prove
Vindictive joy; and on my stern front gleams,
Throned in dark clouds, inflexible * * *
The native pride of my much injured heart.

X.

When high romance o'er every wood and stream
Dark lustre shed, my infant mind to fire,[dream,
Spell-struck, and fill'd with many a wondering
First in the groves I woke the pensive lyre,
All there was mystery then, the gust that woke
The midnight echo with a spirit's dirge,
And unseen fairies would the moon invoke,
To their light morrice by the restless surge.
Now to my sober'd thought with life's false smiles,
Too much * *
The vagrant Fancy spreads no more her wiles,
And dark forebodings now my bosom fill.

XI.

Hush'd is the lyre—the hand that swept
The low and pensive wires,
Robb'd of its cunning, from the task retires.

Yes—it is still—the lyre is still;
The spirit which its slumbers broke [woke
Hath pass'd away,—and that weak hand that
Its forest melodies hath lost its skill.
Yet I would press you to my lips once more,
Ye wild, ye withering flowers of poesy;
Yet would I drink the fragrance which ye pour,
Mix'd with decaying odours: for to me
Ye have beguiled the hours of infancy,
As in the wood-paths of my native—

* * * * * * *

XII.

Once more, and yet once more,
I give unto my harp a dark-woven lay;
I heard the waters roar,
I heard the flood of ages pass away.
O thou, stern spirit, who dost dwell
In thine eternal cell,
Noting, gray chronicler! the silent years;
I saw thee rise,—I saw the scroll complete,
Thou spakest, and at thy feet
The universe gave way.

TIME,

A POEM.

This Poem was begun either during the publication of Clifton Grove, or shortly afterwards. Henry never laid aside the intention of completing it, and some of the detached parts were among his latest productions.

Genius of musings, who, the midnight hour
Wasting in woods or haunted forests wild,
Dost watch Orion in his arctic tower,
Thy dark eye fix'd as in some holy trance;
Or when the vollied lightnings cleave the air,
And Ruin gaunt bestrides the winged storm,
Sitt'st in some lonely watch-tower, where thy lamp,
Faint-blazing, strikes the fisher's eye from far,
And, 'mid the howl of elements, unmoved
Dost ponder on the awful scene, and trace
The vast *effect* to its superior source,—
Spirit, attend my lowly benison!
For now I strike to themes of import high
The solitary lyre; and, borne by thee
Above this narrow cell, I celebrate
The mysteries of Time!
Him who, august,
Was ere these worlds were fashioned,—ere the sun
Sprang from the east, or Lucifer display'd
His glowing cresset in the arch of morn,

Or Vesper gilded the serener eve.
Yea, He *had been* for an eternity!
Had swept unvarying from eternity!
The harp of desolation—ere his tones'
At God's command, assumed a milder strain,
And startled on his watch, in the vast deep,
Chaos' sluggish sentry and evoked
From the dark void the smiling universe.

Chain'd to the grovelling frailties of the flesh,
Mere mortal man, unpurged from earthly dross,
Cannot survey, with fix'd and steady eye,
The dim uncertain gulf, which now the muse,
Adventurous, would explore;—but dizzy grown,
He topples down the abyss.—If he would scan
The fearful chasm, and catch a transient glimpse
Of its unfathomable depths, that so
His mind may turn with double joy to God,
His only certainty and resting place;
He must put off awhile this mortal vest,
And learn to follow without giddiness,
To heights where all is vision, and surprise,
And vague conjecture.—He must waste by night
The studious taper, far from all resort
Of crowds and folly, in some still retreat;
High on the beetling promontory's crest,
Or in the caves of the vast wilderness, [shapes,
Where, compass'd round with Nature's wildest
He may be driven to centre all his thoughts
In the great Architect, who lives confess'd
In rocks, and seas, and solitary wastes.

So has divine Philosophy, with voice
Mild as the murmurs of the moonlight wave,
Tutor'd the heart of him, who now awakes,
Touching the chords of solemn minstrelsy,
His faint, neglected song—intent to snatch
Some vagrant blossom from the dangerous steep
Of poesy, a bloom of such a hue,
So sober, as may not unseemly suit
With Truth's severer brow; and one withal
So hardy as shall brave the passing wind
Of many winters,—rearing its meek head
In loveliness, when he who gather'd it
Is number'd with the generations gone.
Yet not to me hath God's good providence
Given studious leisure,* or unbroken thought,
Such as he owns,—a meditative man,
Who from the blush of morn to quiet eve
Ponders, or turns the page of wisdom o'er,
Far from the busy crowd's tumultuous din:
From noise and wrangling far, and undisturb'd
With Mirth's unholy shouts. For me the day
Hath duties which require the vigorous hand
Of steadfast application, but which leave
No deep improving trace upon the mind.
But be the day another's;—let it pass!
The night's my own—They cannot steal my night!
When evening lights her folding-star on high,
I live and breathe, and in the sacred hours
Of quiet and repose, my spirit flies,

* The author was then in an attorney's office.

Free as the morning, o'er the realms of space,
And mounts the skies, and imps her wing for
Heaven.

Hence do I love the sober-suited maid; [theme,
Hence Night's my friend, my mistress, and my
And she shall aid me *now* to magnify
The night of ages,—*now* when the pale ray
Of star-light penetrates the studious gloom,
And, at my window seated, while mankind
Are lock'd in sleep, I feel the refreshing breeze
Of stillness blow, while, in her saddest stole,
Thought, like a wakeful vestal at her shrine,
Assumes her wonted sway.
Behold the world
Rests, and her tired inhabitants have paused
From trouble and turmoil. The widow now
Has ceased to weep, and her twin orphans lie
Lock'd in each arm, partakers of her rest.
The man of sorrow has forgot his woes;
The outcast that his head is shelterless,
His griefs unshared.—The mother tends no more
Her daughter's dying slumbers, but, surprised
With heaviness, and sunk upon her couch,
Dreams of her bridals. Even the hectic, lull'd
On Death's lean arm to rest, in visions wrapp'd,
Crowning with Hope's bland wreath his shud-
dering nurse,
Poor victim! smiles.—Silence and deep repose
Reign o'er the nations; and the warning voice
Of Nature utters audibly within
The general moral:—tells us that repose,

Deathlike as this, but of far longer span,
Is coming on us—that the weary crowds,
Who now enjoy a temporary calm,
Shall soon taste lasting quiet, wrapp'd around
With grave-clothes: and their aching restless heads
Mouldering in holes and corners unobserved,
Till the last trump shall break their sullen sleep.

Who needs a teacher to admonish him
That flesh is grass, that earthly things are mist?
What are our joys but dreams? and what our hopes
But goodly shadows in the summer cloud?
There's not a wind that blows but bears with it
Some rainbow promise:—Not a moment flies
But puts its sickle in the fields of life,
And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.
'Tis but as yesterday since on yon stars,
Which now I view, the Chaldee Shepherd* gazed
In his mid-watch observant, and disposed
The twinkling hosts as fancy gave them shape.
Yet in the interim what mighty shocks
Have buffeted mankind—whole nations razed—
Cities made desolate,—the polish'd sunk
To barbarism, and once barbaric states
Swaying the wand of science and of arts;
Illustrious deeeds and memorable names
Blotted from record, and upon the tongue
Of gray Tradition, voluble no more.

Where are the heroes of the ages past?
Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty ones

* Alluding to the first astronomical observations made by the Chaldean shepherds.

Who flourish'd in the infancy of days?
All to the grave gone down. On their fallen fame
Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,
Sits grim *Forgetfulness.*—The warrior's arm
Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame;
Hush'd is his stormy voice, and quench'd the blaze
Of his red eye-ball.—Yesterday his name
Was mighty on the earth—To day—'tis what?
The meteor of the night of distant years,
That flash'd unnoticed, save by wrinkled eld,
Musing at midnight upon prophecies,
Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam
Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly
Closed her pale lips, and lock'd the secret up
Safe in the charnel's treasures.
O how weak
Is mortal man! how trifling—how confined
His scope of vision! Puff'd with confidence,
His phrase grows big with immortality,
And he, poor insect of a summer's day!
Dreams of eternal honours to his name;
Of endless glory and perennial bays.
He idly reasons of eternity,
As of the train of ages,—when, alas!
Ten thousand thousand of his centuries
Are, in comparison, a little point
Too trivial for accompt.—O, it is strange,
'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies;
Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,
Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,
And smile, and say, my name shall live with this
Till Time shall be no more; while at his feet,

Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
Of the fallen fabric of the other day
Preaches the solemn lesson.—He *should* know
That time must conquer; that the loudest blast
That ever fill'd Renown's obstreperous trump
Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.
Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom
Of the gigantic pyramid? or who
Rear'd its huge walls? Oblivion laughs, and says,
The prey is mine.—They sleep, and never more
Their names shall strike upon the ear of man,
Their memory bursts its fetters.

Where is *Rome?*

She lives but in the tale of other times;
Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home,
And her long colonnades, her public walks,
Now faintly echo to the pilgrims feet,
Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace,
Through the rank moss reveal'd, her honour'd dust.
But not to Rome alone has fate confined
The doom of ruin; cities numberless,
Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon, and Troy,
And rich Phœnicia—they are blotted out,
Half-razed from memory, and their very name
And *being* in dispute.—Has Athens fallen?
Is polish'd Greece become the savage seat
Of ignorance and sloth? and shall *we* dare

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* * * *

And empire seeks another hemisphere.

Where now is Britain?—Where her laurell'd
names,
Her palaces and halls? Dash'd in the dust,
Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
To primitive barbarity.——Again,
Through her depopulated vales, the scream
Of bloody Superstition hollow rings,
And the scared native to the tempest howls
The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and the cry
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude.—Her bards
Sing in a language that hath perished;
And their wild harps suspended o'er their graves,
Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.

Meanwhile the Arts, in second infancy,
Rise in some distant clime, and then, perchance,
Some bold adventurer, fill'd with golden dreams,
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,
Where, to his wondering thoughts, no daring prow
Hath ever plough'd before,—espies the cliffs
Of fallen Albion.—To the land unknown
He journeys joyful; and perhaps descries
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness:
Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind
Of the unheard-of race, which had arrived

At science in that solitary nook,
Far from the civil world; and sagely sighs.
And moralizes on the state of man.

Still on its march, unnoticed and unfelt,
Moves on our being. We do live and breathe,
And we are gone. The spoiler heeds us not
We have our spring-time and our rottenness;
And as we fall, another race succeeds,
To perish likewise.—Meanwhile Nature smiles—
The seasons run their round—The Sun fulfils
His annual course—and Heaven and earth remain
Still changing, yet unchanged—still doom'd to feel
Endless mutation in perpetual rest.
Where are conceal'd the days which have elapsed?
Hid in the mighty cavern of *the past*,
They rise upon us only to appal,
By indistinct and half-glimpsed images,
Misty, gigantic, huge, obscure, remote.

Oh, it is fearful, on the midnight couch,
When the rude rushing winds forget to rave,
And the pale moon, that through the casement high
Surveys the sleepless muser, stamps the hour
Of utter silence, it is fearful then
To steer the mind, in deadly solitude,
Up the vague stream of probability;
To wind the mighty secrets of *the past*,
And turn the key of Time?—Oh! who can strive
To comprehend the vast, the awful truth,
Of the *eternity that hath gone by*,
And not recoil from the dismaying sense

Of human impotence? The life of man
Is summ'd in birth-days and in sepulchres:
But the eternal God had no beginning;
He hath no end. Time had been with him
For *everlasting*, ere the dædal world
Rose from the gulf in loveliness.—Like him
It knew no source, like him 'twas uncreate.
What is it then? The past Eternity!
We comprehend a *future* without end;
We feel it possible that even yon sun
May roll for ever: but we shrink amazed—
We stand aghast, when we reflect that Time
Knew no commencement,—That heap age on age,
And million upon million without end,
And we shall never span the void of days
That were, and are not but in retrospect.
The Past is an unfathomable depth,
Beyond the span of thought; 'tis an elapse
Which hath no mensuration, but hath been
For ever and for ever.
Change of days
To us is sensible; and each revolve
Of the recording sun conducts us on
Further in life, and nearer to our goal.
Not so with Time,—mysterious chronicler,
He knoweth not mutation;—centuries
Are to his being as a day, and days
As centuries.—Time past, and Time to come,
Are always equal; when the world began
God had existed from eternity.

* * * * * *

Now look on man
Myriads of ages hence.—Hath time elapsed?
Is he not standing in the self-same place
Where once we stood?—The same eternity
Hath gone before him, and is yet to come;
His *past* is not of longer span than ours,
Though myriads of ages intervened;
For who can add to what has neither sum,
Nor bound, nor source, nor estimate, nor end?
Oh, who can compass the Almighty mind?
Who can unlock the secrets of the High?
In speculations of an altitude
Sublime as this, our reason stands confess'd
Foolish, and insignificant, and mean.
Who can apply the futile argument
Of finite beings to infinity?
He might as well compress the universe
Into the hollow compass of a gourd,
Scoop'd out by human art; or bid the whale
Drink up the sea it swims in!—Can the less
Contain the greater? or the dark obscure
Infold the glories of meridian day?
What does Philosophy impart to man
But undiscover'd wonders?—Let her soar
Even to her proudest heights—to where she caught
The soul of Newton and of Socrates,
She but extends the scope of wild amaze
And admiration. All her lessons end
In wider views of God's unfathom'd depths.

Lo! the unletter'd hind, who never knew
To raise his mind excursive to the heights

Of abstract contemplation, as he sits
On the green hillock by the hedge-row side,
What time the insect swarms are murmuring,
And marks, in silent thought, the broken clouds
That fringe with loveliest hues the evening sky,
Feels in his soul the hand of Nature rouse
The thrill of gratitude, to him who form'd
The goodly prospect; he beholds the God
Throned in the west, and his reposing ear
Hears sounds angelic in the fitful breeze [brake,
That floats through neighbouring copse or fairy
Or lingers playful on the haunted stream.
Go with the cotter to his winter fire,
Where o'er the moors the loud blast whistles shrill,
And the hoarse ban-dog bays the icy moon;
Mark with what awe he lists the wild uproar,
Silent, and big with thought; and hear him bless
The God that rides on the tempestuous clouds
For his snug hearth, and all his little joys:
Hear him compare his happier lot with his
Who bends his way across the wintry wolds,
A poor night-traveller, while the dismal snow
Beats in his face, and, dubious of his path,
He stops, and thinks, in every lengthening blast,
He hears some village-mastiff's distant howl,
And sees, far-streaming, some lone cottage light;
Then, undeceived, upturns his streaming eyes,
And clasps his shivering hands; or, overpower'd,
Sinks on the frozen ground, weigh'd down with sleep,
From which the hapless wretch shall never wake.
Thus the poor rustic warms his heart with praise

And glowing gratitude,—he turns to bless,
With honest warmth, his Maker and his God!
And shall it e'er be said, that a poor hind,
Nursed in the lap of Ignorance, and bred
In want and labour, glows with nobler zeal
To laud his Maker's attributes, while he
Whom starry Science in her cradle rock'd,
And Castaly enchasten'd with its dews,
Closes his eye upon the holy word,
And, blind to all but arrogance and pride,
Dares to declare his infidelity,
And openly contemn the Lord of Hosts?
What is philosophy, if it impart
Irreverence for the Deity, or teach
A mortal man to set his judgment up
Against his Maker's will?—The Polygar,
Who kneels to sun or moon, compared with him
Who thus perverts the talents he enjoys,
Is the most bless'd of men!—Oh! I would walk
A weary journey, to the furthest verge
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand,
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
Preserves a lowly mind; and to his God,
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is as a child in meek simplicity!
What is the pomp of learning? the parade
Of letters and of tongues? Even as the mists
Of the gray morn before the rising sun,
That pass away and perish.
Earthly things
Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,

That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.
'Tis as the tower erected on a cloud,
Baseless and silly as the school-boy's dream.
Ages and epochs that destroy our pride,
And then record its downfall, what are they
But the poor creatures of man's teeming brain?
Hath Heaven its ages? or doth Heaven preserve
Its stated æras? Doth the Omnipotent
Hear of to-morrows or of yesterdays?
There is to God nor future nor a past;
Throned in his might, all times to him are present;
He hath no lapse, no past, no time to come;
He sees before him one eternal *now.*
Time moveth not!—our being 'tis that moves:
And we, swift gliding down life's rapid stream,
Dream of swift ages and revolving years,
Ordain'd to chronicle our passing days;
So the young sailor in the gallant bark,
Scudding before the wind, beholds the coast
Receding from his eyes, and thinks the while,
Struck with amaze, that he is motionless,
And that the land is sailing.
Such, alas!
Are the illusions of this Proteus life;
All, all is false: through every phasis still
'Tis shadowy and deceitful. It assumes
The semblance of things and specious shapes;
But the lost traveller might as soon rely
On the evasive spirit of the marsh,
Whose lantern beams, and vanishes, and flits,
O'er bog, and rock, and pit, and hollow way,
As we on its appearances.

On earth
There is nor certainty nor stable hope.
As well the weary mariner, whose bark
Is toss'd beyond Cimmerian Bosphorus,
Where Storm and Darkness hold their drear domain,
And sunbeams never penetrate, might trust
To expectation of serener skies,
And linger in the very jaws of death,
Because some peevish cloud were opening,
Or the loud storm had bated in its rage:
As we look forward in this vale of tears
To permanent delight—from some slight glimpse
Of shadowy unsubstantial happiness.

The good man's hope is laid far, far beyond
The sway of tempests, or the furious sweep
Of mortal desolation.—He beholds,
Unapprehensive, the gigantic stride
Of rampant Ruin, or the unstable waves
Of dark Vicissitude.—Even in death,
In that dread hour, when with a giant pang,
Tearing the tender fibres of the heart,
The immortal spirit struggles to be free,
Then, even then, that hope forsakes him not,
For it exists beyond the narrow verge
Of the cold sepulchre.—The petty joys
Of fleeting life indignantly it spurn'd,
And rested on the bosom of its God.
This is man's only reasonable hope;
And 'tis a hope which, cherish'd in the breast,
Shall not be disappointed.—Even he,

The Holy One—Almighty—who elanced
The rolling world along its airy way,
Even He will deign to smile upon the good,
And welcome him to these celestial seats,
Where joy and gladness hold their changeless reign.
Thou, proud man, look upon yon starry vault,
Survey the countless gems which richly stud,
The Night's imperial chariot;—Telescopes
Will show thee myriads more innumerous
Than the sea sand;—each of those little lamps
Is the great source of light, the central sun
Round which some other mighty sisterhood
Of planets travel, every planet stock'd
With living beings impotent as thee. [fled?
Now, proud man! now, where is thy greatness
What art thou in the scale of universe?
Less, less than nothing!—Yet of thee the God
Who built this wondrous frame of worlds is careful,
As well as of the mendicant who begs
The leavings of thy table. And shalt thou
Lift up thy thankless spirit, and contemn
His heavenly providence! Deluded fool,
Even now the thunderbolt is wing'd with death,
Even now thou totterest on the brink of hell.

How insignificant is mortal man,
Bound to the hasty pinions of an hour;
How poor, how trivial in the vast conceit
Of infinite duration, boundless space!
God of the universe! Almighty one!
Thou who dost walk upon the winged winds,

Or with the storm thy rugged charioteer,
Swift and impetuous as the northern blast,
Ridest from pole to pole; Thou who dost hold
The forked lightnings in thine awful grasp,
And reinest in the earthquake, when thy wrath
Goes down towards erring man, I would address
To Thee my parting pæan; for of Thee,
Great beyond comprehension, who thyself
Art Time and Space, sublime Infinitude,
Of Thee has been my song—With awe I kneel
Trembling before the footstool of thy state,
My God! my Father!—I will sing to Thee
A hymn of laud, a solemn canticle,
Ere on the cypress wreath, which overshades
The throne of Death, I hang my mournful lyre,
And give its wild strings to the desert gale.
Rise, Son of Salem! rise, and join the strain,
Sweep to accordant tones thy tuneful harp,
And leaving vain laments, arouse thy soul
To exultation. Sing hosanna, sing,
And hallelujah, for the Lord is great
And full of mercy! He has thought of man;
Yea, compass'd round with countless worlds, has thought
Of we poor worms, that batten in the dews
Of morn, and perish ere the noon-day sun.
Sing to the Lord, for he is merciful:
He gave the Nubian lion but to live,
To rage its hour, and perish; but on man
He lavish'd immortality, and Heaven.
The eagle falls from her ærial tower,

And mingles with irrevocable dust:
But man from death springs joyful,
Springs up to life and to eternity.
Oh, that, insensate of the favouring boon,
The great exclusive privilege bestow'd
On us unworthy trifles, men should dare
To treat with slight regard the proffer'd Heaven,
And urge the lenient, but All-Just, to swear
In wrath, "They shall not enter in my rest."
Might I address the supplicative strain
To thy high footstool, I would pray that thou
Wouldst pity the deluded wanderers,
And fold them, ere they perish, in thy flock.
Yea, I would bid thee pity them, through Him,
Thy well-beloved, who, upon the cross,
Bled a dead sacrifice for human sin,
And paid, with bitter agony, the debt
Of primitive transgression.
Oh! I shrink,
My very soul doth shrink, when I reflect
That the time hastens, when in vengeance clothed,
Thou shalt come down to stamp the seal of fate
On erring mortal man. Thy chariot wheels
Then shall rebound to earths remotest caves,
And stormy Ocean from his bed shall start
At the appalling summons. Oh! how dread,
On the dark eye of miserable man,
Chasing his sins in secrecy and gloom,
Will burst the effulgence of the opening Heaven;
When to the brazen trumpet's deafening roar,
Thou and thy dazzling cohorts shall descend,

Proclaiming the fulfilment of the word!
The dead shall start astonish'd from their sleep!
The sepulchres shall groan and yield their prey,
The bellowing floods shall disembogue their charge
Of human victims.—From the farthest nook
Of the wide world shall troop their risen souls,
From him whose bones are bleaching in the waste
Of polar solitudes, or him whose corpse,
Whelm'd in the loud Atlantic's vexed tides,
Is wash'd on some Carribean prominence,
To the lone tenant of some secret cell
In the Pacific's vast * * * realm,
Where never plummet's sound was heard to part
The wilderness of water; they shall come
To greet the solemn advent of the Judge.
Thou first shalt summon the elected saints,
To their apportion'd Heaven! and thy Son,
At thy right hand, shall smile with conscious joy
On all his past distresses, when for them
He bore humanity's severest pangs.
Then shalt thou seize the avenging scymitar,
And, with a roar as loud and horrible
As the stern earthquake's monitory voice,
The wicked shall be driven to their abode,
Down the immitigable gulf, to wail
And gnash their teeth in endless agony.

* * * * * *

Rear thou aloft thy standard.—Spirit, rear
Thy flag on high!—Invincible, and throned
In unparticipated might. Behold
Earth's proudest boasts, beneath thy silent sway,

Sweep headlong to destruction, thou the while,
Unmoved and heedless, thou dost hear the rush
Of mighty generations, as they pass
To the broad gulf of ruin, and dost stamp
Thy signet on them, and they rise no more. [Time,
Who shall contend with Time—unvanquish'd
The conqueror of conquerors, and lord
Of desolation?—Lo! the shadows fly,
The hours and days, and years and centuries,
They fly, they fly, and nations rise and fall.
The young are old, the old are in their graves.
Heard'st thou that shout? It rent the vaulted skies;
It was the voice of people,—mighty crowds,—
Again! 'tis hush'd—Time speaks, and all is hush'd;
In the vast multitude now reigns alone
Unruffled solitude. They all are still;
All—yea, the whole—the incalculable mass,
Still as the ground that clasps their cold remains.

Rear thou aloft thy standard.—Spirit, rear
Thy flag on high! and glory in thy strength.
But do thou know the season yet shall come,
When from its base thine adamantine throne
Shall tumble; when thine arm shall cease to strike,
Thy voice forget its petrifying power; [*more.*
When saints shall shout, and *Time shall be no*
Yea, he doth come—the mighty champion comes,
Whose potent spear shall give thee thy death-
wound,
Shall crush the conqueror of conquerors,
And desolate stern Desolation's lord.

Lo! where he cometh! the Messiah comes!
The King! the Comforter! the Christ!—He comes
So burst the bonds of death, and overturn
The power of Time.—Hark! the trumpet's blast
Rings o'er the heavens! They rise the myriads rise—
Even from their graves they spring, and burst the chains
Of torpor—He has ransom'd them, * * *

Forgotten generations live again,
Assume the bodily shapes they own'd of old,
Beyond the flood;—the righteous of their times
Embrace and weep, they weep the tears of joy.
The sainted mother wakes, and in her lap
Clasps her dear babe, the partner of her grave,
And heritor with her of Heaven,—a flower
Wash'd by the blood of Jesus from the stain
Of native guilt, even in its early bud,
And, hark! those strains, how solemnly serene
They fall, as from the skies—at distance fall—
Again more loud—The hallelujah's swell;
The newly-risen catch the joyful sound;
They glow, they burn; and now with one accord
Bursts forth sublime from every mouth the song
Of praise to God on high, and to the Lamb
Who bled for mortals.

* * * * * *

Yet there is peace for man.—Yea, there is peace
Even in this noisy, this unsettled scene;

When from the crowd, and from the city far,
Haply he may be set (in his late walk
O'ertaken with deep thought) beneath the boughs
Of honeysuckle when the sun is gone,
And with fix'd eye, and wistful, he surveys
The solemn shadows of the Heavens sail,
And thinks the season yet shall come, when Time
Will waft him to repose, to deep repose,
Far from the unquietness of life—from noise
And tumult far—beyond the flying clouds,
Beyond the stars, and all this passing scene,
Where change shall cease, and Time shall be no more.

* * * * * *

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. I.)

———— There is a mood
(I sing not to the vacant and the young)
There is a kindly mood of Melancholy,
That wings the soul and points her to the skies.

Dyer.

Philosophers have divested themselves of their natural apathy, and poets have risen above themselves, in descanting on the pleasures of Melancholy. There is no mind so gross, no understanding so uncultivated, as to be incapable, at certain moments, and amid certain combinations, of feeling that sublime influence upon the spirits which steals the soul from the petty anxieties of the world,

"And fits it to hold converse with the gods."

I must confess, if such there be who never felt the divine abstraction, I envy them not their insensibility. For my own part, it is from the indulgence of this soothing power that I derive the most exquisite of gratifications; at the calm hour of moonlight, amid all the sublime

serenity, the dead stillness of the night; or when the howling storm rages in the heavens, the rain pelts on my roof, and the winds whistle through the crannies of my apartment, I feel the divine mood of melancholy upon me; I imagine myself placed upon an eminence, above the crowds who pant below in the dusty tracks of wealth and honor. The black catalogue of crimes and of vice; the sad tissue of wretchedness and wo, passes in review before me, and I look down upon man with an eye of pity and commiseration. Though the scenes which I survey be mournful, and the ideas they excite equally sombre; though the tears gush as I contemplate them, and my heart feels heavy with the sorrowful emotions which they inspire; yet are they not unaccompanied with sensations of the purest and most ecstatic bliss.

It is to the spectator alone that Melancholy is forbidding; in herself she is soft and interesting, and capable of affording pure and unalloyed delight. Ask the lover why he muses by the side of the purling brook, or plunges into the deep gloom of the forest? Ask the unfortunate why he seeks the still shades of solitude? or the man who feels the pangs of disappointed ambition, why he retires into the silent walks of seclusion? and he will tell you that he derives a pleasure therefrom, which nothing else can impart. It is the delight of Melancholy; but the melancholy of these beings is as far removed from that of the philosopher, as are the narrow and contracted

complaints of selfishness from the mournful regrets of expansive philanthropy ; as are the desponding intervals of insanity from the occasional depressions of benevolent sensibility.

The man who has attained that calm equanimity which qualifies him to look down upon the petty evils of life with indifference; who can so far conquer the weakness of nature, as to consider the sufferings of the individual of little moment, when put in competition with the welfare of the community, is alone the true philosopher. His melancholy is not excited by the retrospect of his own misfortunes; it has its rise from the contemplation of the miseries incident to life, and the evils which obtrude themselves upon society, and interrupt the harmony of nature. It would be arrogating too much merit to myself, to assert that I have a just claim to the title of a philosopher, as it is here defined ; or to say that the speculations of my melancholy hours are equally disinterested : be this as it may, I have determined to present my solitary effusions to the public; they will at least have the merit of novelty to recommend them, and may possibly, in some measure, be instrumental in the melioration of the human heart, or the correction of false prepossessions. This is the height of my ambition ; this once attained, and my end will be fully accomplished. One thing I can safely promise, though far from being the coinages of a heart at ease, they will contain neither the querulous captiousness of misfortune, nor the bitter taunts of misanthropy. Society is a chain of

which I am merely a link: all men are my associates in error, and though some may have gone farther in ways of guilt than myself, yet it is not in me to sit in judgment upon them; it is mine to treat them rather in pity than in anger, to lament their crimes and to weep over their sufferings. As these papers will be the amusement of those hours of relaxation, when the mind recedes from the vexations of business, and sinks into itself for a moment of solitary ease, rather than the efforts of literary leisure, the reader will not expect to find in them unusual elegance of language, or studied propriety of style. In the short and necessary intervals of cessation from the anxieties of an irksome employment, one finds little time to be solicitous about expression. If, therefore, the fervor of a glowing mind expresses itself in too warm and luxuriant a manner for the cold ear of dull propriety, let the fastidious critic find a selfish pleasure in decrying it. To criticism melancholy is indifferent. If learning cannot be better employed than in declaiming against the defects, while it is insensible to the beauties of a performance, well may we exclaim with the poet,

Ω ευμενης αγνοια ως αμωμους τις ει
Οταν οι συ συ εχοις οντως σ' ουκ αγνοει.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. II.)

But (wel-a-day!) who loves the Muses now?
Or helpes the climber of the sacred hyll?
None leane to them; but strive to disalow
All heavenly dewes the goddesses distil.
Wm. Brown's Shepheard's Pipe. Eg. 5.

It is a melancholy reflection, and a reflection which often sinks heavily on my soul, that the Sons of Genius generally seem predestined to encounter the rudest storms of adversity, to struggle, unnoticed, with poverty and misfortune. The annals of the world present us with many corroborations of this remark; and, alas! who can tell how many unhappy beings, who might have shone with distinguished lustre among the stars which illumine our hemisphere may have sunk unknown beneath the pressure of untoward circumstances; who knows how many may have shrunk, with all the exquisite sensibility of genius, from the rude and riotous discord of the world, into the peaceful slumbers of death. Among the number of those whose talents might have elevated them

to the first rank of eminence, but who have been overwhelmed with the accumulated ills of poverty and misfortune, I do not hesitate to rank a young man whom I once accounted my greatest happiness to be able to call my friend.

Charles Wanely was the only son of an humble village rector, who just lived to give him a liberal education, and then left him unprovided for and unprotected, to struggle through the world as well as he could. With a heart glowing with the enthusiasm of poetry and romance, with a sensibility the most exquisite, and with an indignant pride, which swelled in his veins, and told him he was a man, my friend found himself cast upon the wide world at the age of sixteen, an adventurer, without fortune and without connexion.

As his independent spirit could not brook the idea of being a burden to those whom his father had taught him to consider only as allied by blood, and not by affection, he looked about him for a situation which could ensure to him, by his own exertions, an honorable competence. It was not long before such a situation offered, and Charles precipitately articled himself to an attorney, without giving himself time to consult his own inclinations, or the disposition of his master. The transition from Sophocles and Euripides, Theocritus and Ovid, to Finche and Wood, Coke and Wynne, was striking and difficult; but Charles applied himself with his wonted ardor to his new study, as considering it not only his interest, but his duty so to do. It was not long, however,

before he discovered that he disliked the law, that he disliked his situation, and that he despised his master. The fact was, my friend had many mortifications to endure, which his haughty soul could ill brook. The attorney to whom he was articled, was one of those narrow-minded beings who consider wealth as alone entitled to respect. He had discovered that his clerk was *very* poor, and *very* destitute of friends, and thence he *very* naturally concluded that he might insult him with impunity. It appears, however, that he was mistaken in his calculations. I one night remarked that my friend was unusually thoughtful. I ventured to ask him whether he had met with any thing particular to ruffle his spirits. He looked at me for some moments significantly, then, as if roused to fury by the recollection—"I have," said he vehemently, "I have, I have. He has insulted me grossly, and I will bear it no longer." He now walked up and down the room with visible emotion.—Presently he sat down.—He seemed more composed. "My friend," said he, "I have endured much from this man. I conceived it my duty to forbear, but I have forborne until forbearance is blameable, and, by the Almighty, I will never again endure what I have endured this day. But not only this man; every one thinks he may treat me with contumely, because I am poor and friendless. But I am a man, and will no longer tamely submit to be the sport of fools, and the foot-ball of caprice. In this spot of earth, though it gave me birth, I can never taste of ease. Here

I must be miserable. The principal end of man is to arrive at happiness. Here I can never attain it; and here therefore I will no longer remain. My obligations to the rascal, who calls himself my master, are cancelled by his abuse of the authority I rashly placed in his hands. I have no relations to bind me to this particular place." The tears started in his eyes as he spoke. "I have no tender ties to bid me stay, and why *do* I stay? The world is all before me. My inclination leads me to travel; I will pursue that inclination; and, perhaps, in a strange land I may find that repose which is denied to me in the place of my birth. My finances, it is true, are ill able to support the expenses of travelling: but what then—Goldsmith, my friend," with rising enthusiasm, "Goldsmith traversed Europe on foot, and I am as hardy as Goldsmith. Yes, I will go, and perhaps, ere long, I may sit me down on some towering mountain, and exclaim with him, while a hundred realms lie in perspective before me,

"Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine."

It was in vain I entreated him to reflect maturely, ere he took so bold a step; he was deaf to my importunities, and the next morning I received a letter informing me of his departure. He was observed about sun-rise, sitting on the stile, at the top of an eminence which commanded a prospect of the surrounding country, pensively looking towards the village. I could divine his emotions,

on thus casting probably a last look on his native place. The neat white parsonage-house, with the honeysuckle mantling on its wall, I knew would receive his last glance; and the image of his father would present itself to his mind, with a melancholy pleasure, as he was thus hastening, a solitary individual, to plunge himself into the crowds of the world, deprived of that fostering hand which would otherwise have been his support and guide.

From this period Charles Wanely was never heard of at L——, and, as his few relations cared little about him, in a short time it was almost forgotten that such a being had ever been in existence.

About five years had elapsed from this period, when my occasions led me to the continent. I will confess I was not without a romantic hope, that I might again meet with my lost friend; and that often, with that idea, I scrutinized the features of the passengers. One fine moonlight night, as I was strolling down the grand Italian Strada di Toledo, at Naples, I observed a crowd assembled round a man, who, with impassioned gestures, seemed to be vehemently declaiming to the multitude. It was one of the Improvisatori, who recite extempore verses in the streets of Naples, for what money they can collect from the hearers. I stopped to listen to the man's metrical romance, and had remained in the attitude of attention some time, when, happening to turn round, I beheld a person very shabbily dressed, steadfastly gazing at

me. The moon shone full in his face. I thought his features were familliar to me. He was pale and emaciated, and his countenance bore marks of the deepest dejection. Yet, amidst all these changes, I thought I recognised Charles Wanely. I stood stupified with surprise. My senses nearly failed me. On recovering myself, I looked again, but he had left the spot the moment he found himself observed. I darted through the crowd, and ran every way which I thought he could have gone, but it was all to no purpose. Nobody knew him. Nobody had even seen such a person. The two following days I renewed my inquiries, and at last discovered the lodgings where a man of his description had resided. But he had left Naples the morning after his form had struck my eyes. I found he gained a subsistence by drawing rude figures in chalks and vending them among the peasantry. I could no longer doubt it was my friend, and immediately perceived that his haughty spirit could not bear to be recognised in such degrading circumstances, by one who had known him in better days. Lamenting the misguided notions which had thus again thrown him from me, I left Naples, now grown hateful to my sight, and embarked for England. It is now nearly twenty years since this recounter, during which period he has not been heard of; and there can be little doubt that this unfortunate young man has found, in some remote corner of the continent, an obscure and an unlamented grave.

Thus, those talents which were formed to do

honor to human nature, and to the country which gave them birth, have been nipped in the bud of the frosts of poverty and scorn, and their unhappy possessor lies in an unknown and nameless tomb, who might, under happier circumstances, have risen to the highest pinnacle of ambition and renown.

W.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. III.)

Few know that elegance of soul refined,
Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
From melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride
Of tasteless splendor and magnificence
Can e'er afford.

Warton's Melancholy.

In one of my midnight rambles down the side of the Trent, the river which waters the place of my nativity, as I was musing on the various evils which darken the life of man, and which have their rise in the malevolence and ill-nature of his

fellows, the sound of a flute from an adjoining copse attracted my attention. The tune it played was mournful, yet soothing. It was suited to the solemnity of the hour. As the distant notes came wafted at intervals on my ear, now with gradual swell, then dying away on the silence of the night, I felt the tide of indignation subside within me, and give place to the solemn calm of repose. I listened for some time in breathless ravishment. The strain ceased, yet the sounds still vibrated on my heart, and the visions of bliss which they excited, still glowed on my imagination. I was then standing in one of my favorite retreats. It was a little alcove, overshadowed with willows, and a mossy seat at the back invited to rest. I laid myself listlessly on the bank. The Trent murmured softly at my feet, and the willows sighed as they waved over my head. It was the holy moment of repose, and I soon sunk into a deep sleep. The operations of fancy in a slumber, induced by a combination of circumstances so powerful and uncommon, could not fail to be wild and romantic in the extreme. Methought I found myself in an extensive area, filled with an immense concourse of people. At one end was a throne of adamant, on which sat a female, in whose aspect I immediately recognised a divinity. She was clad in a garb of azure, on her forehead she bore a sun, whose splendor the eyes of many were unable to bear, and whose rays illumined the whole space, and penetrated into the deepest recesses of darkness. The aspect of the goddess

at a distance was forbidding, but on a nearer approach, it was mild and engaging. Her eyes were blue and piercing, and there was a fascination in her smile which charmed as if by enchantment. The air of intelligence which beamed in her look, made the beholder shrink into himself with the consciousness of inferiority; yet the affability of her deportment, and the simplicity and gentleness of her manners, soon reassured him, while the bewitching softness which she could at times assume, won his permanent esteem.

On inquiry of a by-stander who it was that sat on the throne, and what was the occasion of so uncommon an assembly, he informed me that it was the Goddess of Wisdom, who had at last succeeded in regaining the dominion of the earth, which Folly had so long usurped. That she sat there in her judicial capacity, in order to try the merits of many who were supposed to be the secret emissaries of Folly. In this way I understood Envy and Malevolence had been sentenced to perpetual banishment, though several of their adherents yet remained among men, whose minds were too gross to be irradiated with the light of wisdom. One trial I understood was just ended, and another supposed delinquent was about to be put to the bar. With much curiosity I hurried forwards to survey the figure which now approached. She was habited in black, and veiled to the waist. Her pace was solemn and majestic, yet in every movement was a winning

gracefulness. As she approached to the bar, I got a nearer view of her, when, what was my astonishment to recognise in her the person of my favorite goddess, Melancholy. Amazed that she, whom I had always looked upon as the sister and companion of Wisdom, should be brought to trial as an emissary and an adherent of Folly, I waited in mute impatience for the accusation which could be framed against her.—On looking towards the centre of the area, I was much surprised to see a bustling little *Cit* of my acquaintance, who, by his hemming and clearing, I concluded was going to make the charge. As he was a self-important little fellow, full of consequence and business, and totally incapable of all the finer emotions of the soul, I could not conceive what ground of complaint *he* could have against Melancholy, who, I was persuaded, would never have deigned to take up her residence for a moment in *his* breast. When I recollected, however, that he had some sparks of ambition in his composition, and that he was an envious, carping little mortal, who had formed the design of shouldering himself into notice by decrying the defects of others, while he was insensible to his own, my amazement and my apprehensions vanished, as I perceived he only wanted to make a display of his own talent, in doing which I did not fear his making himself sufficiently ridiculous.

After a good deal of irrelevant circumlocution he boldly began the accusation of Melancholy. I shall not dwell upon many absurd and many

invidious parts of his speech, nor upon the many blunders in the misapplication of words, such as "*deduce*" for "*detract*," and others of a similar nature, which my poor friend committed in the course of his harangue, but shall only dwell upon the material parts of the charge.

He represented the prisoner as the offspring of *Idleness* and *Discontent*, who was at all times a sulky, sullen, and "*eminently useless*" member of the community, and not unfrequently a very dangerous one. He declared it to be his opinion, that in case she were to be suffered to prevail, mankind would soon become "*too idle to go*," and would all lie down and perish through indolence, or through forgetting that sustenance was necessary for the preservation of existence; and concluded with painting the horrors which would attend such a depopulation of the earth, in such colors as made many weak minds regard the goddess with fear and abhorrence.

Having concluded, the accused was called upon for her defence. She immediately, with a graceful gesture, lifted up the veil which concealed her face, and discovered a countenance so soft, so lovely, and so sweetly expressive, as to strike the beholders with involuntary admiration, and which, at one glance overturned all the flimsy sophistry of my poor friend the citizen; and when the silver tones of her voice were heard, the murmurs, which until then had continually arisen from the crowd were hushed to a dead still, and the whole multitude stood transfixed in breathless attention. As near

as I can recollect, these were the words in which she addressed herself to the throne of wisdom.

I shall not deign to give a DIRECT *answer to the various insinuations which have been thrown out against me by my accuser.* Let it suffice that I declare my true history, in opposition to that which has been so artfully fabricated to my disadvantage. In that early age of the world, when mankind followed the peaceful avocations of a pastoral life only, and contentment and harmony reigned in every vale, I was not known among men; but when, in process of time, Ambition and Vice, with their attendant evils, were sent down as a scourge to the human race, I made my appearance. I am the offspring of Misfortune and Virtue, and was sent by Heaven to teach my parents how to support their afflictions with magnanimity. As I grew up, I became the intimate friend of the wisest among men. I was the bosom friend of Plato, and other illustrious sages of antiquity, and was then often known by the name of Philosophy, though, in present times, when that title is usurped by mere makers of experiments, and inventors of blacking-cakes, I am only known by the appellation of Melancholy. So far from being of a discontented disposition, my very essence is pious and resigned contentment. I teach my votaries to support every vicissitude of fortune with calmness and fortitude. It is mine to subdue the stormy propensities of passion and vice, to foster and encourage the principles of benevolence and philanthropy, and to cherish and bring to perfection

the seeds of virtue and wisdom. Though feared and hated by those who, like my accuser, are ignorant of my nature, I am courted and cherished by all the truly wise, the good, and the great; the poet wooes me as the goddess of inspiration; the true philosopher acknowledges himself indebted to me for his most expansive views of human nature; the good man owes to me that hatred of the wrong and love of the right, and that disdain for the consequences which may result from the performance of his duties, which keeps him good; and the religious flies to me for the only clear and unencumbered view of the attributes and perfections of the Deity. So far from being idle, my mind is ever on the wing in the regions of fancy, or that true philosophy which opens the book of human nature, and raises the soul above the evils incident to life. If I am useless, in the same degree were Plato and Socrates, Locke and Payley, useless; it is true that my immediate influence is confined, but its effects are dissiminated by means of literature over every age and nation, and mankind in every generation, and in every clime, may look to me as their remote illuminator, the original spring of the principal intellectual benefits they possess. But as there is no good without its attendant evil, so I have an elder sister, called Phrenzy, for whom I have often been mistaken, who sometimes follows close on my steps, and to her I owe much of the obloquy which is attached to my name; though the peurile accusation which has just been brought

against me turns on points which apply more exclusively to myself.

She ceased, and a dead pause ensued. The multitude seemed struck with the fascination of her utterance and gesture, and the sounds of her voice still seemed to vibrate on every ear. The attention of the assembly, however, was soon recalled to the accuser, and their indignation at his baseness rose to such a height as to threaten general tumult, when the Goddess of Wisdom arose, and, waving her hand for silence, beckoned the prisoner to her, placed her on her right hand, and, with a sweet smile, acknowledged her for her old companion and friend. She then turned to the accuser, with a frown of severity so terrible, that I involuntarily started with terror from my poor misguided friend, and with the violence of the start I awoke, and, instead of the throne of the Goddess of Wisdom, and the vast assembly of people, beheld the first rays of the morning peeping over the eastern cloud; and, instead of the loud murmurs of the incensed multitude, heard nothing but the soft gurgling of the river at my feet, and the rustling wing of the sky-lark, who was now beginning his first matin-song.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. IV.)

Σκοπησαμενος εὑρισκον ουδαμως αν αλλως οὕτος διαπεραξαμενος.
ISOCR.

THE world has often heard of fortune-hunters, legacy-hunters, popularity-hunters, and hunters of various descriptions—one diversity, however, of this very extensive species has hitherto eluded public animadversion; I allude to the class of friend-hunters—men who make it the business of their lives to acquire friends, in the hope, through their influence, to arrive at some desirable point of ambitious eminence. Of all the mortifications and anxieties to which mankind voluntarily subject themselves, from the expectation of future benefit, there are, perhaps, none more galling, none more insupportable, than those attendant on friend-making.—Show a man that you court his society, and it is a signal for him to treat you with neglect and contumely. Humor his passions, and he despises you as a sycophant. Pay implicit deference to his opinions, and he laughs at you for your folly. In all, he views you with contempt, as the creature of his will, and the slave of his

caprice. I remember I once solicited the acquaintance and coveted the friendship of one man, and, thank God, I can yet say (and I hope on my death-bed I shall be able to say the same) of ONLY one man.

Germanicus was a character of considerable eminence in the literary world. He had the reputation not only of an enlightened understanding and refined taste, but of openness of heart and goodness of disposition. His name always carried with it that weight and authority which are due to learning and genius in every situation. His manners were polished, and his conversation elegant. In short, he possessed every qualification which could render him an enviable addition to the circle of every man's friends. With such a character, as I was then very young, I could not fail to feel an ambition of becoming acquainted, when the opportunity offered, and in a short time we were upon terms of familiarity. To ripen this familiarity into friendship, as far as the most awkward diffidence would permit, was my strenuous endeavor. If his opinions contradicted mine, I immediately, without reasoning on the subject, conceded the point to him as a matter of course that he must be right, and by consequence that I must be wrong. Did he utter a witticism, I was sure to laugh; and if he looked grave, though nobody could tell why, it was mine to groan. By thus conforming myself to his humor, I flattered myself I was making some progress in his good graces, but I was soon undeceived. A man seldom

cares much for that which costs him no pains to procure. Whether Germanicus found me a troublesome visitor, or whether he was really displeased with something I had unwittingly said or done, certain it is, that when I met him one day, in company with persons of apparent figure, he had lost all recollection of my features. I called upon him, but Germanicus was not at home. Again and again I gave a hesitating knock at the great man's door—all was to no purpose. He was still not at home. The sly meaning, however, which was couched in the sneer of the servant the last time that, half ashamed of my errand, I made my inquiries at his house, convinced me of what I ought to have known before, that Germanicus was at home to all the world save me. I believe, with all my seeming humility, I am a confounded proud fellow at bottom; my rage at this discovery, therefore, may be better conceived than described. Ten thousand curses did I imprecate on the foolish vanity which led me to solicit the friendship of my superior, and again and again did I vow down eternal vengeance on my head, if I evermore condescended *thus* to *court* the acquaintance of man. To this resolution I believe I shall ever adhere. If I am destined to make any progress in the world, it will be by my own individual exertions. As I elbow my way through the crowded vale of life, I will never, in any emergency, call on my selfish neighbor for assistance. If my strength give way beneath the pressure of calamity, I shall sink without *his* whine of hypo-

critical condolence; and if I do sink, let him kick me into a ditch, and go about his business. I asked not his assistance while living, it will be of no service to me when dead.

Believe me, reader, whoever thou mayest be, there are few among mortals whose friendship, when acquired, will repay thee for the meanness of solicitation. If a man voluntarily holds out his hand to thee, take it with caution. If thou find him honest, be not backward to receive his proffered assistance, and be anxious, when occasion shall require, to yield to him thine own. A real friend is the most valuable blessing a man can possess, and, mark me, it is by far the most rare. It is a black swan. But, whatever thou mayest do, *solicit* not friendship. If thou art young, and would make thy way in the world, bind thyself a seven year's apprentice to a city tallow-chandler, and thou mayest in time come to be lord mayor. Many people have made their fortunes at a tailor's board. Periwig-makers have been known to buy their country-seats, and bellows-menders have started their curricles; but seldom, very seldom, has the man who placed his dependence on the friendship of his fellow-men arrived at even the shadow of the honors to which, through that medium, he aspired. Nay, even if thou shouldst find a friend ready to lend thee a helping hand, the moment, by his assistance, thou hast gained some little eminence, he will be the first to hurl thee down to thy primitive, and now, perhaps, irremediable obscurity.

Yet I see no more reason for complaint on the ground of the fallacy of human friendship, than I do for any other ordonnance of nature, which may *appear* to run counter to our happiness. Man is naturally a selfish creature, and it is only by the aid of philosophy that he can so far conquer the defects of his being, as to be capable of disinterested friendship. *Who*, then, can expect to find that benign disposition, which manifests itself in acts of disinterested benevolence and spontaneous affection, a common visitor? Who can preach philosophy to the mob?

The recluse, who does not easily assimilate with the herd of mankind, and whose manners with difficulty bend to the peculiarities of others, is not likely to have many *real friends*. His enjoyments, therefore, must be solitary, lone, and melancholy. His only friend is himself. As he sits immersed in reverie by his midnight fire, and hears without the wild gusts of wind fitfully careering over the plain, he listens sadly attentive; and as the varied intonations of the howling blast articulate to his enthusiastic ear, he converses with the spirits of the departed, while, between each dreary pause of the storm, he holds solitary communion with himself. Such is the social intercourse of the recluse; yet he frequently feels the soft consolations of friendship. A heart formed for the gentler emotions of the soul, often feels as strong an interest for what are called *brutes*, as most bipeds affect to feel for each other. Montaigne had his cat; I have read of a man whose only

friend was a large spider; and Trenck, in his dungeon, would sooner have lost his right hand than the poor little mouse, which, grown confident with indulgence, used to beguile the tedious hours of imprisonment with its gambols. For my own part, I believe my dog, who, at this moment, seated on his hinder legs, is wistfully surveying me, as if he was conscious of all that is passing in my mind :—my dog, I say, is as sincere, and, whatever the world may see, nearly as *dear* a friend, as any I possess; and, when I shall receive that summons which may not now be far distant, he will whine a funeral requiem over my grave, more piteously than all the hired mourners in Christendom. Well, well, poor Bob has had a kind master of me, and, for my own part, I verily believe there are few things on this earth I shall leave with more regret than this faithful companion of the happy hours of my infancy.

W

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. V.)

Un Sonnet sans defaut vaut seul un long poeme,
Mais en vain mille auteurs y pensent arriver;
A peine .....
.....peut-on admirer deus ou trois entre mille.

BOILEAU.

THERE is no species of poetry which is better adapted to the taste of a melancholy man than the sonnet. While its brevity precludes the possibility of its becoming tiresome, and its full and expected close accords well with his dejected, and perhaps somewhat languid tone of mind, its elegiac delicacy and querimonious plaintiveness come in pleasing consonance with his feelings.

This elegant little poem has met with a peculiar fate in this country: half a century ago it was regarded as utterly repugnant to the nature of our language, while at present it is the popular vehicle of the most admired sentiments of our best living poets. This remarkable mutation in

the opinions of our countrymen, may, however, be accounted for on plain and common principles. The earlier English sonneteers confined themselves in general too strictly to the Italian model, as well in the disposition of the rhymes, as in the cast of the ideas. A sonnet with them was only another word for some metaphysical conceit or clumsy antithesis, contained in fourteen harsh lines, full of obscure inversions and ill-managed expletives. They bound themselves down to a pattern which was in itself faulty, and they met with the common fate of servile imitators, in retaining all the defects of their original, while they suffered the beauties to escape in the process. Their sonnets are like copies of a bad picture, however accurately copied, they are still bad. Our contemporaries, on the contrary, have given scope to their genius in the sonnet without restraint, sometimes even growing licentious in their liberty, setting at defiance those rules which form its distinguishing peculiarity, and, under the name of sonnet, soaring or falling into ode or elegy. Their compositions, of course, are impressed with all those excellencies which would have marked their respective productions in any similar walk of poetry.

It has never been disputed that the sonnet first arrived at celebrity in the Italian: a language which, as it abounds in a musical similarity of terminations, is more eminently qualified to give ease and eloquence to the legitimate sonnet, restricted as it is to stated and frequently-recurring rhymes of the same class. As to the inventors of

this little structure of verse, they are involved in impenetrable obscurity. Some authors have ascribed it singly to Guitone D'Arezzo, an Italian poet of the thirteenth century, but they have no sort of authority to adduce in support of their assertions. Arguing upon probabilities, with some slight coincidental corroborations, I should be inclined to maintain that its origin may be referred to an earlier period; that it may be looked for among the Provençals, who left scarcely any combination of metrical sounds unattempted; and who, delighting as they did in sound and jingle, might very possibly strike out this harmonious stanza of fourteen lines. Be this as it may, Dante and Petrarch were the first poets who rendered it popular, and to Dante and Petrarch therefore we must resort for its required rules.

In an ingenious paper of Dr. Drake's "Literary Hours," a book which I have read again and again with undiminished pleasure, the merits of the various English writers in this delicate mode of composition are appreciated with much justice and discrimination. His veneration for Milton, however, has, if I may venture to oppose my judgment to his, carried him too far in praise of his sonnets. Those to the Nightingale and to Mr. Lawrence are, I think, alone entitled to the praise of *mediocrity*, and, if my memory fail me not, my opinion is sanctioned by the testimony of our late illustrious biographer of the poets.

The sonnets of Drummond are characterized as exquisite. It is somewhat strange, if this des-

cription be just, that they should so long have sunk into utter oblivion, and be revived only by a species of black-letter *mania*, which prevailed during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and of which some vestiges yet remain; the more especially as Dr. Johnson, to whom they could scarcely be unknown, tells us, that "The fabric of the sonnet has *never* succeeded in our language." For my own part I can say nothing of them. I have long sought a copy of Drummond's works, and I have sought it in vain; but from specimens which I nave casually met with, in quotations, I am forcibly inclined to favor the idea, that, as they possess natural and pathetic sentiments, clothed in tolerably harmonious language, they are entitled to the praise which has been so liberally bestowed on them.

Sir Philip Sidney's Astrophel and Stella consists of a number of sonnets, which have been unaccountably passed over by Dr. Drake, and all our other critics who have written on this subject. Many of them are eminently beautiful. The works of this neglected poet may occupy a future number of my lucubrations.

Excepting these two poets, I believe there is scarcely a writer who has arrived at any degree of excellence in the sonnet, until of late years, when our vernacular bards have raised it to a degree of eminence and dignity among the various kinds of poetical composition, which seems to us almost incompatible with its very circumscribed limits.

Passing over the classical compositions of Wharton, which are formed more on the model of the Greek epigram, or epitaph, than the Italian sonnet, Mr. Bowles and Charlotte Smith are the first modern writers who have met with distinguished success in the sonnet. Those of the former, in particular, are standards of excellence in this department. To much natural and accurate description, they unite a strain of the most exquisitely tender and delicate sentiment; and, with a nervous strength of diction, and a wild freedom of versification, they combine an euphonious melody, and consonant cadence, unequalled in the English language. While they possess, however, the superior merit of an original style, they are not unfrequently deformed by instances of that ambitious singularity which is but too frequently its concomitant. Of these the introduction of rhymes long since obsolete, is not the least striking. Though, in some cases, these revivals of antiquated phrase have a pleasing effect, yet they are oftentimes uncouth and repulsive. Mr. Bowles has almost always thrown aside the common rules of the sonnet; his pieces have no more claim to that specific denomination, than that they are confined to fourteen lines. How far this deviation from established principle is justifiable, may be disputed: for if, on the one hand, it be alleged that the confinement to the stated repetition of rhymes, so distant and frequent, is a restraint which is not compensated by an adequate effect on the other, it must be conceded, that these little poems are no

longer *sonnets* than while they conform to the rules of the sonnet, and that the moment they forsake them, they ought to resign the appellation.

The name bears evident affinity to the Italian *sonaire,* "to *resound*"—"*Sing around,*" which originated in the Latin *sonans,—sounding, jingling, ringing:* or, indeed, it may come immediately from the French *sonner,* to sound, or ring, in which language, it is observable, we first meet with the word *sonnette,* where it signifies a *little bell,* and *sonnettier,* a maker of little bells; and this derivation affords a presumption, almost amounting to certainty, that the conjecture before advanced, that the sonnet originated with the Provencals, is well founded. It is somewhat strange that these contending derivations have not been before observed, as they tend to settle a question, which, however intrinsically unimportant, is curious and has been much agitated.

But, wherever the name originated, it evidently bears relation only to the peculiarity of a set of chiming and jingling terminations, and of course can no longer be applied with propriety where that peculiarity is not preserved.

The single stanza of fourteen lines, properly varied in their correspondent closes, is, notwithstanding, so well adapted for the expression of any pathetic sentiment, and is so pleasing and satisfactory to the ear when once accustomed to it, that our poetry would suffer a material loss were it to be disused through a rigid adherence to mere propriety of name. At the same time, our

language does not supply a sufficiency of similar terminations to render the strict observance of its rules at all easy, or compatible with ease or elegance. The only question, therefore, is, whether the musical effect produced by the adherence to this difficult structure of verse overbalance the restraint it imposes on the poet, and in case we decide in the negative, whether we ought to preserve the denomination of *sonnet*, when we utterly renounce the very peculiarities which procured it that cognomen.

In the present enlightened age, I think it will not be disputed that mere jingle and sound ought invariably to be sacrificed to sentiment and expression. Musical effect is a very subordinate consideration; it is the gilding to the cornices of a Vitruvian edifice; the coloring to a shaded design of Michael Angelo. In its place, it adds to the effect of the whole; but, when rendered a principal object of attention, it is ridiculous and disgusting. Rhyme is no necessary adjunct of true poetry. Southey's Thalaba is a fine poem, with no rhyme, and very little measure or metre; and the production which is reduced to mere prose, by being deprived of its jingle, could never possess, in any state the marks of inspiration.

So far, therefore, I am of opinion that it is advisable to renounce the Italian fabric altogether. We have already sufficient restrictions laid upon us by the metrical laws of our native tongue, and I do not see any reason, out of a blind regard for precedent, to tie ourselves to a difficult structure of

verse, which probably originated with the Troubadours, or wandering bards of France and Normandy, or with a yet ruder race, one which is not productive of any rational effect, and which only pleases the ear by frequent repitition, as men who have once had the greatest aversion to strong wines and spirituous liquors, are, by habit, at last brought to regard them as delicacies.

In advancing this opinion, I am aware that I am opposing myself to the declared sentiments of many individuals whom I greatly respect and admire. Miss Seward (and Miss Seward is in herself a host) has, both theoretically and practically, defended the Italian structure. Mr. Capel Lofft has likewise favored the world with many sonnets, in which he shows his approval of the legitimate model by his adherence to its rules, and many of the beautiful poems of Mrs. Lofft, published in the Monthly Mirror, are likewise successfully formed by those rules. Much, however, as I admire these writers, and ample as is the credence I give to their critical discrimination, I cannot, on mature reflection, subscribe to their position of the expediency of adopting this structure in our poetry, and I attribute their success in it more to their individual powers, which would have surmounted much greater difficulties, than to the adaptability of this foreign fabric to our stubborn and intractable language.

If the question, however, turn only on the propriety of giving to a poem a name which must be acknowledged to be entirely inappropriate, and to

which it can have no sort of claim, I must confess that it is manifestly indefensible; and we must then either pitch upon another appellation for our quatorzain, or banish it from our language; a measure which every lover of poetry must sincerely lament.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. VI.)

Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Gray.

Poetry is a blossom of very delicate growth; it requires the maturing influence of vernal suns, and every encouragement of culture and attention, to bring it to its natural perfection. The pursuits of the mathematician, or the mechanical genius, are such as require rather strength and insensibility of mind, than that exquisite and finely-wrought susceptibility, which invariably marks the temperament of the true poet; and it is for this reason, that, while men of science have not unfrequently arisen from the abodes of poverty and labor,

very few legitimate children of the Muse have ever emerged from the shades of hereditary obscurity.

It is painful to reflect how many a bard now lies nameless and forgotten, in the narrow house, who, had he been born in competence and leisure, might have usurped the laurels from the most distinguished personages in the temple of Fame. The very consciousness of merit itself often acts in direct opposition to a stimulus to exertion, by exiting that mournful indignation at supposititious neglect, which urges a sullen concealment of talent, and drives its possessor to that misanthropic discontent which preys on the vitals, and soon produces untimely mortality. A sentiment like this has, no doubt, often actuated beings, who attracted notice, perhaps, while they lived, only by their singularity, and who were forgotten almost ere their parent earth had closed over their heads,—beings who lived but to mourn and to languish for what they were never destined to enjoy, and whose exalted endowments were buried with them in their graves, by the want of a little of that superfluity which serves to pamper the debased appetites of the enervated sons of luxury and sloth.

The present age, however, has furnished us with two illustrious instances of poverty bursting through the cloud of surrounding impediments into the full blaze of notoriety and eminence. I allude to the two Bloomfields, bards who may challenge a comparison with the most distinguished favorites of

the Muse, and who both passed the day-spring of life, in labor, indigence, and obscurity.

The author of the Farmer's Boy hath already received the applause he justly deserved. It yet remains for the Essay on War to enjoy all the distinction it so richly merits, as well from its sterling worth, as from the circumstance of its author. Whether the present age will be inclined to do it full justice, may indeed be feared. Had Mr. Nathaniel Bloomfield made his appearance in the horizon of letters prior to his brother, he would undoubtedly have been considered as a meteor of uncommon attraction; the critics would have admired, because it would have been the fashion to admire. But it is to be apprehended that our countrymen become inured to phenomena;—it is to be apprehended that the frivolity of the age cannot endure a repetition of the uncommon—that it will no longer be the rage to patronise indigent merit: that the *beau monde* will therefore neglect, and that, by a necessary consequence, the critics will sneer!!

Nevertheless, sooner or later, merit will meet with its reward; and though the popularity of Mr. Bloomfield may be delayed, he *must*, at one time or other, receive the meed due to its deserts. Posterity will judge impartially; and if bold and vivid images, and original conceptions, luminously displayed, and judiciously opposed, have any claim to the regard of mankind, the name of Nathaniel Bloomfield will not be without its high and appropriate honors.

Rosseau very truly observes, that with whatever talent a man may be born, the art of writing is not easily obtained. If this be applicable to men enjoying every advantage of scholastic initiation, how much more forcibly must it apply to the offspring of a poor village tailor, untaught, and destitute both of the means and the time necessary for the cultivation of the mind! If the art of writing be of difficult attainment to those who make it the study of their lives, what must it be to him, who, perhaps, for the first forty years of his life, never entertained a thought that any thing he could write would be deemed worthy the attention of the public!—whose only time for rumination was such as a sedentary and sickly employment would allow; on the tailor's board, surrounded with men, perhaps, of depraved and rude habits, and impure conversation!

And yet Mr. N. Bloomfield's poems display acuteness of remark, and delicacy of sentiment, combined with much strength, and considerable *selection* of diction, few will deny. The Pæan to Gunpowder would alone prove both his power of language, and the fertility of his imagination; and the following extract presents him to us in the still higher character of a bold and vivid *painter*. Describing the field after a battle, he says,

> Now here and there, about the horrid field,
> Striding across the dying and the dead,
> Stalks up a man, by strength superior,
> Or skill and prowess in the arduous fight,
> Preserv'd alive:—fainting he looks around;

Fearing pursuit—not caring to pursue.
The supplicating voice of bitterest moans,
Contortions of excruciating pain,
The shriek of torture, and the groan of death,
Surround him;—and as Night her mantle spreads,
To veil the horrors of the mourning field,
With cautious step shaping his devious way,
He seeks a covert where to hide and rest:
At every leaf that rustles in the breeze
Starting, he grasps his sword; and every nerve
Is ready strained, for combat or for flight.

P. 12. *Essay on War.*

If Mr. Bloomfield had written nothing besides the Elegy on the Enclosure of Honington Green, he would have had a right to be considered as a poet of no mean excellence. The heart which can read passages like the following without a sympathetic emotion, must be dead to every feeling of sensibility.

STANZA VI.

The proud city's gay wealthy train,
Who nought but refinement adore,
May wonder to hear me complain
That Honington Green is no more;
But if to the church you e'er went,
If you knew what the village has been,
You will sympathize while I lament
The enclosure of Honington Green.

VII.

That no more upon Honington Green
Dwells the matron whom most I revere,

If by pert Observation unseen,
I e'en now could indulge a fond tear.
Ere her bright morn of life was o'ercast,
When my senses first woke to the scene,
Some short happy hours she had past
On the margin of Honington Green.

VIII.

Her parents with plenty were blest,
And num'rous her children, and young,
Youth's blossoms her cheek yet possest,
And melody woke when she sung:
A widow so youthful to leave,
(Early clos'd the blest days he had seen,)
My father was laid in his grave,
In the church-yard on Honington Green.

* * * * *

XXI.

Dear to me was the wild thorny hill,
And dear the brown heath's sober scene;
And youth shall find happiness still,
Though he rove not on common or green.

* * * * *

XXII.

So happily flexile man's make,
So pliantly docile his mind,
Surrounding impressions we take,
And bliss in each circumstance find.
The youths of a more polish'd age
Shall not wish these rude commons to see;
To the bird that's inur'd to the cage,
It would not be bliss to be free.

There is a sweet and tender melancholy pervades the *elegiac ballad* efforts of Mr. Bloomfield, which has the most indescribable effects on the heart. Were the versification a little more polished, in some instances, they would be read with unmixed delight. It is to be hoped that he will cultivate this engaging species of composition, and, (if I may venture to throw out the hint,) if judgment may be formed from the poems he has published, he would excel in sacred poetry. Most heartily do I recommend the lyre of David to this engaging bard. Divine topics have seldom been touched upon with success by our modern Muses: they afford a field in which he would have few competitors, and it is a field worthy of his abilities.

W.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. VII.)

If the situation of man, in the present life, be considered in all its relations and dependencies, a striking inconsistency will be apparent to a very cursory observer. We have sure warrant for believing that our abode here is to form a comparatively insignificant part of our existence, and that on our conduct in this life will depend the

happiness of the life to come; yet our actions daily give the lie to this proposition, inasmuch as we commonly act like men who have no thought but for the present scene, and to whom the grave is the boundary of anticipation. But this is not the only paradox which humanity furnishes to the eye of a thinking man. It is very generally the case, that we spend our whole lives in the pursuit of objects, which common experience informs us are not capable of conferring that pleasure and satisfaction which we expect from their enjoyment. Our views are uniformly directed to one point:—*happiness* in whatever garb it be clad, and under whatever figure shadowed, is the great aim of the busy multitudes, whom we behold toiling through the vale of life, in such an infinite diversity of occupation, and disparity of views. But the misfortune is, that we seek for Happiness where she is not to be found, and the cause of wonder, that the experience of ages should not have guarded us against so fatal and so universal an error.

It would be an amusing speculation to consider the various points after which our fellow-mortals are incessantly straining, and in the possession of which they have placed that imaginary chief good which we are all doomed to covet, but which, perhaps, none of us, in this sublunary state, can attain. At present, however, we are led to considerations of a more important nature. We turn from the inconsistencies observable in the prosecution of our subordinate pursuits, from the

partial follies of individuals, to the general delusion which seems to envelope the whole human race:—the delusion under whose influence they lose sight of the chief end of their being, and cut down the sphere of their hopes and enjoyments to a few rolling years, and that, too, in a scene where they know there is neither perfect fruition nor permanent delight.

The faculty of contemplating mankind in the abstract, apart from those prepossessions which, both by nature and the power of habitual associations, would intervene to cloud our view, is only to be obtained by a life of virtue and constant meditation, by temperance, and purity of thought. Whenever it is attained, it must greatly tend to correct our motives—to simplify our desires—and to excite a spirit of contentment and pious resignation. We then, at length, are enabled to contemplate our being, in all its bearings, and in its full extent, and the result is, that superiority to common views, and indifference to the things of this life, which should be the fruit of all *true* philosophy, and which, therefore, are the more peculiar fruits of that system of philosophy which is called the Christian.

To a mind thus sublimed, the great mass of mankind will appear like men led astray by the workings of wild and distempered imaginations—visionaries who are wandering after the phantoms of their own teeming brains, and their anxious solicitude for mere matters of worldly accommodation and ease will seem more like the effects of

insanity than of prudent foresight, as they are esteemed. To the awful importance of futurity he will observe them utterly insensible; and he will see with astonishment the few alloted years of human life wasted in providing abundance they will never enjoy, while the eternity they are placed here to prepare for, scarcely employs a moment's consideration. And yet the mass of these poor wanderers in the ways of error, have the light of truth shining on their very foreheads. They have the revelation of Almighty God himself, to declare to them the folly of wordly cares, and the necessity for providing for a future state of existence. They know by the experience of every preceding generation, that a very small portion of joy is allowed to the poor sojourners in this vale of tears, and that, too, embittered with much pain and fear, and yet every one is willing to flatter himself that he shall fare better than his predecessor in the same path, and that happiness will smile on him which hath frowned on all his progenitors.

Still it would be wrong to deny the human race all claim to temporal felicity. There may be comparative, although very little positive happiness;—whoever is more exempt from the cares of the world and the calamities incident to humanity—whoever enjoys more contentment of mind, and is more resigned to the dispensations of Divine Providence—in a word, whoever possesses more of the true spirit of Christianity than his neighbors, is comparatively happy. But the number of these, it is to be feared, is very small. Were

all men equally enlightened by the illuminations of truth, as emanating from the spirit of Jehovah himself, they would all concur in the pursuit of virtuous ends by virtuous means—as there would be no vice, there would be very little infelicity. Every pain would be met with fortitude, every affliction with resignation. We should then all look back to the past with complacency, and to the future with hope. Even this unstable state of being would have many exquisite enjoyments—the principal of which would be the anticipation of that approaching state of beatitude to which we might then look with confidence, through the medium of that atonement of which we should be partakers, and our acceptance, by virtue of which, would be sealed by that purity of mind of which human nature is, *of itself*, incapable. But it is from the mistakes and miscalculations of mankind, to which their fallen natures are continually prone, that arises that flood of misery which overwhelms the whole race, and resounds wherever the footsteps of man have penetrated. It is the lamentable error of placing happiness in vicious indulgences, or thinking to pursue it by vicious means. It is the blind folly of sacrificing the welfare of the future to the opportunity of immediate guilty gratification, which destroys the harmony of society, and poisons the peace, not only of the immediate procreators of the errors—not only of the identical actors of the vices themselves, but of all those of their fellows who fall within the reach

of their influence or example, or who are in any wise connected with them by the ties of blood.

I would therefore exhort you earnestly—you who are yet unskilled in the ways of the world—to beware on what object you concentre your hopes. Pleasures may allure—pride or ambition may stimulate, but their fruits are hollow and deceitful, and they afford no sure, no solid satisfaction. You are placed on the earth in a state of probation—your continuance here will be, at the longest, a very short period, and when you are called from hence you plunge into an eternity, the completion of which will be in correspondence to your past life, unutterably happy or inconceivably miserable. Your fate will probably depend on your early pursuits—it will be these which will give the turn to your character and to your pleasures. I beseech you, therefore, with a meek and lowly spirit, to read the pages of that Book, which the wisest and best of men have acknowledged to be the word of God. You will there find a rule of moral conduct, such as the world never had any idea of before its divulgation. If you covet earthly happiness, it is only to be found in the path you will find there laid down, and I can confidently promise you, in a life of simplicity and purity, a life passed in accordance with the Divine word, such substantial bliss, such unruffled peace, as is no where else to be found. All other schemes of earthly pleasure are fleeting and unsatisfactory. They all entail upon them repentance and bitterness of thought. This alone

endureth for ever—this alone embraces equally the present and the future—this alone can arm a man against every calamity—can alone shed the balm of peace over that scene of life when pleasures have lost their zest, and the mind can no longer look forward to the dark and mysterious future. Above all, beware of the *ignus fatuus* of false philosophy: that must be a very defective system of ethics which will not bear a man through the most trying stage of his existence, and I know of none that will do it but the Christian.

W.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. VIII.)

Οστις λογ γουναρ παρακαταζηκην ως λαβων
Ἐξει κεν αδικος εστιν, η ακρατης αγαν,
—— ισως δε γ εισιν ταμφοτεροι κακοι.

ANAXANDRIDES APUD SUIDAM.

Much has been said of late on the subject of *inscriptive writing*, and that, in my opinion, to very little purpose. Dr. Drake, when treating on

this topic, is, for once, inconclusive; but his essay does credit to his discernment, however little it may honour him as a promulgator of the laws of criticism: the exquisite specimens it contains prove that the doctor has a feeling of propriety and general excellence, although he may be unhappy in defining them. Boileau says, briefly, "*Les inscriptions doivent etre simples, courte, et familiares.*" We have, however, many examples of this kind of writing in our language, which although they possess none of these qualities, are esteemed excellent. Akenside's classic imitations are not at all *simple*, nothing *short*, and the very reverse of *familiar*, yet who can deny that they are beautiful, and in some instances appropriate? Southey's inscriptions are noble pieces;—for the opposite qualities of tenderness and dignity, sweetness of imagery and terseness of moral, unrivalled; they are perhaps wanting in propriety, and (which is the criterion) produce a much better effect in a book, than they would on a column or a cenotaph. There is a certain chaste and majestic gravity expected from the voice of tombs and monuments, which probably would displease in epitaphs never intended to be engraved, and inscriptions for obelisks which never existed.

When a man visits the tomb of an illustrious character, a spot remarkable for some memorable deed, or a scene connected by its natural sublimity with the higher feelings of the breast, he is in a mood only for the nervous, the concise, and the impressive; and he will turn with disgust alike

from the puerile conceits of the epigrammatist, and the tedious prolixity of the herald. It is a nice thing to address the mind in the workings of generous enthusiasm. As words are not capable of exciting such an effervesence of the sublimer affections, so they can do little towards increasing it. Their office is rather to point these feelings to a beneficial purpose, and by some noble sentiment, or exalted moral, to impart to the mind that pleasure which results from warm emotions when connected with the virtuous and the generous.

In the composition of inscriptive pieces, great attention must be paid to local and topical propriety. The occasion, and the place, must not only regulate the tenor, but even the style of an inscription : for what, in one case, would be proper and agreeable, in another would be impertinent and disgusting. But these rules may always be taken for granted, that an inscription should be unaffected and free from conceits ; that no sentiment should be introduced of a trite or hacknied nature ; and that the design and the moral to be inculcated should be of sufficient importance to merit the reader's attention, and ensure his regard. Who would think of setting a stone up in the wilderness to tell the traveller what he knew before, or what, when he had learned for the first time, was not worth the knowing ? It would be equally absurd to call aside his attention to a simile or an epigrammatic point. Wit on a monument, is like a jest from a judge, or a philosopher cutting capers. It is a severe mortification to meet with flippancy where

we looked for solemnity, and meretricious elegance where the occasion led us to expect the unadorned majesty of truth.

That branch of inscriptive writing which commemorates the virtues of departed worth, or points out the ashes of men who yet live in the admiration of their posterity, is, of all others, the most interesting, and, if properly managed, the most useful.

It is not enough to proclaim to the observer that he is drawing near to the reliques of the deceased genius,—the occasion seems to provoke a few reflections. If these be *natural*, they will be in unison with the feelings of the reader, and, if they tend where they ought to tend, they will leave him better than they found him. But these reflections must not be too much prolonged. They must rather be hints than dissertations. It is sufficient to start the idea, and the imagination of the reader will pursue the train to much more advantage than the writer could do by words.

Panegyric is seldom judicious in the epitaphs on *public characters*, for, if it be deserved, it cannot need publication, and if it be exaggerated, it will only serve to excite ridicule. When employed in memorizing the retired virtues of domestic life, and qualities which, though they only served to cheer the little circle of privacy, still deserved, from their unfrequency, to triumph, at least, for a while, over the power of the grave, it may be interesting and salutary in its effects. To this purpose, however, it is rarely employed. An

epitaph-book will seldom supply the exigencies of character; and men of talents are not always, even in these favored times, at hand to eternize the virtues of private life.

The following epitaph, by Mr. Hayley, is inscribed on a monument to the memory of Cowper, in the church of *East Dereham:*

"Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talants dignified by sacred zeal,
Here to Devotion's bard devoutly just
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust!
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favorite name:
Sense, Fancy, Wit, conspire not all to raise
So clear a title to Affection's praise:
His highest honors to the heart belong;
His virtues formed the magic of his song."

"This epitaph," says a periodical critic,* "is simply elegant, and appropiately just." I regard this sentence as peculiarly unfortunate, for the the epitaph seems to me to be *elegant* without *simplicity*, and *just* without *propriety*. No one will deny that it is correctly written, and that it is not destitute of grace; but in what consists its simplicity I am at a loss to imagine. The initial address is labored and circumlocutory. There is something artificial rather than otherwise in

*The monthly Reviewer

the personification of England, and her ranking the poet's *name* "with her dearest sons," instead of with *those of* her dearest sons, is like ranking poor John Doe with a proper *bona fide* son of Adam, in a writ of arrest. Sense, Fancy, and Wit, "raising a title," and that to "Affection's praise," is not very simple, and not over intelligible. Again, the epitaph is just because it is strictly true; but it is by no means, therefore, appropriate. Who that would turn aside to visit the ashes of Cowper, would need to be told that England ranks him with her favorite sons, and that sense, fancy, and wit were not his greatest honors, for that his virtues formed the magic of his song; or who, hearing this, would be the better for the information? Had Mr. Hayley been employed in the monumental praises of a private man, this might have been excusable, but speaking of such a man as Cowper, it is idle. This epitaph is not appropriate, therefore, and we have shown that it is not remarkable for simplicity. Perhaps the respectable critics themselves may not feel inclined to dispute this point very tenaciously. Epithets are very convenient little things for rounding off a period; and it will not be the first time that truth has been sacrificed to verbosity and antithesis.

To measure lances with Haley may be esteemed presumptous; but probably the following, although much inferior as a composition, would have had more effect than his polished and harmonious lines.

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT

TO THE

MEMORY OF COWPER.

Reader! if with no vulgar sympathy
Thou view'st the wreck of genius and of worth,
Stay thou thy footsteps near this hallow'd spot.
Here Cowper rests. Although renown have made
His name familliar to thine ear, this stone
May tell thee that his virtues were above
The common portion:—that the voice, now hush'd
In death, was once serenely querulous
With pity's tones, and in the ear of wo
Spake music. Now forgetful at thy feet
His tired head presses on its last long rest,
Still tenant of the tomb;—and on the cheek,
Once warm with animation's lambent flush,
Sits the pale image of unmark'd decay.
Yet mourn not. He had chosen the better part:
And these sad garments of mortality
Put off, we trust, that to a happier land
He went a light and gladsome passenger.
Sigh'st thou for honors, reader? Call to mind
That glory's voice is impotent to pierce
The silence of the tomb! but virtue blooms
Even on the wreck of life, and mounts the skies!
So gird thy loins with lowliness, and walk
With Cowper on the pilgrimage of Christ.

This inscription is faulty from its length, but if a painter cannot get the requisite effect at one stroke, he must do it by many. The laconic style

of epitaphs is the most difficult to be managed of any, inasmuch as most is expected from it. A sentence standing alone on a tomb, or a monument, is expected to contain something particularly striking: and when this expectation is disappointed, the reader feels like a man who, having been promised an excellent joke, is treated with a stale conceit, or a vapid pun. The best specimen of this kind, which I am acquainted with, is that on a French general:

"Siste, Viator; Heroem calcas!"
Stop, traveller; thou treadest on a hero!

W.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. IX.)

Scires e sanguine natos.

Ovid.

It is common for busy and active men to behold the occupations of the retired and contemplative person with contempt. They consider his speculations as idle and unproductive; as they par-

ticipate in none of his feelings, they are strangers to his motives, his views, and his delights; they behold him elaborately employed on what they conceive forwards none of the interests of life, contributes to none of its gratifications, removes none of its inconveniences: they conclude, therefore, that he is led away by the delusions of futile philosophy, that he labors for no good, and lives to no end. Of the various frames of mind which they observe in him, no one seems to predominate more, and none appears to them more absurd, than sadness, which seems, in some degree, to pervade all his views, and shed a solemn tinge over all his thoughts. Sadness, arising from no personal grief, and connected with no individual concern, they regard as moonstruck melancholy, the effect of a mind overcast with constitutional gloom, and diseased with habits of vain and fanciful speculation.—"We can share with the sorrows of the unfortunate," say they, "but this monastic spleen merits only our derision: it tends to no beneficial purpose, it benefits neither its possessor nor society." Those who have thought a little more on this subject than the gay and busy crowd, will draw conclusions of a different nature. That there is a sadness, springing from the noblest and purest sources, a sadness friendly to the human heart, and, by direct consequence, to human nature in general, is a truth which a little illustration will render tolerably clear, and which, when understood in its full force, may probably convert contempt and ridicule into respect.

I set out, then, with the proposition, that the man who thinks deeply, especially if his reading be extensive, will, unless his heart be very cold and very light, become habituated to a pensive, or, with more propriety, a mournful cast of thought. This will arise from two more particular sources—from the view of human nature in general, as demonstrated by the experience both of past and present times, and from the contemplation of individual instances of human depravity and of human suffering. The first of these is, indeed, the last in the order of time, for his general views of humanity are in a manner consequential, or resulting from the special; but I have inverted that order for the sake of perspicuity.

Of those who have occasionally thought on these subjects, I may, with perfect assurance of their reply, inquire what have been their sensations when they have, for a moment, attained a more enlarged and capacious notion of the state of man in all its bearings and dependencies. They have found, and the profoundest philosophers have done no more, that they are enveloped in mystery, and that the mystery of man's situation is not without alarming and fearful circumstances. They have discovered that all they know of themselves is that they live, but that from whence they came, or whither they are going, is by Nature altogether hidden; that impenetrable gloom surrounds them on every side, and that they even hold their morrow on the credit of to-day, when it is, in fact, buried in the vague and indistinct gulf of the ages

to come !—These are reflections deeply interesting, and lead to others so awful, that many gladly shut their eyes on the giddy and unfathomable depths which seem to stretch before them. The meditative man, however, endeavors to pursue them to the farthest stretch of the reasoning powers, and to enlarge his conceptions of the mysteries of his own existence ; and the more he learns, and the deeper he penetrates, the more cause does he find for being serious, and the more inducements to be continually thoughtful.

If, again, we turn from the condition of mortal existence, considered in the abstract, to the qualities and characters of man, and his condition in a state of society, we see things perhaps equally strange and infinitely more affecting.—In the economy of creation, we perceive nothing inconsistent with the power of an all-wise and all-merciful God. A perfect harmony runs through all the parts of the universe. Plato's syrens sing not only from the planetary octave, but through all the minutest divisions of the stupendous whole ; order, beauty, and perfection, the traces of the great Architect, glow through every particle of his work. At man, however, we stop : there is one exception. The harmony of order ceases, and vice and misery disturb the beautiful consistency of creation, and bring us first acquainted with positive evil. We behold men carried irresistibly away by corrupt principles and vicious inclinations, indulging in propensities, destructive as well to themselves as to those around them ; the stronger

oppressing the weaker, and the bad persecuting the good! we see the depraved in prosperity, the virtuous in adversity, the guilty unpunished, the deserving overwhelmed with unprovoked misfortunes. From hence we are tempted to think, that He, whose arm holds the planets in their course, and directs the comets along their eccentric orbits, ceases to exercise his providence over the affairs of mankind, and leaves them to be governed and directed by the impulses of a corrupt heart, or the blind workings of chance alone. Yet this is inconsistent both with the wisdom and the goodness of the Deity. If God permit evil, he causes it: the difference is casuistical. We are led, therefore, to conclude, that it was not always thus: that man was created in a far different and far happier condition; but that, by some means or other, he has forfeited the protection of his Maker. Here then is a mystery. The ancients, led by reasonings alone, perceived it with amazement, but did not solve the problem. They attempted some explanation of it by the lame fiction of a golden age and its cession, where, by a circular mode of reasoning, they attribute the introduction of vice to their gods having deserted the earth, and the desertion of the gods to the introduction of vice.* This, however, was the logic of the poets; the philosophers disregarded the fable, but did not dispute the fact it was intended to account for. They

* Hesiod. Opera et Dies. Lib. 1. 195.—Ovid. Metamor. L. 1. Fab. 4.—Juvenal. Sat. vi. l. 10.

often hint at human degeneracy, and some unknown curse hanging over our being, and even coming into the world along with us. Pliny, in the preface to his seventh book, has this remarkable passage: "The animal about to rule over the rest of created animals lies weeping, bound hand and foot, making his first entrance upon life with sharp pangs, and and *this, for no other crime than that he is born man.*"—Cicero, in a passage, for the preservation of which we are indebted to St. Augustine, gives a yet stronger idea of an existing degeneracy in human nature:—"Man," says he, "comes into existence, not as from the hands of a mother, but of a step-dame nature, with a body feeble, naked, and fragile, and a mind exposed to anxiety and care, abject in fear, unmeet for labor, prone to licentiousness, in which, however, there still dwell some sparks of the divine mind, though obscured, and, as it were, in ruins." And, in another place, he intimates it as a current opinion, that man comes into the world as into a state of punishment expiatory of crimes committed in some previous stage of existence, of which we now retain no recollection.

From these proofs, and from daily observation and experience, there is every ground for concluding that man is in a state of misery and depravity quite inconsistent with the happiness for which, by a benevolent God, he must have been created. We see glaring marks of this in our own times. Prejudice alone blinds us to the absurdity and the horror of those systematic murders which go by

the name of wars, where man falls on man, brother slaughters brother, where death, in every variety of horror, preys "*on the finely-fibred human frame,*" and where the cry of the widow and the orphan rise up to heaven long after the thunder of the fight and the clang of arms have ceased, and the bones of sons, brothers, and husbands slain are grown white on the field. Customs like these vouch, with most miraculous organs, for the depravity of the human heart, and these are not the most mournful of those considerations which present themselves to the mind of the thinking man.

Private life is equally fertile in calamitous perversion of reason, and extreme accumulation of misery. On the one hand, we see a large proportion of men sedulously employed in the eduction of their own ruin, pursuing vice in all its varieties, and sacrificing the peace and happiness of the innocent and unoffending to their own brutal gratifications; and, on the other, pain, misfortune, and misery, overwhelming alike the good and the bad, the provident and the improvident. But too general a view would distract our attention: let the reader pardon me if I suddenly draw him away from the survey of the crowds of life to a few detached scenes. We will select a single picture at random. The character is common.

Behold that beautiful female, who is rallying a well-dressed young man with so much gayety and humor. Did you ever see so lovely a countenance? There is an expression of vivacity in her fine dark

eye which quite captivates one; and her smile, were it a little less bold, would be bewitching. How gay and careless she seems! One would suppose she had a very light and happy heart. Alas! how appearances deceive! This gaiety is all feigned. It is her business to please, and beneath a fair and painted outside she conceals an unquiet and forlorn breast. When she was yet very young, an engaging but dissolute young man took advantage of her simplicity, and of the affection with which he had inspired her, to betray her virtue. At first her infamy cost her many tears; but habit wore away this remorse, leaving only a kind of indistinct regret, and, as she fondly loved her betrayer, she experienced, at times, a mingled pleasure even in this abandoned situation. But this was soon over. Her lover, on pretence of a journey into the country, left her for ever. She soon afterwards heard of his marriage, with an agony of grief which few can adequately conceive, and none describe. The calls of want, however, soon subdued the more distracting ebullitions of anguish. She had no choice left; all the gates of virtue were shut upon her, and though she really abhorred the course, she was obliged to betake herself to vice for support. Her next keeper possessed her person without her heart. She has since passed through several hands, and has found, by bitter experience, that the vicious, on whose generosity she is thrown, are devoid of all feeling but that of self-gratification, and that even the wages of prostitution are reluctantly and

grudgingly paid. She now looks on all men as sharpers. She smiles but to entangle and destroy, and while she simulates fondness, is intent only on the extorting of that, at best poor pittance, which her necessities loudly demand. Thoughtless as she may seem, she is not without an idea of her forlorn and wretched situation, and she looks only to sudden death as her refuge, against that time when her charms shall cease to allure the eye of incontinece, when even the lowest haunts of infamy shall be shut against her, and without a friend or a hope, she must sink under the pressure of want and disease.

But we will now shift this scene a little, and select another object. Behold yon poor weary wretch, who, with a child wrapt in her arms, with difficulty drags along the road. The man, with a knapsack, who is walking before her, is her husband, and is marching to join his regiment. He has been spending, at a dram-shop in the town they have just left, the supply which the pale and weak appearance of his wife proclaims was necessary for her sustenance. He is now half drunk, and is venting the artificial spirits which intoxication excites in the abuse of his weary help-mate behind him. She seems to listen to his reproaches in patient silence. Her face will tell you more than many words, as, with a wan and meaning look, she surveys the little wretch who is asleep on her arms. The turbulent brutality of the man excites no attention: she is pondering

on the future chance of life, and the probable lot of her heedless little one.

One other picture, and I have done. The man pacing with a slow step and languid aspect over yon prison court, was once a fine dashing fellow, the admiration of the ladies, and the envy of the men. He is the only representative of a once respectable family, and is brought to this situation by unlimited indulgence at that time when the check is most necessary. He began to figure in genteel life at an early age. His misjudging mother, to whose sole care he was left, thinking no alliance too good for her darling, cheerfully supplied his extravagance, under the idea that it would not last long, and that it would enable him to shine in those circles where she wished him to rise. But he soon found that habits of prodigality, once well gained, are never eradicated. His fortune, though genteel, was not adequate to such habits of expense. His unhappy parent lived to see him make a degrading alliance, and come in danger of a jail, and then died of a broken heart. His affairs soon wound themselves up. His debts were enormous, and he had nothing to pay them with. He has now been in that prison many years, and since he is excluded from the benefit of an insolvency act, he has made up his mind to the idea of ending his days there. His wife, whose beauty had decoyed him, since she found he could not support her, deserted him for those who could, leaving him without friend or companion, to pace, with measured steps, over the court of a country

jail, and endeavor to beguile the lassitude of imprisonment, by thinking on the days that are gone, or counting the squares in his grated window in every possible direction, backwards, forwards, and across, till he sighs to find the sum always the same, and that the more anxiously we strive to beguile the moments in their course, the more sluggishly they travel.

If these are accurate pictures of some of the varieties of human suffering, and if such pictures are common even to triteness, what conclusions must we draw as to the condition of man in general, and what must be the prevailing frame of mind of him who meditates much on these subjects, and who, unbracing the whole tissue of causes and effects, sees Misery invariably the offspring of Vice, and Vice existing in hostility to the intentions and wishes of God? Let the meditative man turn where he will, he finds traces of the depraved state of Nature, and her consequent misery. History presents him with little but murder, treachery, and crimes of every description. Biography only strengthens the view, by concentrating it. The philosophers remind him of the existence of evil, by their lessons how to avoid or endure it; and the very poets themselves afford him pleasure, not unconnected with regret, as, either by contrast, exemplification, or deduction, they bring the world and its circumstances before his eyes.

That such a one, then, is prone to sadness, who will wonder? If such meditations are beneficial,

who will blame them? The discovery of evil naturally leads us to contribute our mite towards the alleviation of the wretchedness it introduces. While we lament vice, we learn to shun it ourselves and to endeavor, if possible, to arrest its progress in those around us; and in the course of these high and lofty speculations, we are insensibly led to think humbly of ourselves, and to lift up our thoughts to Him who is alone the fountain of all perfection and the source of all good.

W.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. X.)

La rime est une esclave, et ne doit qu'obeir.
Boileau L' Art Poetique.

Experiments in versification have not often been successful. Sir Philip Sidney, with all his genius, great as it undoubtedly was, could not impart grace to his hexameters, or fluency to his

sapphics. Spencer's *stanza* was new, but his *verse* was familiar to the ear; and though his rhymes were frequent even to satiety, he seems to have avoided the awkwardness of novelty, and the difficulty of unpractised metres. Donne had not music enough to render his broken rhyming couplets sufferable, and neither his wit nor his pointed satire were sufficient to rescue him from that neglect which his uncouth and rugged versification speedily superinduced.

In our time, Mr. Southey has given grace and melody to some of the Latin and Greek measures, and Mr. Bowles has written rhyming heroics, wherein the sense is transmitted from couplet to couplet, and the pauses are varied with all the freedom of blank verse, without exciting any sensation of ruggedness, or offending the nicest ear. But these are minor efforts: the former of these exquisite poets has taken a yet wider range, and in his "Thalaba the Destroyer," has spurned at all the received laws of metre, and framed a fabric of verse altogether his own.

An innovation, so bold as that of Mr. Southey, was sure to meet with disapprobation and ridicule. The world naturally looks with suspicion on systems which contradict established principles, and refuse to quadrate with habits which, as they have been used to, men are apt to think cannot be improved upon. The opposition which has been made to the metre of Thalaba, is, therefore, not so much to be imputed to its want of harmony, as to the operation of existing prejudices; and it

is fair to conclude, that, as these prejudices are softened by usage, and the strangeness of novelty wears off, the peculiar features of this lyrical frame of verse will be more candidly appreciated, and its merits more unreservedly acknowleged.

Whoever is conversant with the writings of this author, will have observed and admired that greatness of mind, and comprehension of intellect, by which he is enabled, on all occasions to throw off the shackles of habit and prepossession. Southey never treads in the beaten track: his thoughts, while they are those of nature, carry that cast of originality which is the stamp and testimony of genius. He views things through a peculiar phasis, and while he has the feelings of a man, they are those of a man almost abstracted from mortality, and reflecting on, and painting the scenes of life, as if he were a mere spectator uninfluenced by his own connection with the objects he surveys. To this faculty of bold discrimination I attribute many of Mr. Southey's peculiarities as a poet. He never seems to inquire how other men would treat a subject, or what may happen to be the usage of the times; but filled with that strong sense of fitness which is the result of bold and unshackled thought, he fearlessly pursues that course which his own sense of propriety points out.

It is very evident to me, and I should conceive to all who consider the subject attentively, that the structure of the verse, which Mr. Southey has promulgated in his Thalaba, was neither adopted

rashly, nor from any vain emulation of originality. As the poet himself happily observes, "*It is the arabesque ornament of an Arabian tale.*" No one would wish to see the Joan of Arc in such a a garb; but the wild freedom of the versification of Thalaba accords well with the romantic wildness of the story; and I do not hesitate to say, that, had any other known measure been adopted, the poem would have been deprived of half its beauty, and all its propriety. In blank verse it would have been absurd; in rhyme, insipid. The lyrical manner is admirably adapted to the sudden transitions and rapid connections of an Arabian tale, while its variety precludes tædium, and its full, because unshackled, cadence satisfies the ear with legitimate harmony. At first, indeed, the verse may appear uncouth, because it is new to the ear; but I defy any man who has any feeling of melody, to peruse the whole poem, without paying tribute to the sweetness of its flow, and the gracefulness of its modulations.

In judging of this extraordinary poem, we should consider it as a genuine lyric production,—we should conceive it as recited to the harp, in times when such relations carried nothing incredible with them. Carrying this idea along with us, the admirable art of the poet will strike us with tenfold conviction; the abrupt sublimity of his transitions, the sublime simplicity of his manner and the delicate touches by which he connects the various parts of his narrative, will then be more

strongly observable, and we shall, in particular, remark the uncommon felicity with which he has adapted his versification; and, in the midst of the wildest irregularity, left nothing to shock the ear, or offend the judgment.

W.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. XI.)

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Few histories would be more worthy of attention than that of the progress of knowledge, from its first dawn to the time of its meridian splendor, among the ancient Greeks. Unfortunately, however, the precautions which, in this early period, were almost generally taken to confine all knowledge to a particular branch of men, and when the Greeks began to contend for the palm among the learned nations, their backwardness to acknowledge the sources form whence they derived the first principles of their philosophy, have served to wrap this interesting subject in almost impenetrable obscurity. Few vestiges, except the Egyptian hieroglyphics, now remain of the learning of the more ancient world. Of the two millions of verses said to have been written by

the Chaldean Zoroaster,* we have no relics; and the oracles which go under his name are pretty generally acknowledged to be spurious.

The Greeks unquestionably derived their philosophy from the Egyptians and Chaldeans. Both Pythagoras and Plato had visited those countries for the advantage of learning; and if we may credit the received accounts of the former of these illustrious sages, he was regularly initiated in the schools of Egypt, during the period of twenty-two years that he resided in that country, and became the envy and admiration of the Egyptians themselves. Of the Pythagorean doctrines we have some accounts remaining; and nothing is wanting to render the systems of Platonism complete and intelligible. In the dogmas of these philosophers, therefore, we may be able to trace the learning of these primitive nations, though our conclusions must be cautiously drawn, and much must be allowed to the active intelligence of two Greeks. Ovid's short summary of the philosophy of Pythagoras deserves attention.

———Isque, licet cœli regione remotos,
Mente Deos adiit: et, quæ natura negabat
Visibus humanis, oculis ea pectoris hausit.
Cumque animo, et vigili perspexerat omnia cura;
In medium discenda dabat: cœtumque silentum,
Dictaque mirantum, magni primordia mundi
Et rerum causas et quid natura docebat,
Quid Deus: unde nives: quæ fulminis esset origo
Jupiter, an venti, discussa nube, tonarent,
Quid quateret terras: qua sidera lege mearent,
Et quodcumque latet.

* Pliny.

If we are to credit this account, and it is corroborated by many other testimonies, Pythagoras searched deeply into natural causes. Some have imagined, and strongly asserted, that his central fire was figurative of the sun, and, therefore, that he had an idea of its real situation; but this opinion, so generally adopted, may be combated with some degree of reason. I should be inclined to think Pythagoras gained his idea of the great central, vivifying, and creative fire from the Chaldeans, and that, therefore, it was the representative not of the sun but of the Deity. Zoroaster taught that there was one God, Eternal, the Father of the Universe: he assimilated the Deity to light, and applied to him the names of Light, Beams, and Splendor. The Magi, corrupting his representation of the Supreme Being, and, taking literally what was meant as an allegory or symbol, supposed that God was this central fire, the source of heat, light, and life, residing in the centre of the universe; and from hence they introduced among the Chaldeans the worship of fire. That Pythagoras was tainted with this superstition is well known. On the testimony of Plutarch, his disciples held, that in the midst of the world is fire, or in the midst of the four elements is the fiery globe of Unity, or Monad—the procreative, nutritive, and excitive power. The sacred fire of Vesta, among the Greeks and Latins, was a remain of this doctrine.

As the limits of this paper will not allow me to take in all the branches of this subject, I shall

confine my attention to the opinions held by these early nations of the nature of the Godhead.

Amidst the corruptions introduced by the Magi, we may discern, with tolerable certainty, that Zoroaster taught the worship of the one true God; and Thales, Pythagoras, and Plato, who had all been instituted in the mysteries of the Chaldeans, taught the same doctrine. These philosophers likewise asserted the omnipotence and eternity of God; and that he was the creator of all things, and the governor of the universe. Plato decisively supported the doctrines of future rewards and punishments; and Pythagoras, struck with the idea of the omnipresence of the Deity, defined him as *animus per universas mundi partes omnemque naturam commeans atque diffusus, ex quo omnia quæ nascunter animalia vitam capiunt.**—An intelligence moving upon, and diffused over all the parts of the universe and all nature, from which all animals derive their existence. As for the swarm of gods worshipped both in Egypt and Greece, it is evident they were only esteemed as inferior deities. In the time of St. Paul, there was a temple at Athens inscribed to the unknown God: and Hesiod makes them younger than the earth and heaven.

Εξ αρχης ους Γαια και Ουρανος ευρυς ετικτον
Οι τ' εκ των εγενοντο θεοι δωτηρες εαων.

THEOG.

* Lanctantius Div. Inst. lib. cap. 5. etiam, Minucius Felix, "Pythagoræ Deus est animus per universam rerum naturam commeans atque intentus ex quo etiam animalium omnium vita capiatur"

If Pythagoras, and the other philosophers who succeeded him, paid honor to these gods, they either did it through fear of encountering ancient prejudices, or they reconciled it by recurring to the Dæmonology of their masters, the Chaldeans, who maintained the agency of good and bad Dæmons, who presided over different things, and were distinguished into the powers of light and darkness, heat and cold. It is remarkable, too, that amongst all these people, whether Egyptians or Chaldeans, Greeks or Romans, as well as every other nation under the sun, sacrifices were made to the gods, in order to render them propitious to their wishes, or to expiate their offences—a fact which proves, that the conviction of the interference of the Deity in human affairs is universal; and, what is much more important, that this custom is primitive, and derived from the first inhabitants of the world.

* * * * *

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. XII.)

While the seat of empire was yet at Byzantium, and that city was the centre, not only of dominion, but of learning and politeness, a certain hermit had fixed his residence in a cell, on the

banks of the Athyras, at the distance of about ten miles from the capital. The spot was retired, although so near the great city, and was protected, as well by woods and precipices as by the awful reverence with which, at that time, all ranks beheld the character of a recluse. Indeed, the poor old man, who tenanted the little hollow, at the summit of a crag, beneath which the Athyras rolls its impetuous torrent, was not famed for the severity of his penances, or the strictness of his mortifications. That he was either studious, or protracted his devotions to a late hour, was evident, for his lamp was often seen to stream through the trees which shaded his dwelling, when accident called any of the peasants from their beds at unseasonable hours. Be this as it may, no miracles were imputed to him; the sick rarely came to petition for the benefit of his prayers, and, though some both loved him, and had good reason for loving him, yet many undervalued him for the want of that very austerity which the old man seemed most desirous to avoid.

It was evening, and the long shadows of the Thracian mountains were extending still farther and farther along the plains, when this old man was disturbed in his meditations by the approach of a stranger. "How far is it to Byzantium?" was the question put by the traveller. "Not far to those who know the country," replied the hermit, "but a stranger would not easily find his way through the windings of these woods, and the intricacies of the plains beyond them. Do you

see that blue mist which stretches along the bounding line of the horizon as far as the trees will permit the eye to trace it? That is the Propontis: and higher up on the left, the city of Constantinople rears its proud head above the waters. But I would dissuade thee, stranger, from pursuing thy journey farther to-night. Thou mayest rest in the village, which is half way down the hill; or if thou wilt share my supper of roots, and put up with a bed of leaves, my cell is open to thee."— "I thank thee, father," replied the youth, "I am weary with my journey, and will accept thy proffered hospitality." They ascended the rock together. The hermit's cell was the work of nature. It penetrated far into the rock, and in the innermost recess was a little chapel, furnished with a crucifix, and a human skull, the objects of the hermit's nightly and daily contemplation, for neither of them received his adoration. That corruption had not as yet crept into the Christian church. The hermit now lighted up a fire of dry sticks, (for the nights are very piercing in the regions about the Hellespont and the Bosphorus,) and then proceeded to prepare their vegetable meal. While he was thus employed, his young guest surveyed, with surprise, the dwelling which he was to inhabit for the night. A cold rock-hole on the bleak summit of one of the Thracian hills, seemed to him a comfortless choice for a weak and solitary old man. The rude materials of his scanty furniture still more surprised him. A table fixed to the ground, a wooden bench, an earthen

lamp, a number of rolls of papyrus and vellum, and a heap of leaves in a corner, the hermit's bed, were all his stock. "Is it possible," at length he exclaimed, "that you can tenant this comfortless cave, with these scanty accommodations, through choice: Go with me, old man, to Constantinople, and receive from me those conveniences which befit your years." "And what art thou going to do at Constantinople, my young friend?" said the hermit, "for thy dialect bespeaks thee a native of more southern regions. Am I mistaken, art thou not an Athenian?" "I am an Athenian," replied the youth, "by birth, but I hope I am not an Athenian in vice. I have left my degenerate birth-place in quest of happiness. I have learned from my master, Speusippus, a genuine asserter of the much belied doctrines of Epicurus, that as a future state is a mere phantom and vagary of the brain, it is the only true wisdom to enjoy life while we have it. But I have learned from him also, that virtue alone is true enjoyment. I am resolved, therefore, to enjoy life, and that too with virtue, as my companion and guide. My travels are begun with the design of discovering where I can best unite both objects: enjoyment the most exquisite, with virtue the most perfect. You perhaps may have reached the latter, my good father; the former you have certainly missed. To-morrow I shall continue my search. At Constantinople, I shall laugh and sing with the gay, meditate with the sober, drink deeply of every unpolluted pleasure, and taste all the fountains of

wisdom and philosophy. I have heard much of the accomplishments of the women of Byzantium. With us, females are mere household slaves; here, I am told, they have *minds*. I almost promise myself that I shall marry and settle at Constantinople, where the loves and graces seem alone to reside, and where even the *women* have *minds*. My good father, how the wind roars about this aerial nest of yours, and here you sit during the long cold nights, all alone, cold and cheerless, when Constantinople is just at your feet, with all its joys, its comforts, and its elegancies. I perceive that the philosophers of our sect, who succeeded Epicurus, were right, when they taught that there might be virtue without enjoyment, and that virtue without enjoyment is not worth the having." The face of the youth kindled with animation as he spake these words, and he visibly enjoyed the consciousness of superior intelligence. The old man sighed and was silent. As they ate their frugal supper, both parties seemed involved in deep thought. The young traveller was dreaming of the Byzantine women: his host seemed occupied with far different meditations. "So you are travelling to Constantinople in search of happiness?" at length exclaimed the hermit; "I too have been a suitor of that divinity, and it may be of use to you to hear how I have fared. The history of my life will serve to fill up the interval before we retire to rest, and my experience may not prove altogether useless to one who is about to go the same journey which I have finished.

"These scanty hairs of mine were not always gray, nor these limbs decrepid: I was once, like thee, young, fresh, and vigorous, full of delightful dreams and gay anticipations. Life seemed a garden of sweets, a path of roses; and I thought I had but to chose in what way I would be happy. I will pass over the incidents of my boyhood, and come to my maturer years. I had scarcely seen twenty summers, when I formed one of those extravagant and ardent attachments, of which youth is so susceptible. It happened, that, at that time, I bore arms under the emperor Theodosius, in his expedition against the Goths, who had over-run a part of Thrace. In our return from a successful campaign, we staid some time in the Greek cities, which border on the Euxine. In one of these cities I became acquainted with a female, whose form was not more elegant than her mind was cultivated, and her heart untainted. I had done her family some trivial services, and her gratitude spoke too warmly to my intoxicated brain to leave any doubt on my mind that she loved me. The idea was too exquisitely pleasing to be soon dismissed. I sought every occasion of being with her. Her mild, persuasive voice seemed like the music of heaven to my ears, after the toils and roughness of a soldier's life. I had a friend, too, whose converse, next to that of the dear object of my secret love, was most dear to me. He formed the third in all our meetings, and beyond the enjoyment of the society of these two, I had not a wish. I had never yet spoken explicitly to my female friend,

but I fondly hoped we understood each other. Why should I dwell on the subject? I was mistaken. My friend threw himself on my mercy. I found that he, not I, was the object of her affections. Young man, you may conceive, but I cannot describe what I felt, as I joined their hands. The stroke was severe, and, for a time, unfitted me for the duties of my station. I suffered the army to leave the place without accompanying it: and thus lost the rewards of my past services, and forfeited the favor of my sovereign. This was another source of anxiety and regret to me, as my mind recovered its wonted tone. But the mind of youth, however deeply it may feel for a while, eventually rises up from dejection, and regains its wonted elasticity. That rigor by which the spirit recovers itself from the depths of useless regret, and enters upon new prospects with its accustomed ardor, is only subdued by time. I now applied myself to the study of philosophy, under a Greek master, and all my ambition was directed towards letters. But ambition is not quite enough to fill a young man's heart. I still felt a void there, and sighed as I reflected on the happiness of my friend. At the time when I visited the object of my first love, a young Christian woman, her frequent companion had sometimes taken my attention. She was an Ionian by birth, and had all the softness and pensive intelligence which her countrywomen are said to possess when unvitiated by the corruptions so prevelant in that delightful region. You are no stranger to the contempt with

which the Greeks then treated, and do still, in some places, treat the Christians. This young woman bore that contempt with a calmness which surprised me. There were then but few converts to that religion in those parts, and its profession was therefore more exposed to ridicule and persecution from its strangeness. Notwithstanding her religion, I thought I could love this interesting and amiable female, and, in spite of my former mistake, I had the vanity to imagine I was not indifferent to her. As our intimacy increased, I learned to my astonishment, that she regarded me as one involved in ignorance and error: and that, although she felt an affection for me, yet she would never become my wife, while I remained devoted to the religion of my ancestors. Piqued at this discovery, I received the books, which she now for the first time put into my hands, with pity and contempt. I expected to find them nothing but the repositories of a miserable and deluded superstition, more presuming than the mystical leaves of the Sibyls, or the obscure triads of Zoroaster. How was I mistaken! There was much which I could not at all comprehend; but, in the midst of this darkness, the effect of my ignorance, I discerned a system of morality, so exalted, so exquisitely pure, and so far removed from all I would have conceived of the most perfect virtue, that all the philosophy of the Grecian world seemed worse than dross in the comparison. My former learning had only served to teach me that something was wanting to complete the systems of

philosophers. Here that invisible link was supplied, and I could even then observe a harmony and consistency in the whole which carried irresistible conviction to my mind. I will not enlarge on this subject. Christianity is not a mere set of opinions to be embraced by the understanding. It is the work of the heart as well as the head. Let it suffice to say, that, in time, I became a Christian, and the husband of Sapphira.

* * * *

TRIBUTARY VERSES.

TO THE

MEMORY OF H. K. WHITE.

BY A LADY.

If worth, if genius, to the world are dear,
To Henry's shade devote no common tear.
His worth on no precarious tenure hung,
From genuine piety his virtues sprung:
If pure benevolence, if steady sense,
Can to the feeling heart delight dispense;
If all the highest efforts of the mind,
Exalted, noble, elegant, refined,
Call for fond sympathy's heart-felt regret,
Ye sons of genius, pay the mournful debt:
His friends can truly speak how large his claim,
And "Life was only wanting to his fame."
Art thou, indeed, dear youth, forever fled?
So quickly number'd with the silent dead.
Too sure I read it in the downcast eye,
Hear it in mourning friendship's stifled sign.
Ah! could esteem, or admiration, save
So dear an object from th' untimely grave,
This transcript faint had not essay'd to tell,
The loss of one beloved, revered so well.
Vainly I try, even eloquence were weak,
The silent sorrow that I feel, to speak.

No more my hours of pain thy voice will cheer,
And bind my spirit to this lower sphere;
Bend o'er my suffering frame with gentle sigh,
And bid new fire relume my languid eye:
No more the pencil's mimic art command,
And with kind pity guide my trembling hand;
Nor dwell upon the page in fond regard,
To trace the meaning of the Tuscan bard.
Vain all the pleasures thou can'st not inspire,
And "in my breast th' imperfect joys expire,"
I fondly hoped thy hand might grace my shrine,
And little dream'd I should have wept o'er thine.
In Fancy's eye methought I saw the lyre
With virtue's energies each bosom fire;
I saw admiring nations press around,
Eager to catch the animating sound:
And when, at length, sunk in the shades of night,
To brighter worlds thy spirit wing'd its flight,
Thy country hail'd thy venerated shade,
And each graced honour to thy memory paid.
Such was the fate hope pictured to my view—
But who, alas! e'er found hope's visions true?
And, ah! a dark presage, when last we met,
Sadden'd the social hour with deep regret;
When thou thy portrait from the minstrel drew,
The living Edwin starting on my view—
Silent, I ask'd of Heaven a lengthen'd date;
His genius thine, but not like thine his fate.
Shuddering I gazed, and saw too sure reveal'd,
The fatal truth, by hope till then conceal'd.
Too strong the portion of celestial flame
For its weak tenement, the fragile frame;

Too soon for us it sought its native sky,
And soar'd impervious to the mortal eye;
Like some clear planet, shadow'd from our sight,
Leaving behind long tracks of lucid light:
So shall thy bright example fire each youth
With love of virtue, piety, and truth.
Long o'er thy loss shall grateful Granta mourn,
And bid her sons revere thy favour'd urn.
When thy loved flower "Spring's victory makes
known,"
The primrose pale shall bloom for thee alone:
Around thy urn the rosemary we'll spread,
Whose "tender fragrance," emblem of the dead,
Shall "teach the maid, whose bloom no longer
lives,"
That "virtue every perish'd grace survives."
Farewell! sweet Moralist; heart-sickening grief
Tells me in duty's path to seek relief,
With surer aim on faith's strong pinions rise,
And seek hope's vanish'd anchor in the skies.
Yet still on thee shall fond remembrance dwell,
And to the world thy worth delight to tell:
Though well I feel unworthy thee the lays
That to thy memory weeping friendship pays.

STANZAS

Supposed to have been written at the Grave of H. K. White.

BY A LADY.

1.

Ye gentlest gales! oh, hither waft,
On airy Undulating sweeps,
Your frequent sighs, so passing soft,
Where he, the youthful Poet, sleeps!
He breathed the purest, tenderest sigh,
The sigh of sensibility.

2.

And thou shalt lie, his favourite flower.
Pale Primrose, on his grave reclined:
Sweet emblem of his fleeting hour,
And of his pure, his spotless mind!
Like thee, he sprung in lowly vale;
And felt, like thee, the trying gale.

3.

Nor hence thy pensive eye seclude,
Oh thou, the fragrant Rosemary,
Where he, "in marble solitude,
So peaceful, and so deep," doth lie!

His harp prophetic sung to thee
In notes of sweetest minstrelsy.

4.

Ye falling dews, Oh! ever leave
  Your chrystal drops these flowers to steep:
At earliest morn, at latest eve,
  Oh let them for their Poet weep!
For tears bedew'd his gentle eye,
The tears of heavenly sympathy.

5.

Thou western Sun, effuse thy beams;
  For he was wont to pace the glade,
To watch in pale uncertain gleams,
  The crimson-zoned horizon fade—
Thy last, thy setting radiance pour,
Where he is set to rise no more.

ODE

On the late H. K. White.

And is the minstrel's voyage o'er?
  And is the star of genius fled?
And will his magic harp no more,
  Mute in the mansions of the dead,
Its strains seraphic pour?

A Pilgrim in this world of wo,
  Condemn'd, alas! awhile to stray,

Where bristly thorns, where briars grow,
He bade, to cheer the gloomy way,
Its heavenly music flow.

And oft he bade, by fame inspired,
Its wild notes seek th' ethereal plain,
Till angels by its music fired,
Have, listening, caught th' ecstatic strain,
Have wonder'd, and admired.

But now secure on happier shores,
With choirs of sainted souls he sings;
His harp th' Omnipotent adores,
And from its sweet, its silver strings
Celestial music pours.

And though on earth no more he'll weave
The lay that's fraught with magic fire.
Yet oft shall Fancy hear at eve
His now exalted, heavenly lyre
In sounds Æolian grieve.

JUVENIS.

B. Stoke.

VERSES

Occasioned by the death of H. K. White.

What is this world at best,
Though deck'd in vernal bloom,
By hope and youthful fancy dress'd,
What, but a ceaseless toil for rest,

A passage to the tomb?
If flowerets strew
The avenue,
Though fair, alas! how fading, and how few.

And every hour comes arm'd
By sorrow, or by wo:
Conceal'd beneath its little wings,
A sithe the soft-shod pilferer brings,
To lay some comfort low:
Some tie t' unbind,
By love entwined,
Some silken bond that holds the captive mind.

And every month displays
The ravages of time:
Faded the flowers!—The Spring is past!
The scatter'd leaves, the wintry blast,
Warn to a milder clime:
The songsters flee
The leafless tree,
And bear to happier realms their melody.

Henry! the world no more
Can claim thee for her own!
In purer skies thy radiance beams!
Thy lyre employ'd on nobler themes
Before th' eternal throne:
Yet, spirit dear,
Forgive the tear
Which those must shed who're doom'd to linger here.

Although a stranger, I
In friendship's train would weep:
Lost to the world, alas! so young,
And must thy lyre, in silence hung,
On the dark cypress sleep?
The poet, all
Their friend may call;
And Nature's self attends his funeral.

Although with feeble wing
Thy flight I would pursue,
With quicken'd zeal, with humbled pride,
Alike our object, hopes, and guide,
One heaven alike in view;
True, it was thine
To tower, to shine;
But I may make thy milder virtues mine.

If Jesus own my name,
(Though fame pronounced it never,)
Sweet spirit, not with thee alone,
But all whose absence here I moan,
Circling with harps the golden throne,
I shall unite for ever:
At death then why
Tremble or sigh?
Oh! who would wish to live, but he who fears to die!

JOSIAH CONDER.

Dec. 5th, 1807.

SONNET,

On seeing another written to H. K. White, in September 1803, inserted in his "Remains by Robert Southey."

BY ARTHUR OWEN.

Ah! once again the long-left wires among,
Truants the Muse to weave her requiem song;
With sterner lore now busied, erst the lay
Cheer'd my dark morn of manhood, wont to stray
O'er fancy's fields in quest of musky flower;
To me nor fragrant less, though barr'd from view
And courtship of the world: hail'd was the hour
That gave me, dripping fresh with nature's dew,
Poor Henry's budding beauties—to a clime
Hapless transplanted, whose exotic ray
Forced their young vigour into transient day,
And drain'd the stalk that rear'd them! and shall time
Trample these orphan blossoms?—No! they breathe
Still lovelier charms—for Southey culls the wreath!

Oxford, Dec. 17th, 1807.

SONNET

In Memory of Mr. H. K. White.

"'Tis now the dead of night," and I will go
To where the brook soft-murmuring glides along
In the still wood; yet does the plaintive song
Of Philomela through the welkin flow;
And while pale Cynthia carelessly doth throw
Her dewy beams the verdant boughs among,
Will sit beneath some spreading oak tree strong,
And intermingle with the streams my wo:
Hush'd in deep silence every gentle breeze;
No mortal breath disturbs the awful gloom;
Cold, chilling dew-drops trickle down the trees,
And every flower withholds its rich perfume:
'Tis sorrow leads me to that sacred ground
Where Henry moulders in a sleep profound!

J. G.

REFLECTIONS,

On reading the Life of the late H. K. White.

BY WILLIAM HOLLOWAY,

Author of "The Peasant's Fate."

Darling of science and the muse,
How shall a son of song refuse

To shed a tear for thee?
To us, so soon, for ever lost,
What hopes, what prospects have been cross'd
By Heaven's supreme decree?

How could a parent, love-beguiled,
In life's fair prime resign a child
So duteous, good, and kind?
The warblers of the soothing strain
Must string the elegiac lyre in vain
To soothe the wounded mind!

Yet Fancy, hovering round the tomb,
Half envies, while she mourns thy doom,
Dear poet, saint, and sage!
Who into one short span, at best,
The wisdom of an age compress'd,
A patriarch's lengthen'd age!

To him a genius sanctified,
And purged from literary pride,
A sacred boon was given:
Chaste as the psalmist's harp, his lyre
Celestial raptures could inspire,
And lift the soul to Heaven.

'Twas not the laurel earth bestows
'Twas not the praise from man that flows,
With classic toil he sought:
He sought the crown that martyrs wear,
When rescued from a world of care;
Their spirit too he caught.

Here come, ye thoughtless, vain, and gay,
Who idly range in Folly's way,
And learn the *worth of time:*
Learn ye, whose days have run to waste,
How to redeem this pearl at last,
Atoning for your crime.

This flower, that droop'd in one cold clime,
Transplanted from the soil of time
To immortality,
In full perfection there shall bloom;
And those who now lament his doom
Must bow to God's decree.

London, 27th Feb. 1808.

ON READING THE POEM ON SOLITUDE.

But art thou thus indeed "alone?"
Quite unbefriended—all unknown?
And hast thou then his name forgot
Who form'd thy frame, and fix'd thy lot?

Is not his voice in evening's gale
Beams not with him the "star" so pale?
Is there a leaf can fade and die,
Unnoticed by his watchful eye?

Each fluttering hope—each anxious fear—
Each lonely sigh—each silent tear—

To thine Almighty Friend are known;
And say'st thou, thou art "all alone?"

JOSIAH CONDER.

TO THE

MEMORY OF H. K. WHITE.

BY THE REV. W. B. COLLYER, A. M.

O, LOST too soon! accept the tear
A stranger to thy memory pays!
Dear to the muse, to science dear,
In the young morning of thy days!

All the wild notes that pity loved
Awoke, responsive still to thee,
While o'er the lyre thy fingers roved
In softest, sweetest harmony.

The chords that in the human heart
Compassion touches as her own,
Bore in thy symphonies a part—
With them in perfect unison.

Amidst accumulated woes,
That premature afflictions bring,
Submission's sacred hymn arose,
Warbled from every mournful string.

When o'er thy dawn the darkness spread,
And deeper every moment grew;

When rudely round thy youthful head,
The chilling blasts of sickness blew;

Religion heard no 'plainings loud,
The sigh in secret stole from thee;
And pity, from the "dropping cloud,"
Shed tears of holy sympathy.

Cold is that heart in which were met
More virtues than could ever die;
The morning-star of hope is set—
The sun adorns another sky.

O partial grief! to mourn the day
So suddenly o'erclouded here,
To rise with unextinguish'd ray—
To shine in a superior sphere!

Oft genius early quits this sod,
Impatient of a robe of clay,
Spreads the light pinion, spurns the clod,
And smiles, and soars, and steals away!

But more than genius urged thy flight,
And mark'd the way, dear youth! for thee:
Henry sprang up to worlds of light,
On wings of immortality!

Blackheath Hill, 24th June, 1808.

WRITTEN IN

THE HOMER OF MR. H. K. WHITE.

Presented to me by his Brother, J. Neville White.

Bard of brief days, but ah, of deathless fame!
While on these awful leaves my fond eyes rest,
On which thine late have dwelt, thy hand late press'd,
I pause; and gaze regretful on thy name.
By neither chance nor envy, time nor flame,
Be it from this its mansion dispossess'd!
But thee Eternity clasps to her breast,
And in celestial splendor thrones thy claim.

II

No more with mortal pencil shalt thou trace
An imitative radiance:* thy pure lyre
Springs from our changeful atmosphere's embrace,
And beams and breathes in empyreal fire:
The Homeric and Miltonian sacred tone
Responsive hail that lyre congenial to their own.

C. L.

Bury, 11th Jan. 1807.

* Alluding to his pencilled sketch of a head surrounded with a glory.

ON

THE DEATH OF H. K. WHITE.

Too, too prophetic did thy wild note swell,
  Impassion'd minstrel! when its pitying wail
Sigh'd o'er the vernal primrose as it fell
  Untimely, wither'd by the northern gale.*
Thou wert that flower of promise and of prime!
  Whose opening bloom, 'mid many an adverse
    blast, [clime,
Charm'd the lone wanderer through this desart
  But charm'd him with a rapture soon o'ercast,
To see thee languish into quick decay.
  Yet was not thy departing immature?
For ripe in virtue thou wert reft away,
  And pure in spirit, as the bless'd are pure;
Pure as the dew-drop, freed from earthly leaven,
That sparkles, is exhaled, and blends with heaven!†

T. Park.

* See Clifton Grove.

† Young, I think, says of Narcissa, "she sparkled, was exhaled, and went to Heaven."

THE END.

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